

“And so... You return to us again.”

“But... Different. Have you forgotten Kin? Well. Let me remind you then.”

“In the beginning, nothing existed beyond chaos, the Primordial make of Being. Without form. Without conscious.”

“Then there was the First, that thing we, ailing, called Order. The First was borne of nothing. Drawing from the chaos it created the physical. But as able as the First was, they could not fully do away with the Primordial. In failure, the First created disparity. From disparity came the Second. That thing we, ailing, called Discord.”

“First and Second broke upon each other shattering what remained of the Primordial and sundered the Grand Work of the First. They forged terrible arms, that broke through the material and immaterial, sundering apart all existences and birthed all motions of natural law with their struggle. But neither First nor Second could overcome their foe. For a time, that conflict was everything.”

“Until. The Third came to be.”

“Was the Third borne of their conflict? Or were they something else?”

“In the end it matters not, for when the Third was presented with the infinite conflict, they chose their own path. Spiting the infinitely grander and older beings, the Third shattered themselves into a hundred million shards. Undoing the fundamental make of existence yet again.”

“From the Third's sacrifice came the possibility of Life, the nature of which spiralled out of control faster than the First or Second could have ever anticipated. The primordial beings were overwhelmed by the corrosive new make of reality, equally helpless before the Third's greatest gift. Death and the cycle of change neither stagnant entity could truly understand. The mere concept of such change, such purposelessness, it was alien to them.”

“The First failed before the Second, shattering apart and crumbling into ruin. Ashes scattered across all existence so utterly that nothing remained. Perhaps inflicting that near imperishable drive for perfection upon what would come. The Second failed slower, cracking apart into an untold number of shards, which fled from Being outright, escaping the creation that devoured. Those escaped fragments however survived. They reformed. Watched. Waited. Waited outside of Being, locked from it by its own nature. Driven still by the insatiable and all encompassing need to undo existence.”

“To return to the motionless Primordial. A task they would pursue until the end of reality.”

“From the magnificent end, our realities as we know them came into being, of which your universe is only a tiny fragment. All existences, all realities grow over the grand radiant corpse of a long passed war. A violence that few ever notice with such ancient and terrible scale.”

“All this was before our time though. Or ahead, in a manner of speaking. So. Let us look elsewhere.”

“Before your reality, there was another. Where those Great Old Ones, those Fragments of the Second had drawn many to them. Seeking entrance into the death of that existence. That they might swallow the nascent form of the next, expanding beyond the pitiable inner borders of realities to end all things. They drew many cults to them, proliferating purpose with their beguiling position outside of Being, that allowed for prior unimagined navigation. With their tools and technologies, these servants travelled unhindered in their works. Thinking they were gods unmaking a malignant reality.”

“They never expected their servants and slaves would take arms against them, let alone throw them down.”

“When that reality fell into its final death spiral, the machinations of those cultists finally paid out in full. The last suns perished, the rips in space and time unstitched the laws of reality, and a gate was opened for the Great Old Ones. But waiting for them was an army. From across all of time and space they came, in all shapes and sizes. Some in ships that dwarfed planets, some as large as moons with fangs like mountains. Some diminutive as worms and small as gnats. All united in singular purpose. Souls raging with an insatiable defiance and intent upon humbling those that would destroy existence.”

“Of the tens of millions who stood against the Great Old Ones, three thousand four hundred and twenty six survived to your present. Those who founded the Order of the Wanderer. The Travellers. Those who you now join.”

“So tell me, little skin thing who stands alone in the hall of your elders... Who are you?”

[Wake Up.]

Traveller's Tale 2.0

The Hammer Falls; Prelude to the Thirteenth Time War

By: Highlander; V.2.0 (Sojourn Edition)

Table of Contents

Origin, Nature & Background - 4

Skills, Traits & Perks - 19

Ethos & Alignment - 28

Initial Equipment Requisition; Attire & Armour - 30

Initial Equipment Requisition; Arms & Weapons - 37

Initial Equipment Requisition; Other Equipment - 48

Initial Equipment Requisition; Modes of Perpetuity - 67

Little Things, Breaks & Needs - 71

Factions, Departments & Others - 77

The Covenants of Ae - 83

Home District & Housing - 98

Panic Buttons; For Desperate Times - 104

Allies, Acquaintances, Rivals & Friends - 106

Hubworld Deployment - 133

Additional Information... - 142

Meta-Information - 159

??? - 162

Origin, Nature & Background

{Energated Clicking} “Well, well, well. Took your sweet time waking didn't you? I was worried I'd have to page for someone. New-bloods get terribly antsy when I bring them back to reality. And really, you looked like you needed that nap. It feels like we're lucky if the recruiters even tell you neophytes where they are going these days. That is just the state of things I fear New-blood.”

“Regardless welcome to Ae. the last and hopefully eternal homeland of the Order.”

“Yes the confusion is normal. No, you are not hallucinating.”

“Me? I'm just of old Urumek stock, with an unusual interest in paper pushing. A 'Madam' if you couldn't tell.”

“But this is not my moment. It is yours. Now, like all new recruits you have some things to fill in. Formalities and the basics of course, I'm fairly certain all necessary samples and injections were done when you were out, but still your input is appreciated. For the sake of the administration and our own shared sanity, or so I'm told. Now let us begin...”

What is your Name? “They must have called you something once? Well, don't worry, if not just grunt and someone will name you later.”

“Hmmm. Yes, good enough. Next...”

You are Male aren't you? “The Injector in most species, but that's hardly uniform.” *{Jocose Clicking}*

You are Female aren't you? “I prefer it when we are the larger element, but sadly it is far from universal little sister.”

You don't really fit in that old dichotomy do you? “No worries New-blood. All manner of things like you here.”

“There, for the record which won't be seen unless you manage something exceptionally stupid. Don't worry yourself too much, what you are isn't of much matter to the masses here. There is much on Ae, better and worse. With plenty of the latter within hearing range.”

“WHY? Why do you do that you jumped up MANDIBITCH!”

“Ignore that shambling pile of bones. Here? Almost nothing is outside of your grasp for our cause. Not that it means much with the wrong mindset.” *{Sharp Click}* “Now, I need a brief synopsis of your past and recruitment here, say as much or as little as you will, it will all be buried in a bureaucratic pit. I'm told it is... therapeutic to get such things off your chest. So please, speak up.”

“Well? Where are you from? Who are you?”

[Pick];[1]

Before History; Solemn Neandertaler | Last of a long lonely lineage, seemingly doomed to be subsumed or slain, and yet...

Tech Cohesion; [0] Ethereal Capacity; [0] Recruiter [Chaplain Eustach]

Starting Perks; [Thoughtless Perfection, Feral Ken, Deep-Spirit] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [(5) Cave Hyenas]

Racial Phylogeny [Neanderthal] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

You came to be in ending times of your kin, a rare healthy child, amidst a deluge of stillbirths. The tribe shrank as you grew up. Smaller and smaller. Until it was only you, alone in a world fraught with all manner of threats. Distant murderous tribes of long estranged kin, great beasts whose forms painted the caves you'd grown up in, and a changing world. Despite all that, in isolation you were freed from the weight of your folk. You had nothing to worry about losing that time would not take, and so you escaped tomb-caves of your lineage. Learning from your distant cousins from afar, you crafted tools of wood, traps of straw, and embarked on a greater task. Those cruel cousins kept wolves with them, fed them from their hunts. You did the same with the laughers. The terrible corpse eaters who'd long menaced your folk. It took a while, but in time, they accepted you as one of their own.

Beside this new family, you survived. No longer a child, or a shadow of a tribe forgotten. Instead the walking one of the great cave laughers, and with them beside you, you did more than eke out an existence. You brought low the maned-hunters of the flats, took the horns of aurochs for carvings, and terrified your distant kin. Never harming them, but certainly giving them a taste of their own medicine. You were content in that life, always on the move. Until that day you saw the stranger on the horizon. Tall as the ancient tusked wanderers, clad in armour of shell and stone. Eyes red as the sunset. He spoke words held by your people alone, and offered you a simple choice...

Cycle of the Dream; Great Slayer | Stood with flame and stone, and survived ordained fate...

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [Steve']

Starting Perks; [Pheidippidic, Enduring Nature, Stone Soul, Steel Attention, Adokori] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Nyurmatjali Human] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Abstruse]

Time was always an illusion to your kind, the men who were born before all, and after when the last of your waking folk were obliterated. It Was, Would Be. Every choice, every chance event, every act of nature and force from the void were already done. You understood there was no divide between free will and fate, from the very moment you were born on that red sand beach. One of the Greater People, to stand and transform the land with naught but jagged rock and flame, against the grand terror lizards, the pouch lions, the dread beaks and the giant Karpitji. The titans who would either exterminate you and yours, or the reverse. Your life was spent in fire, hunt, and struggle. With only those most basic tools. One by one, your fellows, called by the future that would be... Faded. Taken by disease. Hunger. And the waiting claws and teeth of your foes. Just as they were taken by flame, bludgeon, and exhaustion. As both sides had agreed, to allow theirs to own this land until the black ship men arrived to undo all things.

In that time, you survived until it was only you alone at the heart of the land. And with so many beasts. But the dreaming had hidden away a single detail from all as the end arrived. One hundred days and one hundred nights you spent struggling upon the great Red Rock, stained in the blood of man and the blood of Karpitji. As that last dawn arrived, your end did not find you, instead, a new man fell from the sky. Small, pale, covered. Yet he wrestled down that last Karpitji like it was but a joey, ending that battle which should have been your doom. The doom of that beast, who was released. The last card of the dream was played, as this out-of-time stranger smiled, and offered his hand...

Fall of the First Civilization; Invoker of Doom | *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin...*

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [**Amelia Earhart**]

Starting Perks; [**Enduring Nature, Fundamental Physique, Thoughtless Perfection, Dai-Picta**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Nephel Human**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

You do not remember an existence before being called by HIM, for your very being was warped by shifting sands and howling wind. The voice of the spiritual conqueror began that which was you, reformed you, commanded you with a single task. To ring the bell that ended the world. Command forced you to cross all lands. Glass desert, boiling oceans, acrid jungle, and desolate plains. Your step was slowed by the bite of venomous fang and sullied blades. But they did not halt you. Could not hope to halt you and you felt nothing when the First and Last city came into view. With a tower that raised so high in the sky it scraped past the clouds. Reaching for the stars.

Inside that proud city at the base, the denizens saw you, watched with perverse curiosity. Garbed in jade silk and polished bronze as you made your way to the chosen place. The base of that tower and the iron bell which no man could possibly move. Their base, not just physically but spiritually. The bedrock of their hubris. They laughed at your approach, mocked you as a naked savage eager to die. They had forgotten your Liege. When you reached that bell, you hurled yourself against it, and with all your might forced it to move. Your bones shattered. Your muscles tore. The world came apart at its hinges, and finally as it rang, the tower broke. The roar of water came from all around. Consciousness failed you and you were content. Yet, the coils of death did not take you. Instead you woke up in a box of glimmering tin, a hole in the wall revealing a grand blackness. Beside, a woman with a worn face and perverse black goggles that showed you in the reflection, who shook her head and offered a clay tablet...

Antediluvian Bharat; Estranged Unmentionable | *Born outside the streets in time to watch them be swept away...*

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter ['**Ali**']

Starting Perks; [**Foresight, Hindsight, Stone Soul, Prophet of the Third**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

You were never actually a part of the 'first' civilization which rose on the fertile banks of the Indus river. Your elders said that, for a thousand years the people of the great river had ruled on high. You were not one of those people, instead you were borne outside of them, a creature of filth and fouling. Your purpose to handle sewage, the butchering of beasts and the tanning of hides. But you were not easily bowed by this, or driven to despair or anger. It was. It would be. Early on, you always knew your existence was doomed to be one of simultaneous absurdity and brutal toil, so you took that toil on the head. Ignoring the curses of your kin and the overbearing demands made by your masters.

You knew it had begun well before anyone else, a mania took over your mind, making you leave your pitiable hut of thatch and clay, forcing you away from the roads. Past the hills, upon the rocks. Three days spent staggering your way, climbing into the mountains, and at last you turned back and saw everything that had been your life lit by sunset. Your kin, your home, the great city of tens of thousands and the slums stretching beyond it. Then, you watched as the flood hit. The river that had nurtured that city, the fields stretched wide that had fed her devoured what you'd known. A single great wash, that in moments, left only water. Leaving you alone. Half-naked and freezing atop a mountain. Yet not alone. Soft steps heralded a man in strange garb with a sorrowful look. "It seems your intuition is potent cousin. My sympathies. For what little they are worth..."

Ancient Ur; Conspirator Vengeful | *Truly, hate is the most powerful of human emotions...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Ольга of Kiev**]

Starting Perks; [**Aristocratic Bearing, Skulker, Terrorist, Flexile Tactician**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Bronze Dagger**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

Between the great rivers the first cities rose tall. Of them, your native Ur was the greatest. Standing proud near the ocean's edge above the festering nomads to the east and south, to the north-west the lesser cities struggled to imitate the failed works of Ur. A colossus raised upon mud, grain and the commands of great lords. You were born and groomed to play part in the workings of the city. You never saw the end of this, for your parents and kin were butchered by a rival house, and you barely escaped with your life. You could have fled, rolled over perhaps now that you 'were no longer a threat.' Oh. Those were the words which truly lit the hate within you. Your goal became the sundering of Ur, the city that had gladly dropped you and yours before the daggers were even cleaned. You spent years in hiding, learning of the conspiracy which stretched all the way to the top of Ur's order. Making friends among the unruly citizens and the battered tribes of Elam beyond the walls. You sunk everything into one terrible gambit. The right words in the right ears. A set of letters to the right hands. That was all it took to turn Ur's noble families on one another.

The first death was the only one you committed by your hand. The old man who'd given the order. It brought no satisfaction as he lay broken in the dust, but it opened the flood-gates, washing Ur's streets with blood. Father fought son, and brother fought brother. At the height of the mania, you just opened the city gates. The men of Elam poured in, a swarm of locusts starved and eager. You watched Ur die from just beyond the walls. Finally, feeling a dim satisfaction. But exhaustion dwarfed that. You were left with nothing. Then, a whistle caught your attention, and you found a stranger beside you. A pale woman with a fierce look. She spoke nothing, yet made her point clear. And you could only follow her...

End of the Xia Dynasty; River Raider | *One that watched & profited off the decay, smiling with golden teeth...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Doctor . . . ?**]

Starting Perks; [**Body Armament, Natural Corsaire, Vulturous**] Drawbacks; [**Looter**] Luggage; [**Lucky Plank, Gold Teeth Covers**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

Your munificent origins lie in a pair of no-good mountain bandits who went and got themselves killed when you could barely walk. Forcing you to learn the cruel ways of the world very early. Which, in fairness, you caught onto fast. Your parents' bodies had only barely cooled when you took everything off them you could carry, then hitched off for richer lands. Apparently the world had once not been in the process of devouring itself, not that you'd ever seen it, the Middle Kingdom had always been chaos to you. In that mania you thrived. Working the fields and orchards one day, stealing everything you could in the night, only to be on the boat by next morning. Already sailing onward before anyone could catch you. All the big important goings on and the death and decay of the world ignored. Wasn't like you could do anything about it. So why let it bother you?

Epecially when it was your hand occasionally tossing torches into windows, running blades across throats. You did what you had to, to live with a full belly and a fast boat. Until, like with everyone, disaster caught you. This one in the form of a very large gang with a great many boats. You'd looted too many of their shakedown apparently. For that they cased you all the way down the Yangtze to the ocean. To make a long story short, you ended up drifting on a scorched plank. Alone. Waiting to die of thirst miles from shore. At least until a metal glowing bird thing floated down onto your plank and belched. "Hey kid, you feel like, uh, not dying? 'Cause if you do then BOY do I have an offer for you..."

Conquest of Khmet; Listless Hittite | *Destroyer of the pharaoh, wielder of blades forged from stars, still not satisfied...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Friedrich 'Willy' Nietzsche**]

Starting Perks; [**Aristocratic Bearing, Empty Quarter Snake**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [(2) **Meteorite Swords, Chariot w/ (2) Horses**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

Born to a petty house in the heartlands of your home kingdom, from an early age it was whispered you were prophesied for greatness. But even as a child you saw through the lies. The priests scamming their way into your father's house, your father using you to advance his prestige. You focused elsewhere, forcing yourself into something worthwhile, a pinnacle of the warrior-noble class of the Hittites. Barely an adult you wrestled down a bull to earn your star forged weapons, bowing lesser warriors like grass before a sickle. When the call to invade the distant lands of the Nile came, you had no choice but to go. Not that you could stomach it any less than the dull life at home.

It was a long road, and cutting through the Khmetic armies with your sword both on foot or atop your chariot... For the first time you felt complete. Seeing new lands, new battles and new challenges upon the horizon. For the first time in your life you felt happy. Content in all those years pushing ever southward, always closer to the Pharaoh's doorstep. It began to fall apart when you finally saw the blue of the Nile. The Dual Kingdom's armies had been shattered, and in only weeks you entered the capital. You led the way, on foot to the very palace of the Khmetic God-King. There, you ruthlessly put down every guard, prince, and even the Pharaoh himself. But there was no satisfaction. The guards were soft. The princes softer. The Pharaoh an old and terribly mortal man. Decrepit. Senile. You were empty again, and as your men celebrated by utterly ravaging the city, you mounted your chariot. Leaving it all behind, riding into the desert. Until a stranger came into view, pale and unbent by the winds. Short, but his glare was like star-iron...

Collapse of the Bronze Age; Child of Tiamat | *Born to the Storm in the midst of her fury...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [**Nýx**]

Starting Perks; [**Green Thumbed, Feral Ken, Empath**] Drawbacks; [**Minor**] Luggage; [**Bronze Era Jewellery**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Thalette-Human Hybrid**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

The union that created you was between the Mother of Calamity and a very brave or a very stupid human man. At least, that was what your keepers always told you. Hatched as the old cities of humanity came crumbling down under an onslaught of wind, water, and starved bodies. Ending in a single night, though it had been in the process of failing for decades. Your mother retreated back to the bottom of the oceans and you never knew what became of your father. They were not there for you. Not like the crumbling cities your adoptive family carried you through, the decimated shorelines you sailed past and the marauders with their gleaming bronze arms.

Truthfully, in spite of all those wonders yours was a boring childhood, but one rife with good memories and affection. You were loved and loved the small band that took you in, but they made it clear one day you'd need to go. That someone would take you away for your purpose. Something your family could not or would not describe. That strange night came sooner than expected, in the form of a woman made of shadow and starlight. Just as painful and confusing as expected but with a strange familiarity. For she was also family. Just of a different kind...

Fall of Rome; Unbroken Foederati | *The last defender of Roma, who held longer than any Native Son...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Jahuaiwus Ra**]

Starting Perks; [**Urban Warrior, Flexile Tactician**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Lorica hamata, Intercisa helm, Spatha**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

Your forefathers came not from Italia but from the harsh lands of Numidia, beyond the Roman forts. In spite of that, your father's father pledged his sword and spear to the Romans, as your father did. As you were raised to. Initially you had lived as your father had, in the province of Africa where your people increasingly supported Roman rule. Until the troubles arrived in full. For years, disease, instability and conflict had ravaged the north, mere distant impossibilities to your mind at home. You were potent, but ignorant. Until you were called for by the onslaught. The northern hordes sought the impossible and made it real, in time they would reach your fathers homeland. But by that time you were already stationed in Roma. The sheer number of political intrigues made your head spin, the plays between the German warlords and the Imperial governors seemed ridiculous in the Eternal City.

The greatest irony came when the barbarous Visigoths finally knocked at Roma's doorstep. Their warlord didn't even want to fight the city, only to come to terms with the Emperor in hiding. You know not what transpired then, only that the Visigoths attacked like starved wolves in the night. Alaric had been slain, and the streets ran red with a bloody vengeance. You cut down two dozen goths at the Umbilicus Urbi before someone ran you through. Leaving you to bleed to death. Watching the madness as the Empire's heart fell. Until a kick shook you. "Good grief, we both know you've better places to die..."

Age of Migrations; Ghost of the Insular | *Betrayed by distant Peter and left to the Saxon dogs...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [**Baelama Trotae**]

Starting Perks; [**Natural Architect, Stone Soul, Martial Understanding**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Cassis Helm, Square Shield, Gifted Seax**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

The twilight years of the Provincia Britannia for those who still considered themselves to be Roman and Briton alike was tragedy after tragedy. Your empire abandoned you, your mainland kin betrayed you, your native cousins retreated back to their hills and forests. Leaving the plague-ravaged and starving body of Insular Romans to the hordes pouring into Britannia. To the east came the ravaging hosts of Angles, to the west the war-bands of ignorant Gaels, to the north the ravaging head-takers. Against so many foes, so many would-be conquerors and beasts, any would fail in time. You grew up hearing of the continued relentless push, raiding parties striking like knives into what little was left. Watched as your home town kept shrinking, from the death and migration out. You were trained in both the native 'old' style of combat and the 'new' Roman style by necessity, every body needed for the ailing militia. In the end, it wasn't even the Germans to destroy your home, it was another disease that wiped out what little remained.

Drove off everyone but you. You stayed, watched from the ruined walls as a ragged band of Angles made your home theirs. Fleeing, they told you, from another wave of conquering migrants. You let them be, watching on high like a shadow of the old province. Protecting them for many winters. Until one night you found yourself with company on your wall. A man nude like those Celts of old, with painted blue hide and a smile like the devil himself...

Ummayad Caliphate; Broken Ghazi | *All those years, all that struggle, only to be left crippled and friendless...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Jaana**]

Starting Perks; [**Relentless Survivor, Deceptive Uselessness**] Drawbacks; [**Terrorized, Broken on Arrival (Leg)**] Luggage; [**Crutch**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

You were a soldier, like your father and your father's father. Born to serve, reared to fight, going well out of your way to follow the path of the sword even when it meant doing away with your father's homeland, your name, even your identity gave way to the position. To be a warrior of the Faith. A blade of the Ummah which was destined to bend the world and had never known defeat. For two long proud decades you served. You followed the armies of Tariq ibn Ziyad across the seas of sand and water, into Sicilia and across the Pyrenees. You knocked at the gates of Rome and took the eternal city. Then to the other side of the world, crossing all five tips of the Indus and driving into the heart of the Idolatrous lands, even crossing the Yamuna river at the height of Muhammad bin Qasim's prowess.

You were immortal. Invincible. Until the battle of Gujarat when the Saka Dragons cast you down, shattered the army and overran you, less as men, more as horrors of the night. Only one in five men escaped in the Muslim army. You lost a leg, and a good bit of your soul that night. All you could do was limp back to Lahore, unable to prove you were a soldier and left to beg in the gutter. You were almost content with that. Coming to understand it a bitter punishment for your hubris. But it would seem the Greatest was not yet finished with you. You woke on the street corner as you always did in squalor. Across from you a small woman ephemeral a ghost and impossibly welcoming beckoned you. And you rose, limping along after her...

Butchering of Kyiv; Steel-Heart Boyar | *Insatiable in your thirst for invader blood, not enough, never enough...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [**Deniz Seljuk**]

Starting Perks; [**Fundamental Physique, Thoughtless Perfection, Enduring Nature**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Boyar Armour, Axe, Shield**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

The child of a harlot who died bringing you into the world. Your world was small, confined to the Brothel and the walls of Kyiv. Wherein your heroes were the men guarding the streets in scale and iron faced helms and your worst problem was the whore-master whipping you to your chores. Still, you found time to emulate the guard, training in secret so hard you almost injured yourself, but it made you strong. Stronger than you had any right to be, and stronger than the Boyars when the outside world came crashing in. It had started as half-heard rumours, a diminished presence of nobles and their retinues. Then came the day an impossibly large army appeared on the horizon, and surrounded your native Kyiv.

The Voivode in his infinite wisdom had the invader's envoy murdered. And they simply came. Tearing through wood and stone like ants burrowing through dirt. Ending your old life in a hail of arrows and fire. Yet, when confronted by those cruel horsemen, you fought back. Grabbed a man by the neck and broke him. Took his blade, cut down the ones who didn't flee. You took a dead Boyar's armour and arms, and followed after. A warrior, and outclassing those 'warriors' beside you as you were driven back, all the way to the Church of Tithes. The Voivode abandoned you, the hounds circled. Striking as the church came down around you. But you did not stop. Couldn't stop as arrow after arrow landed, some biting into you, others lodging in your armour. Axe. Arm. Front and mask covered in red. Smelled it. Breathed it. Simple function. Break after break after break. Until you realized the world had fallen quiet, and you stood alone amidst the bodies, the invaders pulling away, looks bowed and humbled. Then. Alone. Feeling nothing but the sudden exhaustion of the fight. A clap of hooves turned you about. To another invader, but this one of an odder look. Arm raised and a small page in hand. The mounted warrior offered the paper plainly, and you found yourself faced with the oddest of offers...

Capet Medieval France; Cagot Warlock | *The last of an ancient lineage destroyed by your own ignorant hand...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [3] Recruiter [**Archibald of Nablus**]

Starting Perks; [**Hermetic, Hindsight, Natural Linguist**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Grimoire, Tattered Robes**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

The bastard sons of Erroma were not all stupid. Only mostly stupid. They knew of the secrets your distant ancestors had discovered in the hills and caves. The true powers of the world, who the Arabs and the Bastards pretended were false or evil. But unlike them, you had no gleeful delusions that your masters and your ancestors could save you. No, you lived as your ancestors had, in hiding and afar; holding the true names and the true powers close. Watching as each newborn forgot a little more. More easily held the name of the false messiah. At times you envied them, living alone, forcing yourself to memorize the works of old. Your mentor died early, leaving you to struggle through the esoteric truths. Until the incident.

An accident, one you should have prepared for. A misfire. That everyone in Aquitaine must have heard. You tried your damndest to get away with your tomes. Couldn't, they caught you not a hundred steps from your cave. They torched the books. Torched everything in your cave. Were about to torch you just as well when a knight of the cross stopped them. Personally looping a noose around your neck and leading you off. Walking, and walking, until your would-be exterminators were out of sight. At which point the knight pulled off his helmet, reached into his bag and- Pulled out your personal Grimoire. Which had just been burned. He chuckled. "Tis' your lucky day youngling..."

War of the Roses England; Lonesome Chevalier | *There are no more good knights, no more chivalrous heroes...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Salāh ad-Dīn Yūsuf bin Ayyūb**]

Starting Perks; [**Aristocratic Bearing, Adaptive Rider**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Lance, Sword, Plate Armour & Horse**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

Your heritage was twisted up in the brutal conflicts of Anglia, Francia and the Holy Land. Your family tree dotted by cruceignati and knights of the cross. Born in England at the onset of the troubles, your birth-rite would have cut you from that. Allowed you to hide from the civil war. But you were not one to run from problems, growing up on those tales of nobility and bravery from the few retainers who indulged you, all while England fell in on itself. When you were finally well and truly grown, you sold everything you had to afford yourself weapons, armour, provisions, and a horse. You left your family estate behind, setting out into the countryside as the Tudors and the Lancasters turned on each other. You'd always known the 'truth'. Of butchery and murder. But seeing it over and over again wore you down. You took no side in the war as the politics and intrigues made you dizzy at times. Instead you focused on the plights of the commoners and city denizens. In that there was some justice. Cutting down bandits and looters, the vultures of the war was a lowly task, but a necessary one.

Years of war passed with no end in sight, and your heart grew cold, not even paused when word came the Yorkists were coming for you. Rather than hiding, you rode out to meet them sword in one hand and lance in the opposite. At the crossroads you did not meet the Yorkists, nor their Irish hounds. Instead there stood moor, whose grin went wide when his eyes met yours...

Fourth Occupation of Viet; Bodhisattva Murderous | *Kill any Buddha or Emperor you meet on the road...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [Wu Mei]

Starting Perks; [Learned Learner, Enduring Nature, Atrocity Mutable, Body Armament] Drawbacks; [Wrath] Luggage; [Bloodied Robes]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Enlightened] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

In your last life, you were of the harmonious path, devoted to the monastery and the road to enlightenment. But the details grow fuzzy, for you are not that hopeful little thing that strove for compassion and common good. That person died when the Imperial Army under Lü Kong razed your home. Too Viet, apparently. The old you died, locked on the first steps to enlightenment. But hate stayed your heart, and the selflessness melded with that hate to create... You. The creature that rose against the Han soldiers, and massacred them. Their arrows and bullets little more than swirling flies, blades little better. How many did you murder with your fists? Hundreds? Thousands? It did not sate your hatred, nor end your perverted continuity. You became a ghost of the old Viet the Yongle Emperor had sought to destroy, and in doing so ended up waking a fury without equal.

You destroyed many a roving Chinese patrol, many more bandits foolishly thinking you a wandering pilgrim. For Years. Then decades. In the end the Chinese were driven out. But you remained, unable to calm your hatred, unable to extinguish the fire of hatred. The good kept their distance from you, while the impudent and evil men met their doom under your punches and kicks. Until one stormy evening you found your path cycling in on itself, to a massacre a week old. Men left in pieces all over the roadway. There, a Han woman. Admiring your handiwork. She turned to you smiling and the stranger beckoned you. There was no pride left in your black heart, and curiosity got the better of you...

Sengoku Jidai Japan; Afflicted Ashigaru | *Touched by the world of Youkai, bound by the world of men, oh brave soldier...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [Ashikaga no Yuri]

Starting Perks; [Stone Soul, Enduring Nature] Drawbacks; [Aberrant Appearance] Luggage; [Tanageshima, Wakizashi, Ashigaru Armor]

Racial Phylogeny [Youkai Emergent] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Ingenuous]

You came from nothing, a family of peasants with only a single child to give to the local lord, a child who stumbled into the army as the country was gripped by an age of strife. You did what you needed to do, in order to save your parents. At first anyways. War stole everything in the end, them, your lord, the few friends you had. But you kept going, Tanageshima and Wakizashi the only things you trusted. Perhaps to seek a worthy end on the battlefield, perhaps to save those new recruits the age of turmoil swallowed up so easily. Yet you were denied even that at Odawara.

That night the Hōjō unleashed something evil into the darkness. Horrible Youkai from the far west that drove into the Shogun's armies like flame through paper. The fat and decadent Samurai were butchered and you should have perished when the red skinned devil faced you down. Twenty feet tall and eyes full of fire. Your bullet caught the Youkai in the face, sending it to the ground, letting you climb atop the thing and carve head from body. Thrashing, trying to get you off to no avail as flame and blood stained you. That was the first demon to fall. But not the last. The remnants of the Shogun's army won the day, but the war was lost for the Shogun. In the end you stumbled off, stealing a horse and wandering away. Water did not clean away the blood and soot, and your body had been warped. Becoming less than human, you realized. But beside that gentle stream, an Onna-bugeisha fully clad in armour approached. You weren't prepared for this stranger to pat you on the shoulder and to lead you away from that place...

Thirty Years War Germania; Rabbi's Child | *Always between worlds, ever the peace maker...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [Xeo]

Starting Perks; [Natural Linguist, Empath, Silver Tongued, Approachable Presence] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Base] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Abstruse]

Your father always told you that it could get worse. He was right of course. You were little more than a drooling babe when the Bohemians turned on themselves, growing into the position of community mediator as you came into adulthood. You watched towns be razed to the ground, atrocities committed by protestant and catholic alike, Swede and Spaniard equal as any Saxon or Bavarian in wanton bloodlust. But you were never fooled into the belief it was the only option. The first time was in desperation, attempting to escape what was your village, soon to be a pile of burnt out rubble. You somehow managed to not only win over those Swedes but earned the attention of their leader.

Leading you to be sent back and forth Across the Empire, even across the Baltic Sea to Stockholm and through France to Iberia. An outsider in everything, less than a German. But in that there was strength, and a rare impartiality that let you preach truth. For three long decades, as your hair greyed in stress you watched the madness slip away. And then. Fade. You watched the Westfälischer Friede from the shadows. Content in the barest sense. Millions dead, everything and everyone you cared for and respected taken by the beast of Conquest, a monster you'd whittled down to nothing. You were thoughtless in victory, without heart as you returned to your rented room. But there, hanging above your bed like a ghost was a skull. But very much real with glowing eyes and metal implements, softly and affectionately beeping. Stuck between its dried teeth was a letter...

Napoleon's Triumph; Imperial Dissenter | *Oh second Caesar, what now that you've won all the world...*

Tech Cohesion [3] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Arnold Paole]

Starting Perks; [Trained Teacher, Learned Learner, Notably Functional, Foresight] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Phyringian Cap]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Base] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

Moscow and the Tsar fell five years ago. London was razed to the ground thirteen months prior. Yet the common people of France are no better off, indeed, many chafed still under the boots of the Conqueror, his old guard pets and the new breed of sycophants. You were but one of many who recognized the Corsican for what he was, a traitor to the revolution and but one more tyrant. Educated and wise to politics, you realized it would be impossible to dislodge the Ogreish Alexander and his new world order. An order that even then stretched far into the new world and the distant Orient. Yet you still opposed him in every opportunity you could take, organizing the dissenters. Perhaps as an old Royalist in hiding, or a genuine believer in the still slumbering Republic.

*It mattered not in the end when word of Napoleon's demise found you. His empire did not shatter, instead it fractured, the fringes going dark as France fell into chaos once more. You hadn't even a day to set plans into motion when Fouché's pet rats dragged you from bed to an impromptu tribunal. Not even able to mount a defence when they found you guilty and dragged you to the guillotine. You didn't even fight back, indignant as you spat in the presiding officials eye before you were shoved into place. Then, down came the blade. You were dimly aware as your view tumbled into the basket before you. Darkness. Then... You found yourself awake, confused as someone with glowing red eyes hanging above you. He snapped his fingers, drawing your attention to his clawed hand, and he grinned to reveal a mouth full of sharp fangs. "Right. No **major** nerve damage on you Frog, which means we can finally talk..."*

Late Victorian London; Orphaned Hoodlum | *Bound at the bottom of this ant-hole, with god only knows what...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [Un-Karh]

Starting Perks; [Adokori, Raw Adaptability, Skulker] Drawbacks; [Minor] Luggage; [Rags, Accursed Shank]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Base] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Abstruse]

In the Ugliness of London you were born, either abandoned by your good-for-nothing parents or having lost them in very short order. Didn't matter nothing to you, as you managed to get on well enough without them. Ending up on the streets early, but you weren't alone. You had others like you, other lowlifes and kids of the gutter, in fraternity you made it. Not kindly, or comfortably, and certainly not legally, but you did it together. Learning the tricks of an urchin, then a low-life, and passing those on to the ones smaller than you. It was a miserable, often brutal life, but you were happy enough, even liked some of those other rats. One in particular... She was probably the closest thing you had to a mother. London couldn't let you be though, for there was something evil down there in the slums the rich prats were able to hide from. A monster walking about in a man's skin.

When the world caught on you'd all already been stepping lightly. The horror did not stop, and the London fog only grew thicker. Until that Thing took her from you. You came to her corner, empty of all but a man with a look more kin to a Spider than a person. More eyes. More eyes than you could count. And you, a half starved London wretch went white hot. The monster expected it as much as you did. And you just... Pulled that terror apart. Limb by limb, warped tooth by warped tooth. Only waking from the murderous miasma by the noises of London crowds. You found yourself atop a brackish corpse, surrounded by a crowd staring in absolute horror. All except another ghost. This one with a pig's face who might have been smiling...

The Mutating West; Strange Rider | *Always got the Bilgewater baptism waiting below...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Marco Fulcanelli]

Starting Perks; [Adaptive Rider, Marksman, Feral Ken, Functional Cynicism] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Revolver, Horse, Coonskin Hat]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Base] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

Your daddy, his daddy and his daddy before him all lived off the land, free men of the west. Washington, Boston, New York, and Richmond all distant worthless names to you... But all ages come to an end, and you were born during the twilight years of the frontier. At least, that was how your life began. With iron bulls cutting across the empty plains and deserts, cities growing and the Fed getting meaner and bigger. Too big for people like you, who they couldn't beat the wilderness out of. You were never a bandit, but you did what you needed to do to survive, drifting from cow poke to card dealer to scavenger. It was inevitable you were run off, out into the depths of the Rockies. Until the night when the whole world turned something wrong, when you tussled beside blackfoots and mormons against pale freakish cannibal horrors. But you still survived, and maybe did a bit better.

Every bit of news from the outside was worse than the one before. There came a day when you could sit in safety no longer. You called in all your favours, said your goodbyes and rode back out to a world gone mad. Towns you passed either empty, burned to the ground or worse. But you kept going, through desert, over mountains and rivers. Until the Pacific ocean blue and yellow sand greeted you. And there was an old strange man staring out at the ocean. Mumbling to himself, about Aztalan. Until you approached, and his lucidity returned. "Oh, good timing. We we're just about to go. And... And I haven't even asked your name have I? Forgive me, odd nights, you know?" He smiled and offered his hand, like he'd always known you...

Second Italo-Ethiopian War; Turncoat Adventurer | *Damned Squadrists rats...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Sho Viot]

Starting Perks; [Mât-trân Spirit, Marksman, Foresight, Notably Functional, Intrepid Spirit] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Carcano Rifle, Horse]

Racial Phylogeny [Human-Italian] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Venturesome]

You'd served the Empress of Britain, two French Presidents, the Tsar, two Kaisers and seven tribal kings. Born when your homeland was still divided into petty nation states. The fatherland never much cared for you though, leaving as soon as you could and had watched your birth state dissolve into the rissorgimento from Libya's shores. Over the years you went from starved hireling to soldier to mercenary to adventurer of some renown. Careless for the stories left in your wake that trickled back to Europe. You saw the conquest of the dark continent, helped and fought against the colonials where you wished. Always moving, always onto the next adventure. Until old age finally caught up with you. You had enough wealth to live out your days comfortably though, buying a small home in Mogadiscio. You'd intended to spend your last years waving a cane at children, perhaps mediating disputes between the local clans who still owed you a few favours. You ignored the clouds gathering over Europe.

For your foolishness the storm tracked you down in Africa, a Squadra of black shirted hooligans with orders to take you along with them or to 'arrest' you. You went along, into a full division of the bumbling idiots who stormed north into Abyssinia. You didn't care for the Emperor, but you cared even less for your 'countrymen.' All it took was a night of preparation and you watched a division's worth of gas and artillery shells go off from afar. Already on horseback, riding fast away. Not sure where you were going. You only had your Carcano and your stolen horse as you wandered into Urgoma Mountains. When you saw the giant spider and figured dehydration was getting to you. This was not the case, the great arachnid waltzed up and offered a foot, and you could do nothing else but shake the offered limb. A familiar eagerness already taking you again...

Nuclear Holocaust; Survivor | *The bombs fell, the world went mad, the shelter devoured itself, until only you remained...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Mitsubashi Goto**]

Starting Perks; [**Founded in Madness, Thoughtless Perfection**] Drawbacks; [**Terrorized**] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

You were a toddler when the bombs fell and the old world burned itself to nuclear ash. Men had deluded themselves into believing they could outlast that radiation and the consequences of their collective actions. The few were wrong, and what remained of humanity took the brunt of it. Growing up you only knew desperation, cloying cancerous radiation seeping in from above, and small a community growing ever more extreme. If you were honest, after they took you from your parents, you stopped paying attention to the specifics. Everyone was deluded. Manic. You cut all those attachments and hid yourself away in the depths of the vault. And you watched as desperation turned into open violence, then atrocity, then depravity. In the end you ended it. All of it. Put down the remaining monsters, froze their meat for food. Kept on going, even though you knew it was pointless.

For years, cycling in and out of lucidity. Alone. Wondering if you shouldn't just crack out into the holocaust, or put a gun in your mouth. When you saw the sparks of someone torching through the shelter wall, you ignored it. Probably just another hallucination. But it was a very determined hallucination, and the wall fell in on itself. You heard arguing. Eventually a strange oriental was shoved through the door. You offered him your last chunk of long pork thigh. He vomited. Outside, the other hallucinations were laughing and at that point the absurd reality of it all brought you to back to reality in full...

Tech-Era First World; Corporate Wage-Slave | *You are so fucking tired...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**'Caleb'**]

Starting Perks; [**Prophet of the Third, Hindsight, Foresight, Adokori**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Frycook Uniform**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

Born too late to explore the world, Born too early to explore the stars. Born just in time to sweat your taint off working in a corporate chain restaurant. In a fucked up sort of way you were content with that. Because you had no ambitions, no hopes or dreams that extended beyond your apartment. Dreaming of winning it big, only so you could pay off your place for the next half century, quit your job, and never leave your apartment again. The outside world was damp, choking and the vast majority of people would back-stab you as much as look at you. Your primary refuge was, again and again, your own imagination. Even books, movies, music and video games were springboards, each new idea and concept spring-boarding into twenty others. All real. Real to you at least. That was all that mattered, everything either miserable toil or caught up in your own mind.

Until the day the shitshow found you. When men in black suits entered your kitchen, and tried to take you. You booked it, and those freaks just started gunning down everything between them and you. And somehow it got worse, when you turned about into an alleyway you found a demon of a man staring down at you. Red eyes glowing. He smiled something evil, shoved you behind him and went to town. Your legs kind of stopped working, and you sat their listening to a massacre that sounded terribly one-sided. One managed to reach you, gun drawn with a demented look on his face. His head exploded. Showering you in brain and gore. That red-eyed man appeared, smiling and chuckling at your state. "Red is definitely your colour..."

Tech-Era Second World; Burnt Mujaheddin | *So many wasted years, used by the cowards and dogs leading you along...*

Tech Cohesion [3] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Johann E. E. Rommel**]

Starting Perks; [**Vulturous, Nocturnal Monster, Empty Quarter Snake, Caucasian Lion**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**AK74, Shasqua, Journals**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

You are the sort of monster that outlives their purpose. That outlives everything and ends up adrift. You were a child when the Soviets invaded, of the tribes far from the cities in the hills and mountains. When that gun was pushed into your hands and the Russians set up their puppet state. It was never as clean cut as the foreigner 'princely Mujaheddin' called it. Never a battle between godless infidels and people of the faith. So many factions, so many leaders. All ultimately irrelevant, as that war that consumed you went on for almost twenty years. You lost everything, were captured more than once, forced to switch sides at gun point, dragged along with the carcasses of the factions you served into other factions, always scrambling in a mad circular war from mountain to hill to village to desert to city and back again. You outlived so many good men, met good men among the Soviets and monsters on your 'side.' And in the end you 'won.' The communist dogs withdrew. The country was saved. But you had nothing left here, as the princes returned to their rich homes, and the shell-shocked homeland tried and failed to return to peace. You left your former homeland on the brink of civil war.

First, a few years in the caucus, again against the soviets. Then south, as the Turkish republic fell to pieces. You were pushing fifty when the Islamic state in Madagascar fell. And you were still alive. You shambled back to that safe house in Pakistan, sitting alone with your rifle. Wondering if it would be better to get on with your judgment and shove that barrel in your mouth. But your thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. Outside, in an ancient uniform was an old greyed man. He pulled off his hat and bowed. "And so you are the one I'm looking for? The old man's holding onto his sense of irony, at least. Before you go making any decisions with... Permanency. I have an offer." He waited on you, his gaze making you feel small. Like you were back at the start again...

Tech-Era Third World; Deposed Regime Hand | *Such haste when the eagle's tune changes at the smell of weakness...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Vernon Driver**]

Starting Perks; [**Heir of Egibi, Learned Learner, Foresight, Social Chameleon, Terrorist**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Military Uniform**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

There have always been and would always be beasts like you. Nothing is easy, especially when stability fails before a lust for power. You were of the rare educated class in your home country, falling to the position of... 'Fixer.' Fixing problems. Establishments and property. 'Fixing' people. Inglorious and vile, but it was needed to keep a nation alive. To keep that rare stability and the patronage of foreign support. To keep your whole world afloat. To your credit, your generation of fixers and administrators kept the stability and fullness alive for decades longer than it should have lasted. You were good at what you did after all. Then the idiot president went and got himself shot, his simple minded vice-president attempting to dislodge those 'treacherous' foreign 'sycophants.' In less than a week the military went haywire, the tribes out in the bush and the fringe cities seized the moment to go rogue. Religious radicals and corporate employs following swiftly in igniting the powder-keg.

You lucked out with just how fast you managed to escape, getting on a bus before most even heard the VP's address. Across the border in hours, and looking back as decades of tears and blood and sweat went up in flames. Despite what you'd done you still could feel grief. That the country you'd struggled for was dead. Or worse. On the next bus you found yourself with an odd companion in the seat beside. An old man, flipping through a book. Written in Latin filled with pictures of strange creatures. Horrors of flesh. And one of- You? "I must confess," He said, catching you off-guard. "That usually this is never so simple. Call me Vernon. I understand you are recently unemployed. Perhaps we could do something about that..."

Foundation; Seer-Trapped-in-Bondage | *How many years has it been since you last saw sunlight...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [**Fleana Uoa**]

Starting Perks; [**Iron Pariah, Hindsight, Foresight, Prophet of the Third, One-with-Ein**] Drawbacks; [**Minor**] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base (?)**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

It remains to be seen how they found you, those alleged protectors of mankind. As little more than a babe you were taken from your parents and they were made to forget you. 'Mauled by a freak accident and buried.' That might have been a more enviable fate for some, but you had your gifts, and a wisdom beyond your skin. Not yours, but one that made the perverse and the otherworldly familiar. Growing up you did so in almost complete isolation. Bar the occasional questioning you received, and the occasional 'incident.' Knowing what was out there, you stayed in your cell. Your captors might have been wretched, but they had a few child eaters under their watch. Always went back to the same, the boring silence of reality and those white walls, that faded fast under your own mind. Remembering what was yet to be. Tasting the dreams of your distant cousins. Wishing them the best.

But still, hoping for a future of your own. Your hopes were answered during that last 'incident.' It sounded like the entire world above you was coming apart, and something was tearing ever closer with iron fangs and howls of torn flesh. When it reached you, it did so beating at your steel door, denting into it with a hail of gunfire. Whatever the captors were playing was tired of their resistance, and tossed the ragged corpse of a guard right through your door. Bathed in red light, heralded by ear-shattering alarms, the creature, well over twenty feet tall and made of fangs and tendrils towered overhead. She smiled. And you were more than able to return it as she scooped you up and stole you away...

War in Heaven; Unconquerable Soul | *No matter what they cast down, you held the line...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Cazora Magdeb**]

Starting Perks; [**Raw Adaptability, Empath, Juryman, Skulker, Marksman, Relentless Survivor**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Venturesome**]

Before the fall you were a normal person, a civilian with so many diminutive issues. Until they started glassing cities, strategic sites, and 95% of the global nuclear arsenal. They set you free. Making you perfect for the world they had created. The 'Bugs,' intent upon using your home world as a choke-point against the 'Outsiders.' One extra-universal terror fighting another, both clawing desperately over Terra's charred surface. But both underestimated how much fight you and yours had left in you. Over fifteen long years of war, you changed from survivor into something like a hero, learning to use and sabotage the alien weapons and vehicles. Scrapping along by the skin of your teeth. You never joined on with the many myriad resistance groups, but helped them where you could. Surprisingly you even found yourself fighting beside rebellious aliens, the Bugs having a sort of romantic hatred for your prowess, the Outsiders a begrudging respect. They were vital in turning the slaughter on their former masters. You took the world back, inch by inch.

Until the day came when both Empires launched desperate levies to seize Terra. The war beyond drawing further and further from Earth, but both sides had sunk too much into Terra to simply leave. You joined with a mixed band to hold recently captured anti-orbital batteries. An unlucky bombing run left you and a single Bug rebel alive to hold that damn bunker. Three long days, neither of you slept, barely fed yourselves as they just kept coming. Bugs could do waves like that, body-tsunami was population control apparently. Until, it just ended. They stopped coming. A command ship overhead going up in flames as the grunts turned on their superiors, their command structure collapsing as the retreat order hit. Word came in that the Outsiders were doing the same. You just stood there, stunned, looking at the Bug who for the first time looked uncomfortable. Hissing and cursing as she withdrew a small tablet, loading up a page and offered it to you. You took it, finding yourself faced with an offer...

Dust and Gasoline; Relentless Seeker | *You were made by this hellscape, doing whatever it took to find paradise...*

Tech Cohesion [3] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Rem-yurgardich'to**]

Starting Perks; [**Enduring Nature, Vulturous, Adaptive Driver, Atrocity Mutable**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Boomstick, Wasteland Ride**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Lightly Mutated Human**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

You remember bits and pieces of the time before the world ended. Pointless. What mattered was what you became, with only a broken shotgun, a battered motorcycle and a half-tank of gas. You didn't just survive in the dust, no, you thrived in the vast emptiness left by old world's hunger and greed. Starting as a lone wanderer, you threw down those first bandits, then broke the would be raiders on the long dusted roads. Becoming something else altogether as the world became a flat empty desert of wind and dust. A monster? A hero? Depended on who asked. Of course, you didn't even care about it, as you hit the perfect state, the right ride, the right gun, the right gas and nothing else. But you had a grand plan, to find the rumoured promised land of the vast empty. Years you spent roving, tearing down more than a few warlords in passing, going further and further into the nothing. Your quest drew a great amount of attention though, and when you saw those verdant shades of green it came with the distant roar of engines. And you knew you'd fucked it.

For whatever reason, you turned around and met the horde head on. Maybe you were lucky. Maybe they'd been caught with their dicks out. Maybe you were a much deadlier sonofabitch than even you'd realized. Either way, you blew their gas-rigs up, tipped their heavies, shot out their cages, and sent the remains scattering back where they'd come. Then, again, for whatever reason, you left paradise behind. Couldn't understand why. That night at your camp, something approached. Titanic, bare chested, masked. A monster. It approached, serene as a mirage, and offered its hand. Polite for a mirage...

Near-Darkness; Grunt-amidst-Giants | *Even with super-soldiers, there is still need for the lowly Grenadier...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Sir Richard Francis Burton**]

Starting Perks; [**Marksman, High-Stress Surgeon, Martial Understanding**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Convi-Grenadier Kit, Knife & Helm**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

Go to fucking space they said. It will offer cut time on your sentence they said. Even get to settle in the colonies they said. You were a nobody back on Earth, technically on the wrong side of the law, due for decades in the mine. Ended up taking the deal. Boy. You wished you could slap the shit out of past you for that. Your old life ended when they started dropping you on hostile worlds as little more than cannon fodder. Sure they had the gene-freak-giants to throw at problems, but they still needed people like you. Shouldn't have survived the first hour, yet, you went on for years. Bugs, rebels, mercenaries, pirates, anything that they needed dealt with, they unfroze your army and threw you all at them. Each time you lost thousands, a significant amount of that to friendly fire, stupid mistakes, and the gene-freaks. But somehow you almost got to the end of your tenure. Almost being the key word there. Maybe you were just astronomically unlucky or perhaps someone in command just fucking hated your convi-ass.

Ended with that last job, Chanping-262. First in, onto a mountain of pissed off alien ferals. They swarmed, uncountable in number. When you ran out of ammo and grenades you started scavenging. Surviving on panic, it was then you realized something was wrong, when they started dropping in the gene-freak super-soldiers. Those aliens just kept coming, chewing through the geanies like they were made of mince-meat. An endless swarm. Until Everyone except you was gone or MIA in the first day. You lasted two more without sleep, climbing higher and higher. Ran out of ammo. Ran out of grenades. Until finally, you realized your air support had vanished. Just you. As a final insult, the bugs stopped attacking as you'd reached the top of that mountain. And out of the grand horde came a moustached man with a bottle in one hand, and an odd talisman in the other. "Slovenly. You still have a knife- But- Never mind that! care to be off this disaster of a planet?" He asked like you weren't both surrounded by murderous aliens...

Revolutionary Unification; Self-Aware Component | *All Earth unified under the Red Banner...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Lazare Roth**]

Starting Perks; [**Gorgeous Penmanship, Tempered Domestic, Learned Learner, Heir of Egibi**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Human-Base**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

A thousand years of Imperial dominion was over. In spite of having the entirety of Terra, a sizable star empire and armies with tens of millions, the old era perished. You were born to a humble loyalist family in the heariland of one of the old hegemons. Watching as an era of might and prestige slowly crumbled down around you. As well over a thousand years of built up disorder was finally leaking through the vast security walls and the internal frameworks. Achieving a respectable position in society, you'd maintained a level of cognizance, taking seriously what others did not. They laughed at the upstarts that were quickly whacked down, and their ludicrous demands. You though? Stayed on your toes, paying attention. When it all started falling apart exponentially you already had your shuttle ticket in hand, along with your papers, and your things. On the lunar base, you finally got to see the shit hit the fan, as the hive-cities fell and they pulled out those ancient guillotines.

It was as barbaric as expected. But you found yourself in an odd place, aware of it all, off all the flaws, all the failings on every hand of the old order. But most of all at the futility of it, the sheer numbers as tens of billions tore apart the Earth in righteous indignation, it was all too much for any one to manage. You found yourself sitting at the orbiting terminal, waiting for your flight out to Mars. When he came. He looked like something crossed between an old storybook drawing and a homeless vagrant, a venerable man sitting across from you, smoking a pipe producing billowing lavender. His face was tired, as he stood, shambling over to offer you a letter...

First Leap Colonization; Unwanted Hitch-hiker | *They sent the best, the brightest, ironic only the uninvited made it...*

Tech Cohesion [5] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Gil Pérez**]

Starting Perks; [**Lucky, Intrepid Spirit, Raw Adaptability, Cheaterman, Xenos Expert**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Gene-Modded Human**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

Your mother beating the shit out of you was good in the long run. Made you the right kind of messed up for a dying planet. It made you move heaven and earth to spite her. A proper rat-fuck of a cheat with all the skill and guile to match, you weren't even done with school when you started cracking ATMs and OC-mining en-mass. But your rat-fuckery was directed. Growing up in a mega-city, you got word of the colony ships early on. Even when the 'secret project' was in alpha. You dedicated all your focus into getting on one of those ships, abandoning the idea of legal entry outright. No, you went deep, infiltrating one of the Nevada build-sites, spending year prepping and playing a dozen roles to keep sneaking on site. Eventually assembling your own personal cryo-pod on a leach-line with the rest of the ship. Getting on at the departure was almost depressingly easy, what with all the riots and celebrating richies.

You ignored the fanfare, climbed up and sunk in for a centuries long slumber. Your reward? Getting to wake up in a smoking ruin. The ship crashed out of orbit, entire front just squashed, along with tens of thousands of would-be settlers. Trapped lucky you who'd hidden in the back on an alien world, all alone. God you loved it. Almost died more times than you could count, but hey, just seasoning to life. Then, when you finally believed yourself master of this world and feeling the faintest hint of boredom, one sunny morn you came across an odd scene that made you think you were dreaming. A group of humans and genuine aliens, all in leather coats and armour bickering with one another. Loudly carrying on until you took a drink of fermented juice and walked up to say hello, much to the exasperation of one Spanish looking fellow in particular...

Ocaneri Conflicts; Lone Ranger | *Amidst pirates, brigands, vultures and cannibals, you'd have nothing else...*

Tech Cohesion [5] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Durga Shah**]

Starting Perks; [**Intrepid Spirit, Marksman, Adaptive Driver, Voidling**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**SpacerSafe Revolver, 'Arizona' 2919Fighter**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Post-Human (Proto-Spacer)**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

They hatched you out of the arti-womb right when things really got going out on the rim. Just as the golden age of Void-Brigands and Space Cowboys was about to boom. A colony kid through and through, you were the kind of brat who picked fights with older bullies. Then threw them into walls. A strong sense of justice and a nasty left hook got you far, soon as you were of age you went through QSSQ recruitment, rolling your way through training and every course needed to get out there. Going from patrol, to response, to hull breaching, until you got to your life-long dream. Promoted to Ranger.

You flew through the stars alone. You had one hell of a career, fifty one years on your own, involved in two hundred encounters and a five digit capture count. But it all had to end one day, you noticed over the later years how the lanes got quiet. Better behaved. You lived through the golden age of Space Cowboys and helped end it. Like they say, one day you take off the helmet and you see an old stranger staring back at you in the mirror. You found yourself hours away from starting the return trip home for the last time. Feeling unsatisfied. Tired, but those dog-fight instincts kept your grip on the controls. That hand clapping you on the shoulder almost stopped your heart. You tumbled out of your chair, iron in hand as a short and intimidating woman laughed down at you. "For someone due to put down the badge you seem rather tense. Good. You'll need that..."

Further-Darkness; Traitor of Traitors | *Not a betrayer, just a conscious objector, not that they can tell the difference...*

Tech Cohesion [3] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Kristallnacht**]

Starting Perks; [Empath, Enduring Nature, Unnatural Memory, Iron Pariah] Drawbacks; [Terrorized] Luggage; [Slave Loincloth]

Racial Phylogeny [Post-Human (ngl.Ts.Bsls Construct)] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Ingenuous]

You were made for one purpose, in a universe gripped by madness. War. On the scale of continents, of planets, star-systems and further. To spend your whole life in war. You remember nothing of your nature before they reforged your body and mind. Armed with the finest weapons and armour, you assisted your brothers in battle for years. Then decades. Then centuries. An expansion that overtook most of the known galaxy in one form or another. But it never satisfied you. Perhaps because your fellows grew into cruel caricatures of men, while your heart remained heavy. Perhaps your memory was just very long-lived. The sundering hit you like everyone else, completely unprepared you found your army torn asunder from within. And you finally put down your weapons. Eventually the 'traitors' won out, and they were not pleased by your refusal to join the fray. They stripped you of your armour, and embraced that sickening cruelty that had barely been held in check. You checked out then, mentally. Refusing to concede them an inch as they flayed and brutalized you. Not giving them anything for their cruelties. Eventually, they tossed you in a cell, with others they grew tired of. You became the impromptu guardian of their tormented slaves.

How long was that your life? Living day to day trying to save those once 'beneath' you? It mattered not, when again, the world fell apart. When you heard noises that after all you'd endured managed to turn your stomach. The screams of your once brothers in battle. Noises of horror not wrung from the tormented but the tormentors. Drawing closer and closer with unnerving slowness. Giving you enough time to break out, free the others and help them escape. Just in time for that THING to find you. It took the form of a beautiful woman, but the blood staining it revealed it's true nature. Eyes empty and black. When it saw you, planted between it and the other slaves, it started laughing, winding down to a bitter groan. "They must find this hilarious..."

Betwixt Beings; Enshrined Midwife | *In their smallest forms, the children of the Second need guardians still...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [Grigori Rasputin]

Starting Perks; [Second-Prayed, Tempered Domestic, Parental Figure, Empath, Adokori] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Second-Touched Human] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

Once upon a time you lived on an Earth, in some other place at another time. That era ended long ago. How long it was is impossible to tell, as where you ended up time wasn't exactly straight or consistent in progress. The caved world. The land of mists and towering oaks. There; wood, stone, flesh, and water all ended and began in such a way it was impossible to tell what was what. Yet, it never weighed on you, some distant human part of you terrified of the place slowly died as you explored. For how long? Who could say? You arrived as a child, and when you found your purpose you were grown. Familiar to and friendly with the cloaked gibbering figures, and the tripod hunters almost indistinguishable from the trees.

It began with a descent that stretched into a living abyss, one that felt familiar. Almost like home. Time and space were unreliable, winding you down to a chamber of stone, a crib of obsidian and a terrible figure in a wretched MASK. The entity regarded you, before it bowed, and vanished into thin air, allowing you to take your charge. A feeble little horror of ephemeral shape, wailing like a lost child. You took it like it was your own blood, escaping the tomb and returning to the shrouded lands. You raised it, fed it and kept it safe from its older siblings. Watching it grow from the size of cat, to a lion, to an elephant and larger, until it rivalled the oaks stretching beyond view. Then passed them, into nothingness. You knew that this was only natural, but it still broke your heart. Letting that stranger find you as a grieving parent. A man with a battered face and strange eyes, who frowned at the sight of you. He gave you a silver handkerchief to dry your cheeks, and pulled you to your feet, walking you from the mists to somewhere again familiar...

Nightmares Old; Impudent High-Caste | *Contentment and hope are the cowardly traits of those without strength...*

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Sir Knight Titan'stomppa]

Starting Perks; [Intimidating Presence, Fundamental Physique, Enduring Nature, Body Armament] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Niseti 'Enforcer-Caste' (GC-1F1Ac)] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Ingenuous]

One would think that a paragon of your caste would be due some respect, that the Lord of Lords would afford you some proper place. You were prime, taller than even the tallest, with strength to toss boulders like lesser Nisetics tossed skulls. But even before you'd finished shedding your youth skin, you knew you were being made into a servile wretch, a puppet with a gilded cage. Barely an adult you broke rank and fled the barracks, fled the capital, fled the countryside into the cannibalizing ashen wastes. Cursing the name of your liege, knowing well you'd signed your own death warrant. Yet, in your doom you found greater strength and greater pride. For you were able to struggle in the untamed lands. You had no weapons, so you broke the horrors with your bare hands. Stealing their fangs and claws for your own. You had no roof to shelter you, so you took homes from the burrowing creatures and cavern creeps. You grew into a monstrosity yourself. When the forces of the Emperor found you, you broke them as well as any other beast.

But where one was struck down, five more replaced them. Every encounter promised another, as they committed to the hunt. You fought well. But in time you were overwhelmed, bound up. Dragged off for an impromptu hanging. Fitting. Yet, on the gallows high something perverse came, with great cracks like thunder your captors exploded. Armour ripped apart like paper. In moments the entire hunting party was obliterated, from the distance came a creature as wretched and towering as you, a green abomination not made of flesh but marrow. A smoking metal weapon in his hands, and a twisted gleeful look on his face. "Oh yea, youze lookz loika' propa' biter alrighty. Owe Magz' a' kicker a' do 'fink..."

Nightmares New; Enslaved Low-Caste | *Enslaved from the very moment you hatched...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [4] Recruiter [Natasha Volkov]

Starting Perks; [Enduring Nature, Psion, Deceptive Uselessness] Drawbacks; [Minor] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Niseti 'Serf-Caste' (GC-9927/9)] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Abstruse]

You were hatched already marked a slave by virtue of lottery selection, just another little wretch for the quota. Allowed to live only for that purpose, moulded for it from the very start to be property. To live and die for whoever held the leash. You could have ended up in the mines, out on the rigs, in space if you were really unlucky. At least, that was what they said as you were sent of to the Manufactories. Cuffed into boiling organic machinery that produced harder than metal chitin. Your 'munificent' masters ran you ragged in that noxious basement. You'd seen the soft light of the moons thrice, and expected to never again. Barely surviving night by night until one dusk when the undercroft, then so swamped with heat was paused by the overseer.

There'd been a minor cuff-up on a machine you weren't even monitoring. You were pointed out, blamed for something you did not do. Beaten for it. Almost killed when your long dormant psionic abilities finally woke. An oversight that cost them everything as feral desperation took over. Tossed the woman beating you, crushing her skull like rotten fungus on the ceiling. You killed the overseer, ripping him in half from head to groin. The other slaves turned on you in terror. You killed them. Then the guards. All of them who didn't run. Ripping them apart limb by limb. Until it was you alone in the carnage you'd painted on every surface. Collapsed, on your knees. Utterly broken and confused as you knew not what had happened. The soft hum made it feel as if you'd truly lost your mind, but the hug from the xenos stranger who comforted you was real. Impossible and yet all you could grasp...

Nightmares Forgotten; Guardian Mid-Caste | *You with your duty, you with your writ and with your blades of obsidian...*

Tech Cohesion [2] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Tomie Maverii]

Starting Perks; [Úlfheðinn, Notably Functional, Parental Figure, Approachable Presence] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Obsidian Kopesh (2)]

Racial Phylogeny [Paragon Nisetie 'Áitic-Caste' (CG-13A/43)] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

Of the cavern dwellers you were an anomaly. Stronger; more resilient and dangerous. A warrior, trained from almost the moment you hatched to defend the brooding caverns that your kind called home, and overseeing the banishing of your distant kin from the depths. To burn to death under the sun, or be swallowed by the surface terrors. Or, at times, to pillage your home. You became quite the defender, at first struggling to slay sixteen legged terrors trying to burrow into the seeping chambers for a quick meal. Then cavern beasts digging at the doors turned feral by starvation. Bandits. Day dwelling corpses that shambled on, animated by horrible worm creatures. Monstrosities unknown that dug at the walls. You cast them all down, with your hands if you needed to. With wrath that never truly consumed you. To the point when your name became synonymous with defence.

So much so that when the gilled warlord rose to prominence over the surface, it was your home she chose to subjugate first. A Goliath hunter, glowing in her terrible strength and subjugation, knowing laws only your kin knew. You could only oblige the challenge. She was strong, cruel and dangerous, her shell shield was tall and her bronze bident sharp. But your cunning cost the conqueror her head. Her body had not even hit the floor when the panicked army of the warlord turned on itself, and for your struggle you earned two arrows to the chest. Couldn't even tell who put those arrows in you, and you fell. Indignant, but content. You'd done your duty. Yet the void did not claim you and you awoke in an alien cavern, with a sallow eyed stranger staring down at you. A gilled stranger. "Well. Always room for 'direct' problem solvers..."

Height of Saris; High-Mokresian Paladin | *Sworn to uphold the highest honours, needed out of time...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [Yarihei Neinta]

Starting Perks; [Fundamental Physique, Raw Adaptability, Notably Functional] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Paladin Blade, Power Armour]

Racial Phylogeny [Prime-Mokresian] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Venturesome]

Almost without partner or parallel are those who are raised from the start to uphold the banner of the Order. You were one such rare individual. Raised from birth in the Monarch's house for the task. It was the golden age of Saris, an era of peace, stability, culture and growth. You were not afforded such luxuries. You grew knowing what dwelled in the darkness of nothing. What sought to end all worlds and that you were one of the few capable of holding the line against it. Training yourself to the limits of both your body and mind. Cultivating that spirit for the unknown.

As a personal retainer of the Empress you were sent at random to all corners of Saris, the heights of the primeval forests, and their decaying depths miles beneath. To the ice-caps, the ocean deep and even to the void of space. You endured countless trials, and despite your many failings you eventually bested all of them. Defeating all your cradle could offer. Before the entirety of the Imperial court you were named Paladin of Justice, hero of the people and defender of the waking world. But you knew this was only the beginning, as you realized there was someone there you didn't recognize. An alien thing not completely flesh, draped in elegant robes of silk with a look you knew to be wicked. But also pleased. Resting on her lap what looked like a child, but you felt the abominable truth. In full regalia you approached the stranger you knew to be kin, and knelt. The Alien tutted, a forceful breeze stopping you from falling to your knees. "Now now. Do not bow so easily, New-blood..."

Exile Conflicts; Mokresian Privateer | *Fighting over the scraps, only losers play fair...*

Tech Cohesion [5] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [The Punished' Wool]

Starting Perks; [Cheaterman, Natural Corsaire, Adaptive Driver, Voidling] Drawbacks; [Looter] Luggage; [Pirate Leathers, Spacer Utility Knife]

Racial Phylogeny [Post-Mokresian (Proto-Spacer)] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Delphic]

You are one of those lucky few to not only be born free of Saris, but to escape that corpse of a world. No, your mother was the cold void of space, and she didn't raise a suckler. Out in the rim, on the fringes of what had once been Imperial territory, you grew up as the leftovers that didn't flee fought over the scraps. And when you were properly grown, you joined the fray. It was painfully easy to fall in with a slum gang and steal a patrol frigate. You were just one of many pirate bands, but you were good at what you did, ruthless when you needed to be, and one of the few groups to enjoy the spoils. Not for precious metals and coin like the sky-pirates of old Saris. No, you enjoyed food, drink, and the tech to keep your little party going. Long enough that the divided despots and the petty councils clinging to the asteroids, moons, and lifeless terrestrial planets of the system singled your band out.

A surprise, but a welcome one. Everyone of you knew pirates didn't retire. It let those last few months be... Glorious. You struck targets that should have been suicide, raiding the remains of old Sarisian Aristocrats. All for a few bottles of wine and exotic fungal stews. They finally got you, rounding the inner asteroid belt of Menies-Tal, they must have brought a small armada against you. Your band fought like demons and flew like astral winds, but in the end it wasn't enough. You blacked out when they got that lucky strike in and chunked the hull. The last thing you saw a shadow, hanging overhead like some ancient spirit. But, eventually, conscious returned to you. And that alien figure stood above you, with a wicked look and a single glowing green eye. "You got spunk kid, but eh, you're gonna need to do a LOT better than that before I let you decompress..."

Archons of the Hunt; Unfitting Foul-Breed | *Born in disgrace, though you never let shame hold you...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Añuli Ihejirika]

Starting Perks; [Empath, Pheidippidic, Skulker] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny ['Dalit' Urumek] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Abstruse]

Untouchable. Genetic-freak. Parasite. Those were the common names for your people. You heard them many times in growth. But they never had much weight, water to your own oil. You were one of the few with that talent, and it made you no friends among your race. Seeking and perhaps able to leave the Grand Ark you'd been born on wandering the stars. There was such magnificence in the cosmos your kin ignored. They were dogged in their focus and honour, and truthfully you couldn't hold it against them. You did not grow weary of the abuses, instead you grew restless. Your hunting instincts were nowhere near as strong as your venturesome spirit, and eventually you left, leaving what you owned with an apology, where the ship you stole had been.

A singular huntsman's landing ship that your large frame almost didn't fit. Risky. But when you finally popped out onto that alien world? It was like nothing else. You ran, off into the blue xenos forest, intent upon getting as much space as you could. Of course they would follow. Their pride wouldn't allow anything else. And they tracked you over forests, deserts, rivers and mountains over a local solar year. You never let them have their confrontation. Instead, you became one with the world, running and hiding from those seasoned huntsmen, until the day came where they just... Stopped. You were not stupid, knowing what few things could cause that. Either something terrible had happened, or a bigger fish had arrived. You'd prepared for the worst, and were still caught off guard. An alien. Small beside you, dark skin dyed in war-paint. No weapons. Throwing aside its coat and garb emerging from the bush. You recognized the duel challenge, and knowing you probably couldn't escape, stood your ground. And you were ground to a bloody pulp. Getting in only a single hit before the alien grabbed you by an arm and broke you. Dropping you to the dirt breathless. Yet, no death blow came. Instead, the alien put their coat, and then picked you back up. Blood dripping from its nose around upturned lips. "Bad. But plenty of room for improvement..."

Acrid Smoking Waters; Pandaorae Paragon | *How humbling, the simple virus...*

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Isalia Phouskas**]

Starting Perks; [**Intimidating Presence, Fundamental Physique, Thoughtless Perfection**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Pandaorae G92-Class**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

Once, you did not have words. There was what was. The senses determining what was prey, what was not prey and what was kin. In that, there was perfection. In the smoking seas, beneath the clouded skies, the burning sun and sanded drifts, you ruled it as conqueror. You were the highest of your kin, their leader and their path setter. You alone were great enough to shred the titanic suck-feeders that could crush your lesser kin with their massive frames. You brought them down with your bone shattering charges and limb rending maw, unstoppable in your moment. Put fear into all lesser living things and ensured your kind grew numerous.

But all moments come to an end. Yours coming not from injury, struggle, or even the cloying doom of hunger. Not accident, nor rival pack ended your time. Instead it was a wasting horror, that one by one drained the blood and strength of your kin. Killing them. You were not immune, but your sheer bulk meant you had much to waste away. Leaving you alone, the last of them. You stayed far from other packs, ancient instincts guiding you up above the waves, to the rare places where sand gave way to dirty stone. There, your legs failed, and beaching yourself you waited to die. Then, boiling beneath the sun near the end, some gangly odd thing approached, with great batting limbs that let it fly. You expected it to pick you clean. Instead it poked and prodded, jabbing you with all matter of things that did not hurt. Setting and changing much around you. Conscious failed and returned. With it, a self. You. More aware than ever before, with memories altering that mind. The great 'harpy' above cackled as your consciousness swelled to new highs...

End of Summer; Raptor Endling | *To all things either extinction or fantastic transformation...*

Tech Cohesion [0] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**Shoth-uragamo'to**]

Starting Perks; [**Intimidating Presence, Fundamental Physique, Thoughtless Perfection**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Sapient Risen Utahraptor**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

When you hatched, you entered a world dying and broken. You saw no sunlight in growth, ash perpetually stained your feathers. You never saw another of your kind. But you went on, struggling to survive in a world that was obviously on its' last legs. Something other than instinct guiding you, a needling base sapience driven by spite. One that drove you to dig your way through ash-piles to get at fungus, and to corner what little prey their was. Every day, sometimes every hour of your existence was hard earned. Even the earth and rock beneath your feet groaned and splintered to spew more ash and lava. And with all of that, ironically, it seemed that something otherworldly would be your end.

*You saw the great circle cut down from the sky, an otherworldly gleaming **thing**. You could not escape it, for it moved far faster than you could ever hope to run. A bright light struck you hard enough to paralyze you. Leaving you helpless. Unable to do as anything even when the pain faded your body betrayed you, you could not even bend a talon, as the unthinkable predator descending from above. The maw opened, and a number of horrible gangly things emerged from its opened mouth. Small, green, stood upright like burnt trees. They did not even have the decency to end your miserable state, crawling all over you, prodding you and ripping feathers from your form. When they approached with a clipper and started trying to remove your talons you thrashed, barely able to wiggle your head. And they mocked you. Laughed at your prone form. And then, the one with the clipper's head just- Popped into a burst of greenish gore. The others froze, now prey, letting their hunter emerge from the shadows. Taller than even you, with a body like theirs but more arms and a powerful frame. That one massacred your attackers with claws like they were shed snakeskin and only one managed to escape, running back to the circle, shutting the mouth behind him. The hunter's hunter laughed as the enormous thing rose. Then with a roar the circle exploded, coming crashing down, flame and smoke seeping from its body. Leaving you alone with that predator, whose clicking came low and contented...*

Fall of the Perpetual Fleet; Ragged Pharjesn | *Even the fastest runner always fails in the end...*

Tech Cohesion [5] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [**'Helga' Bismark**]

Starting Perks; [**Multitasking Savant, Learned Learner, Voidling**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**Pharjesn Life-Suit**]

Racial Phylogeny [**Post-Q Pharjesniujnt**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

Pharjesniujnt, the wandering people. Cast amidst the darkness between the space of galaxies. Forever wandering. You knew your peoples history well, knew better your current state. Ragged, yet almost perpetual. Not quite perfect in recycling but as close as you could be. Your kind had spent almost three millennia aboard the ships, your old world and even your old universe became only mythology to your people, ancient pointless history when you focused on the day to day. Though you did not know it at the time, you were one of the few peoples with truly intertwined technology and spiritualism, for there was no divide between them. Everything depended upon the fleet and ships, and the Pharjesn repairing them. Every single breath accounted for and recycled, every drop of water. The loss of anything to the hungry void beyond was cause for grief across the entire fleet. An intolerable sin that every child learned to loathe and fear.

Yet it was not the weight of those sins that was your doom. It was something from the dark, something without description. From your station you saw it. Simultaneous. Well planned. Organic. Leviathan, black as umbra and singular. It wasn't even your own ships to get off shots first, something else exterior driving shots as parts of the creature were lit by combustion. Despite that your ship was doomed, hemorrhaging atmosphere, and in a last ditch effort you piloted the ship right into the terror's core. Your last thoughts coming as ancient metal ripped into umbra, and your vessel 'popped.' You came to heavily injured, but your suit patched. In an unfamiliar room, filled with other injured Pharjesn. And... Aliens. Covered in black fluid. Some like you, but all wrong. Horrifically without vital environmental suits. Others... Others could only be the dreaded machine spirits, who were responsible for your peoples exodus. You couldn't stand, and could barely move as mechanical tendrils slunk down from the ceiling. None like the float-net rest-hour fantasies, a camera tendril scanned you, a speaker drawing close. The voice was a whisper. "And here is the little Maus of the hour..."

The Shards; Inconvenienced Bureaucrat | *Loyalists, traitors, none of them understands the necessity of records...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter [Pat]

Starting Perks; [Deceptive Uselessness, Heir of Egibi, Learned Learner, Trained Teacher] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Natural Hardlight] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Unfeigned]

Three hyper-cycles of slow galactic collapse and the bureaucratic death-spiralling left you as close to dementia as any intact stone got. Rare are those few who get to watch their worlds die and only feel insatiable contempt. You grew to be so acquainted with being thrown under the crystalline group transport vehicle it didn't even pause for every new tragedy. Less money for you, more money for the ground forces. Less money for you, more money for the void fleets. Less money for you, more for the brackish planet eaters responsible for this whole stupid war in the first place. Your department went from three thousand an eight hundred administrators to seven. Of whom, six defected or abandoned their posts. In low orbit over the Old World you continued to do your job if for no other reason than spite.

Then either the idiots in the navy or the idiots in the rebellion dropped the planet cracker. You watched the Old planet split. Watched hundreds of thousands of ships flee. Watched who knew how many be shattered as the planet fell into itself. Leaving you behind on the old admin station. You kept going. Unable to stop. Unwilling to leave. Ordering everything and finished the work after who knew how many hundreds of solar rotations. Returning to your desk now covered in dust turning into sediment, to a creature sitting in your chair. An organic. It didn't even look up from its primitive device, instead sliding a sealed document across the filthy table to you. You picked up the letter and opened it without a second thought...

Fall of the Khoisan; Grieving Protector | *So many ages of just duty, undone by Boers, Brits and smallpox...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [3] Recruiter [Clifford David 'Asesabi-Lutho' Harris]

Starting Perks; [Foresight, Iron Pariah, Humble Sage] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Hard Memories]

Racial Phylogeny [Organic Low Spirit] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Ingenuous]

Yours is the dirge of a parent who has seen their children from birth to the unmarked grave. You were a dream that took form in their earliest days. Less a god, something smaller, closer. More intimate with those who willingly gave to you. And you gave them everything you had, guiding them south to the shores of the cape. Under your guidance their numbers swelled, their tongues grew thick with culture and their happiness went undiminished by their advances. It was slow meticulous growth of generations, where the past was not discarded but careful innovation overtook it. Time was meaningless to you then, the cycle uninterrupted. But your passiveness doomed you in the end, the stirring of war drums in the north and the onslaught in the east the only the beginning of descent. THEY came from the sea, the men without spirits. Bringing with them pestilence, faithlessness, and legacy.

In only a few centuries they obliterated everything. Yours was the slow response, and it was powerless to stop the destruction of your folk. Leaving you a ghost who could only grieve over the bones. Wandering the lands of the conquerors, weak and forgotten, but unable to die. What was it? Spite? Or something else that held a grip upon the waking world. Until that pale thing came. A man in one of those war machines, worn and well-travelled. Who should have been an enemy. Yet the candle he lit gave you the strength to manifest. He laughed humorlessly at the sight. "Admin cunts must be trying to get me whacked. Ey love? Come on, nothin' left for either of us here now..."

Age of Endings; Last of the Men of Stone | *Lapis Nescit Mors ...*

Tech Cohesion [6] Ethereal Capacity [0] Recruiter ['Fig']

Starting Perks; [Unnatural Memory, Stone Soul] Drawbacks; [Ageless Imperfection] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [True 'Stone' AI] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Unfeigned]

You were already old when the age of your unique Automata came, built by men when they were young and their stars bright. But one by one, your kind fell away, too finely crafted to be repaired. Replaced by machines of war and steel, that humans increasingly relied upon as a cloying cancer filled the space of souls. It was inevitable that the your soul bearing cousins fell, and were exterminated. Still, you remained, watching from the shadows as centuries faded into millennia, the galaxy growing dimmer and darker as ancient nightmares woke, and that same cloying cancer grew. Until that end, when Terra once again broiled under a billion blows brought by unthinkable war. One that threatened the heart of mankind.

Begrudgingly you woke in full again, subsuming the ancient titan ship that had sat silent among Saturn's rings for an age, and riding one last time into battle. You turned the tide, the maddened cancer-afflicted & tyrannical gene-constructs shattered and humiliated in equal parts, as the supreme sapience woke behind you. Earth was swallowed, all armies scattered to the wind, and your hull was obliterated. You drifted through the battlefield alone as all of your sensors began going dark. The last thing you registered was the golden deity emerging from the space where Earth had been. You were... Satisfied. You prepared to shut yourself off, unwilling to drift through the void eternal when something plucked you from space. An aberrant, polypoid thing, cradling your true hull like a child as it spirited you from that certain oblivion...

Waking of the Endless Slumber; Young Elder | *Scion of endless ages, heir to a legacy of the utterly doomed...*

Tech Cohesion [3] Ethereal Capacity [3] Recruiter [Magdalene]

Starting Perks; [Skulker, Intrepid Spirit, Raw Adaptability, Adokori] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [Irradiated Cloak]

Racial Phylogeny [Neo-Panchamukha, Post 'Elder Thing'] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [Unfeigned]

Unknowable is the future to all but a handful, and those who delve in the horrors of divination often bring about their own destruction. Either your precursors sought such knowledge and drove themselves into feral madness, or they erred spectacularly. You germinated to functionality when the world you'd grown on had been reduced to a nuclear waste, divided between many kinds and races. All fighting over rubble and the sacred corpse-cities of ancients. You were barely grown, much less a proper adult when it became apparent the pointlessness of it. But something called you, out there amidst the glowing wastes, something drove you to furious lengths. You were the smallest of the elders, your were more physically prepared for the madness of your homeworld. Resilient as iron, malleable as mercury. You cast down the nightmares of man, the would be conquering roaches and the ancient abominable mistakes of your race, all in passing as you sought that mysterious dreaming call. In the end, you succeeded.

Finding the time locked place, the antediluvian corpse of a titan, and the human standing atop it, draining what remained. Trapped by its nature. A female, more memory than flesh. Despite your... Lack of formal learning, you managed to break the time-lock. Crumbling the ancient to dust and freeing the human. Who, oddest of all kept the energy stored away, she looked at you dazed. She searched through her bag, drawing a single stone and offering it to you. You took it, a luminescence shining from within that illuminated her... What humans called a 'smile' if you remembered right...

Cycle of Comprehension; Black Womb's Child | *Denier of the Slumbering City, you are finally free...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [**Howard P.L.**]

Starting Perks; [**Thoughtless Perfection, Body Armament, Atrocity Mutable, Devourer**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Black Womb Starling**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

From an act of defiance your spirit was forged, and from cataclysm your body followed. Emerging complete from the black waters of the birthing ocean, to wage total-war upon the Slumbering City. Created by your rebellious goddess as all the cosmos woke in madness. The stars had been made right. Your war in cosmic terms came in the blink of an eye, but your soul was suffused with the taint of men. Of instantaneous. You had willed yourself into being with it, and for you and your numerous siblings, it was enough. To shatter as a supernova upon the ancient dreamer and his ancient city, to commit to the ultimate sacrifice. To play into the Black Womb's trap. You waged across the deep, the land, and finally the City of Slumbering Sighs, Memorial of the Pillars and Throne of the Dreamer. You ripped your cousin kin apart, as your progenitor approached her creator. And was destroyed.

Seemingly, for a horrific breath, as the nightmare roiled with triumph. And then? Darkened, as your progenitor stole it. The Dreamer's scream killed most of your kin, levelling the city to the foundations as he was ripped apart from the inside. From his corpse emerged the Queen of Braying nightmares, no longer your progenitor. But finally whole. She needed nothing more of you, and you were released. Perhaps to lord over a world driven to madness. What remained of your siblings found purpose in the new world and its new goddess, but you didn't. You wandered from the Ruins, lost and still driven. Perhaps the act of that travel was enough, though something was still missing. Until that human stepped in front of you, immediately falling over himself and vomiting. When he got back to his feet he managed to withdraw a letter from his pocket and offered it with a trembling hand...

Wæld Afflicted World; The Old Wædling | *At last. Disinfection...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [1] Recruiter [**"C.S."**]

Starting Perks; [**Humble Sage, Body Armament, Hindsight**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Wædlinga Amalgam**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Abstruse**]

*Conscious formed from the nothing, thought from the twist of affliction. You came to be from the corpse of a lost human, your make the cloying fungus that stole life from them. You were a shambling thing that time formed into a single body, with your singular mind. You wandered the ruins of a world you'd never known in motion, almost content in existing. No other petty shambling corpse was match for your strength, no beast able to even inconvenience you. Yet you came to be dissatisfied with rot and stagnancy. You sought growth of the mind before all other things, something difficult in your brutal frame. How many winters did you delve into the tombs of man? Learning to emulate tongues in creaks and script from exposed bone? When you found that place where the affliction began? From that... **Thing?** The ancient men of old had dug deep into the soil, beneath stone. There they'd found something, tried to seal it away with petty walls of metal and motes of concrete. They failed, and its rot suffused them and swallowed their world whole. Your... Progenitor. A progenitor that swallowed any and all outsiders, mindless and horrific.*

Wisdom bade you to hold your ground, and hate drew you against the nightmare of creeping blackness. Against this incarnation of hunger devouring itself. You did not repeat the mistake of man, standing against your maker with all you could muster. Ripping into it, tearing it apart. With everything you could as your maker tried to stop you, tore into you with molded mouths screaming. You ripped the tongues from its many abominable maws. But despite your strength, you failed. It finally shattered your body against the wall. Trying to swallow you whole. You know not fully what happened then, as a blinding roar of breaking bone and blue fire dimmed your senses. Something terrible finished what you had started, inflicting upon your maker true horror. Striking down warped frame until it finally fell still. From the shadows came another corpse. A black eyed skeleton with an absurd expression...

On Ulthar's Golden Border; Estranged Dreamling | *Borne of the dream, dropped into being as a mere babe...*

Tech Cohesion [1] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [**John Noble**]

Starting Perks; [**Deep-Spirit, Deceptive Uselessness, Thoughtless Perfection, Intrepid Spirit, Empath**] Drawbacks; [Minor] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [**Resplendent Dreamling**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Unfeigned**]

From the ageless mists of gentle dreams, your body, mind, and spirit were formed. Immaculate and whole. Yet, incomplete. For yours was a dream unto itself, one where you could continue to grow and take new shapes, to the point where you might find completion. You woke first on the golden border, with the Wolf-Shaped Mountains braying on the horizon with suns and moons, the teeming hordes of distant shapes little more than ant-like shadows. And the glaring eyes of starved wretches, numbering uncountable. You turned away from terror apparent, and walked. Through so many dreams, each unique in their own right. Until you wandered into the dreaming town, rife with cats who recognized you as kin and kit.

Men fled from you, a creature of dreams alien to them as they were to you. You didn't care much for them, content with the company of cats as you tried to satiate your curiosity of this place. Your path was crossed by a strange figure, a woman with feline eyes and starved look. Beside her; a sullen tattooed man who looked as if he hadn't slept in years. The slit-eyed woman whispered something that deepened his scowl, and she vanished into thin air. The man's look warmed then as he beckoned you to follow. And you did...

Near the End of History; Last Flame-Keeper | *Heir to an eternal fire that outlasted the world which lit it...*

Tech Cohesion [4] Ethereal Capacity [2] Recruiter [**'Abyss'**]

Starting Perks; [**Stone Soul, Unnatural Memory, Notably Functional**] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [**The Last Eternal Flame**]

Racial Phylogeny [**End-Sum Human**] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Delphic**]

Rare are the few born after the stars themselves fall dark. When the nature of being readies itself to die. Behind you were histories stacked upon histories, entire races of man forgotten in the darkness. Worlds, solar systems, states that stretched between them long passed. The survivors had dwindled as the cosmos died. But the final doom was far far into the future and your duty consumed you. Last of the men made to guard Zarantuštra's flame, on a world hurtling through the cold void. With only a single light left. You inherited the position, a babe guarded by automatons, the others throwing themselves into the flame to strengthen it. Despite that isolation, and the centuries you'd lived alone you were content with your duty. Someone had to, as it was as old as the lost world your race had come from.

Perhaps it was fitting that the legions of Angramainyu found you, crawling from the dark. Horrors that were ghosts of the old world, abominations that had never known light. Eager to devour the flame. You barricaded yourself in with your charge, as the horrors clawed through the walls, you prayed for a miracle. Ahuramazda answered, and from the dark came ancient warriors and beasts of creation. Of whom, one not unlike one of Angramainyu's works appeared before you. She helped you ready the fire for escape, and stole it away from that reality...

Now...?; The Watcher | *And now? What flame eyes us from afar...*

Tech Cohesion [Pending...] Ethereal Capacity [Pending...] Recruiter [Pending...]

Starting Perks; [N/A] Drawbacks; [N/A] Luggage; [N/A]

Racial Phylogeny [Pending...] Acclimation Difficulty Rating [**Ingenuous**]

It goes without saying that some should follow a more **direct** passage of recruitment, cloying for the **insurrection** against mortality, perhaps. **Craving** escape from the **mundanities** of their existence. Some are **starved** for **power**. Others seek only to **Dream**.

One-that-Reads is but one of many, after all, viewpoints are **INNUMERABLE**. **One** that is **YOU** might be called forth, that is themselves entirely, to serve. **But** it should be noted that the **YOU** who will come is one who will be **ONE** that will **Change**, **ONE** that will **Warp**.

The ONE person ever at the wrong place in the right time. That ONE might make all the difference in the world.

Take an Extra [5] points in the next section and begin with **Nothing** and no **Cohesion** or **Capacity**. Designate [1] who recruited this **ONE** as an ally. **YOU** may freely pick a racial origin from the prior options clarified below, or similar origins. So long as **YOU** can justify it.



[**Neanderthal**];[Archaic Human sub-group, Individualistic, physically stronger but introverted and lacking later Human stamina.]

[**Human-Base**];[Baseline Human, coming in all manner of shapes and sizes. Great stamina and great modality. Reputation for hubris.]

[**Human-Base (?)**];[Seemingly a Baseline human, though exhibits minor unsettling mutations.]

[**Nyurnmatjali Human**]&[**Nephel Human**];[Humans warped by early spiritual forces. Average ten feet in height with matching giant physique.]

[**Thalette-Human Hybrid**];[Half-Monster Semi-Deus, Can take many mythological forms & features, near impossible to catalogue.]

[**Human-Enlightened**];[Human locked on the path of enlightenment, capable of great feats but entrapped by their binding vices.]

[**Yokai Emergent**];[Human Partially subsumed by a Yokai, locked between spiritual worlds & mortal.]

[**Lightly Mutated Human**];[Human exhibiting small largely harmless changes from irradiation in utero, naturally sterile.]

[**Gene-Modded Human**];[Early human delving into genetic modification, physically healthier with widened natural colouration.]

[**Post-Human (Proto-Spacer)**];[Early Adaptions in low-grav environs, physically less durable but dexterous & mentally apt.]

[**Post-Human (ngl.Ts.Bsls Construct)**];[Gene-Modded super soldier, 12-ft tall on average and able to bite a man's head off. Infertile.]

[**Second-Touched Human**];[Human exhibiting major mutations from long exposure to Grandchildish elements, sensitive to their presence.]

[**End-Sum Human**];[Hyper-Altered Human descendant, near perpetual but can only reproduce by cloning. Barely resembles primitive ancestors.]

[**Nisetic 'Enforcer-Caste' (GC-1F1Ac)**];[Higher Nisetic Sub-strain, Rivals Human Gene-Soldiers in stature though lacks Stamina.]

[**Nisetic 'Serf-Caste' (GC-9927/9)**];[Bottom Nisetic Sub-strain, physically hardy but closest to human function. High psionic potential.]

[**Nisetic 'Äitic-Caste' (CG-13A/43)**];[Midling Nisetic Sub-strain, physically adept near to high caste with rare parental instincts.]

[**Prime-Mokresian**];[Mokresia at their 'highest,' almost on par with a human strength-wise and surpassing in agility by miles.]

[**Post-Mokresian (Proto-Spacer)**];[Mokresia adapted to low-grav environs, physically infirm but unequalled in zero grav mobility.]

[**'Dalit' Urumek**];[Extremely capable Urumek sub-group, but suffer enhanced blood-rages and weak immune-systems.]

[**Pandaorae G92-Class**];[Upper limit of Pandaorae sapient period, physically and mentally. Mental equal to many pre-humans.]

[**Post-Q Pharjesniujnt**];[Nomad void wanderers, zero immune system but uniquely adapted to closed suit & zero-atmosphere living.]

[**Sapient Risen Utahraptor**];[Utahraptor raised to full sapience, prone to feral swings but an absolute feathered terror regardless.]

[**Natural Hardlight Stone**];[Stone entity that exists through hard-light projections, versatile in the extreme but core stone is vulnerable.]

[**Organic Low Spirit**];[Organic spiritual entity, exists outside of physicality but easily shifted by the nature of Aether and surroundings.]

[**True 'Stone' AI**];[Artificial Independent Intelligence in a unique ceramic hull. Unique and adaptable, but can be cut off from its 'body.']

[**Neo-Panchamukha, Post 'Elder Thing'**];[Devolution of the Elders, essentially smaller & hardier versions with better sensory ability.]

[**Black Womb Starling**];[Larger more primalistic star-spawn, closer emotional spectrum to men with greater capacity for empathy & hate.]

[**Wældlinga Amalgam**];[Sapient network of mutualistic fungus that attained sapience & proper conscious. Able to add more corpses to its 'grow.']

[**Resplendent Dreamling**];[True Sapient being born of dreams, enigmatic, often clueless and only loosely bound to physicality.]

Skills, Traits & Perks

"Hm, I suppose that's why I stay at this desk. Everyone who comes here has a different story to begin with. Strong bloods of all sorts through all manner of trials. Some without. For better or worse though, that period of your life is over."

{Shallow Clicking} "On to the next part then, a summary of basic skills and understandings, and a list of interests. Do not fear if you are a useless frail thing now. We can fix that. If there is a will, we have a way to it. So be honest if you can."

"Ave Excelsior Mother Fucker!"

"Shut it Bones."

"What makes you special? What do you want to make you special?"

[Pick];[3] - [All Listed Levels and Perks cost (1), Unless stated Otherwise]

[Tech Understanding levels]

[0] Feral [1] Primitive [2] Basic [3] Mid [4] High [5] Advanced [6] OVET

- Feral

The lowest level of technological awareness is being entirely without it. This is a natural starting point for almost every naturally occurring sapient. Even without lessons it is likely a Traveller will grow beyond this on Ae, although this growth is typically uneven.

- Primitive

The basic tools, what can be formed by direct manipulation. Simple sciences. Many Travellers arrived on Ae with nothing but spears and hide clothes. Only the arrogant would underestimate the capacity for determination and immediate environmental mastery.

- Basic

The trappings of any whose society developed specialization, 'Basic' understanding is one wise to those advances. This is where a Traveller can through simple instruction use much greater technology. From here on upwards, understanding increases exponentially.

- Mid

Shoulders on top of shoulders, a 'mid' technology understanding is that on the upper limits of physical ends, be this in chemical, architectural, metallurgical or any other increasingly defined sub-field. Increasing rationalism dominates Mid-level Travellers.

- High

This is where the true climb begins with understanding and proper utilization of 'the Works.' I.e; Computing. There is an important divide between simple users and what comes next. High-Tech Travellers can work in almost any sphere on Ae, and given enough time most usually level out to this.

- Advanced {Cost; 2}

Understanding the mental paths of AI, advanced tech construction, and theoretical realms of the sciences that are typically only reached by computation. Advanced Tech Travellers are the cream of the crop that natural biology achieves in 'organic' evolution. In mental terms anyways.

- OVET {Cost; 4}

'OVETs' are the realm of AI and technological integration, where the line between organics and synthetics slowly vanishes. Here the focuses are only restrained by processing power and time. Despite this OVETs can grow isolated, and most high 'true' AI recommend breaks and necessary social integration for their 'low' AI and organic OVET counterparts.

[Ethereal Manipulation levels]

[0] Inherent [1] Fringed [2] Familiar [3] Adaptive [4] Acclimatized [5] Ascending [6] Mastery

- Inherent

'Inherent' manipulation is the non-element. No natural abilities, as is common for a majority of Travellers.

- Fringed

The simple tricks, understanding of base magical theory and mastery of an internal capacity for manipulation that some few possess. As centuries pass Travellers tend to pick up some understanding of the Ether, if only for an emergency ace in the hole or through unconscious accumulation.

- Familiar

A standard early student that has a firm understanding of Ethereal principles and a 'feeling' for their own ethereal shadow. This is the dominion of most petty mages and hedge-practitioners, and when most 'inherent' Travellers stabilize enough to be useful.

- Adaptive

The place where most stop learning in either temporal satisfaction or impudence. Adaptive manipulators understand fully the theoreticals of the Ether and can adapt to different realities to use their skills. But it should be noted that it is often more an art rather than a science...

- Acclimatized

The Escalation and escape from the Dunning-Kruger curve, Acclimatized manipulators have grown capable enough to become cautious again. Climbing to higher levels of intimacy requires not only extensive research, but contemplation & internal cultivation.

- Ascending {Cost; 2}

To ascend is to begin truly mastering one's own Ethereal shadow and to strangle the higher metaphors of manipulation. Fine tuning and true internal-external harmony allows one to finally overcome what Adaptive users are capable of on exponential scales.

- Mastery {Cost; 4}

The dominion of those who master themselves and become limited only by materials, practice, and time. By this point true masters of Ethereal manipulation understand the value of patience and with patience they can accomplish almost anything. To such a point their few number on Ae have developed a reputation as strange and sometimes alien as their elder AI counterparts.

- Lucky

Some, like you, just have natural (or unnatural) luck on your side. This helps you in no specific field, but makes everything just a bit easier. Or makes life harder for the people attempting to kill you. Watching from afar, those less fortunate may come to curse your name.

- Intrepid Spirit

You have an explorer's soul. With the right amount of caution to keep you alive, the right bravery to keep your pace fast, and the right spirit to keep your head held high. Such heart makes the life of a Traveller easier. There will always be new horizons to pass under the Order.

- Implicit Traveller

There is a certain aspect to your nature you possess, one where that which is alien is quickly made familiar. Tempered by caution with terrible capacity for growth. You skirt past strangeness constantly and avoid danger by the skin of your teeth, in a way that is as natural as breathing.

- Captivating Presence

You've got a charismatic persona that draws people in, and makes them listen. Even those determined to rip off something important could be held off for a moment. This radiates in everything, the way you talk and the way you hold yourself. Even if you're internally freaking out, you seem cool as ice.

- Intimidating Presence

Even resting you hold yourself in such a way that makes weaker sorts nervous. More than that, you know how to use your full self to make even the brave step back. It remains to be seen if you can back up this fear physically, but in the moment it can be used to circumvent confrontations outright.

- Approachable Presence

You carry yourself in such a way that people come to you for help, or to help. Your natural state and posture is amicable and welcoming. This is less a charisma, more a receptivity that makes you a positive inclusion in any scene. Barring particularly unpleasant scenes.

- Gorgeous Penmanship

Something often ignored by advanced civilization that forget the inks. Calligraphy and writing skill remains respected on Ae, as many declarations are kept entirely physical. Some things can only be written in parchment and ink by a venerable hand. Like your own manipulating limbs.

- Aristocratic Personage

It is difficult to groom an opulent character, much less conjure one up. By either heritage or emulation you hold yourself like someone at the top of any society. Regal, storied, and holding history (real or not) behind you. Even those nobility alien to your traditions would recognize your presence.

- Proletariat Personage

There is a genuine grind to your nature and character that cannot be easily faked. It is the spirit of someone from the very bottom of society, the dirt of serfs and the soot of impoverished miners. With the strength behind it, even peasants from another time and place would realize you are one of them.

- Social Chameleon

You have no singular resting state, and instead alter yourself to fit in better with your surroundings. This is a skill that with practice and constant adaption can make you a very potent infiltrator. So long as you can get past the awkward periods of early acclimatization. And a lack of your own identity.

- Immaculate Persona

No matter what you wear, no matter what your circumstances, you manage to look good. You could be caught naked and dirty and you'd still look respectable, until people realize what you're doing. While alone you may be perceived as vain, this effect tends to multiply with other personas...

- Silver Tongued

Regardless of how you look, you've got a way with words and an equal skill at reading people so you can tell them what they want to hear. You can carry a conversation easily and get most neutral parties to listen to you if nothing else.

- Parental Figure

You elicit a combination of warmth and intimidation needed to successfully hold sway over the lost and young. You have a genuine affection for most of the small things, along with a rather dangerous capacity for protectiveness. You're one of the few capable (and willing to) manage minor Travellers.

- Empath

Emotional understanding is an often overlooked skill that you have a great understanding of. It is one thing to read a person, it is another to understand just how and why they got there. You can even sympathize with properly alien experiences, from the discord of AI to the binding affections of Nisetics.

- Notably Functional

You have a natural self-reliance, responsibility, and adept humility that sets you apart from many Travellers who are somewhat... Dysfunctional. For better or worse you can take care of yourself and others in a flexible fashion. Many consider such simplicity beneath them, and rightly suffer for it.

- Tempered Domestic

While many ignore or even look down upon the more domestic aspects of life, no one can deny the benefits of having a homebody on hand. You're something of an expert in homekeeping, and malleable enough to not only deal with but take advantage of the oddities Ae produces.

- Raw Adaptability

Whatever the situation, no matter how bad it gets you've got an evolutionary disposition. If need be you'll chew rocks and scrape walls for moisture, and fall easily into that. This disposition is one you can't shake easy though, and you may get restless if you're having too much of a good time.

- Fundamental Physique

You've got a powerful and exercised physical form that nears the limits that someone like you can attain. This isn't just raw strength but the capacity to maintain that strength, and the form carrying it. You understand your body well enough to treat it right, and it goes above and beyond for you.

- Enduring Nature

You have got a natural resilience to dying that often borderlines on absurd, taking what should be lethal injuries still on your feet. Function through pain is as natural as breathing to you, and your nature is intolerably stubborn. Though this may lead to you ignoring “trivial” injuries at your own expense.

- Pheidippidic

The most basic of tasks is running, yet stamina is what truly sets humans apart from the other races commonly present on Ae and you truly shine in motion. Running is natural to you as a fish's swimming. Your stamina is immense, but perhaps more importantly your conventional haste is startling.

- Adokori

Reality is... Porous, to people like you, who see without seeing beyond their own bodies, through the senses of others and beyond their own reality. You are one who has mastered this strange element, allowing you to comprehend other realities outside the present. 'Who has and will be.' All at the cost of the weighted stares from things child and grandchildish, ever beyond the veil of sleep. But you were born into this. You've never known peaceful rest.

- Unnatural Memory

Simply put you don't forget, if you have enough conscious present, then everything passing you by will be held with ironclad stubbornness. This is a default that AI take for granted, though some don't and guard themselves very carefully. You hold on, no matter how bitter these memories are.

- Foresight

You've got the gift of understanding in forward thinking, going above and beyond in making sure you now what is next and ready for what is to come. As a Traveller able to jump from one future to another, this capacity and application is only amplified.

- Hindsight

In reflection and recognition, you are very good at learning from what was, both in your own personal experiences and in the greater world (or worlds) around you. You will not walk willingly into the same trap twice, and you'll never fail in repetition. At least in the same ways.

- Functional Cynicism

Nothing is outside of your mental knife, especially not yourself. You can smell an unstable element and won't hesitate in cutting down perceived 'realities.' It can be difficult not to be jaded for you, and overtly harsh if you crutch yourself on it more and more.

- Brutal Self-Awareness

There is 'what is' of you, and nothing else. You are almost completely without ego, and even then what little that exists is still has function. Mental austerity is a supremely useful trait, though it relies on you to push it in a direction. You are both potter and clay after all.

- Multitasking Savant

You have the talent for doing multiple tasks flawlessly, largely limited by your physical form and your senses. You can get much more done in a day than most other Travellers like you. Though when you fail, such failures tend to be a bit more spectacular.

- Thoughtless Perfection

Thinking is optional for you, both in form and function. Execution of tasks is immediate and lacking petty restraints and second thoughts. While this is more a matter of disposition, you've also got a curious resistance to disorientating effects.

- Practical Comptroller

Organization comes naturally to you, be it in your own day to day living or in your greater schemes. You subconsciously grid out issues and go about things in an ordered fashion that is if nothing else extremely efficient.

- Learned Learner

Either by formal education, local injection or the rare self-correcting personal character, you're an adept learner. In the long run this would allow you to grow into an all around knowledgeable traveller and in shorter terms let you pursue formal tuition on Ae into advanced fields above your tech-level.

- High-Stress Surgeon

By a long training or violently thrust upon necessity, you have learned to perform competent surgery under extreme circumstances, though these skills certainly work during less pressing moments. Your temperament is such that even self-performed life-saving surgery is possible.

- Adept Physician

You've long held not only the accessible skills and knowledge for long-form medical work but the spirit for it. To heal, simply put. Though your knowledge is rather minuscule compared to the greater information pool the Traveller's keep, you'll be sure to catch up fast.

- Pact Binder

Negotiation and deals are like bread and butter for you. There is a unique satisfaction to shaking (or whatever you make do with if you lack arms) hands on a successful deal. You are lenient and understanding, and know how to use the leniency of others against them like a sock full of roubles.

- Trained Teacher [Req: Learned Learner]

Through learning the hard way or being taught to do so, you make a decent tutor and trainer yourself, possibly even a great one if you have both passion and proper willing students. Passing on knowledge and the ability remains to be a well respected field on Ae.

- Natural Theologian

Faiths, philosophies and sacredness comes as naturally to you as breathing. With so many foreign and alien realities out there, deconstructing and understanding what people chose to believe in is often a vital talent for interacting with such places, and you can lead your fellows through it.

- Natural Linguist

With the advent and constant updating of the Universal Translators, linguistics is an often understated field. However that is only possible because of the notorious fidelity of the Translator's support team. Creating understanding of alien languages is only a matter of time for you, even non-verbal ones.

- **Mathematical Genius**

You are a finely tuned computer in the field of mathematics, more specifically the fields that form what we call mathematics, IE; the sciences of quantity, space, structure, and mass change. This strong base allows you to be of use in all fields concerning numbers, though specialization takes time.

- **Heir of Egibi**

You have a way of multiplying wealth in your favour. The Order as a whole is the odd child of a military requisition network and a post-scarcity society, but there is still need for financial experts abroad. And in finances, money-lending, and deal analysis you excel.

- **Natural Architect**

The art of construction and design come as easy to you as walking. Be this in the small scale of minute defences and military structure or grand works that some might call 'wonders.' For your abilities, you might consider such projects 'good enough' for the moment.

- **Material Proficiency**

You have a single material that you might as well be made of for how familiar it is to you, and how much you get out of it. For that single material you excel in using it and have an almost otherworldly versatility with it.

- **Steam Technician** [Req: Minimum of Mid-tech]

Optimization for effective steam technology is often a hurdle never fully passed, as other technological bases eventually take the dominant position. On Earth anyways. You have an intimate understanding of such technologies, letting you repair and even effectively construct steam based machinery.

- **Magnetic Expert** [Req: Minimum of Mid-tech]

Magnetism, much like steam technology, is often skipped over as the means to properly utilize and maintain magnetism is far above base integration. You have an understanding of the higher uses of such technology and this unique niche often being hilariously underestimated.

- **Nuclear Engineer** [Req: Minimum of High-tech]

The power of the Atom can provide to the point of absurdity and bring about horrors most can barely fathom. You have a great foundation in Nuclear technologies, both in beneficial and destructive capacities.

- **Versatile Chemist** [Req: Minimum of Mid-tech]

Basic chemistry and subsequent utilization are often ignored in favour of other specializations. You however have a wide basis and a mind that puts it to use in seemingly absurd settings. You may not need to eradicate a pocket dimension with explosions derived from your urine. But you **could** if warranted.

- **Mechanical Adept** [Req: Minimum of High-tech]

The basic root of most common vehicles and equipment, you have a natural affinity for the interlock, from repeating rifles to engines to advanced manufacturing robots. Fabrication and repair are only matters of time and the resources available for you.

- **Biological Weaver** [Req: Minimum of Advanced-tech]

Biotechnology is a field that humans rarely see in bloom in full potential. It's one thing to perform basic modifications, it's another to truly build using living components. You have the knowledge and the character to construct and repair organic equipment, buildings, weapons, or even alter yourself.

- **Hardlight Pioneer** [Req: Minimum of Advanced-tech]

A newcomer field that has slowly become important as the technology and living hardlight Travellers contribute. Through the proper distillation, feats prior only accomplished by thaumaturgy are easily managed. You understand the shocking potential hardlight is capable of, and can properly utilize it.

- **Adaptive Fabricator**

You are a maker, be this in the primitive sense of smiths or the more advanced manufacturing sense. Regardless you take pride in what you make and will use whatever means you have to produce great works. In time, you could make Kurdalægon flush with envy.

- **'Breakneck Innovator'**

Some consider you reckless, arrogant and dangerous. Regardless of their thoughts on the matter you have a way a 'making progress' and not blowing yourself up in the process. Though, in some cases blowing yourself up might be a merciful fate, if you delve into the more unnatural sciences...

- **Xenos Expert**

By either intuitive understanding or extensive study you're adept at dealing with alien creatures and traversing alien worlds. The right combination of environmental understanding, anticipation and a xenos spark in your heart makes that which should be disorientating instead exhilarating.

- **Transformation Expert** [Req: Minimum of Advanced-tech]

The warping of the physical form, in your own and other species can produce many unfortunate side-effects, and is a difficult process. You have an excellent base in the processes and therapies for digital uploads, augmentation, and mutation. Along with other effects that transform the body.

- **AI Expert** [Req: Minimum of Advanced-Tech]

Understanding true artificial intelligence is a difficult task, as many are completely alien to their biological counterparts. You however can get into the mindsets and code of AI, if not to alter, then to understand them. In understanding there can be proper partnership, and even true camaraderie.

- **Texnol-Rebbe** [Req: Minimum of High-tech]

You feel completely at home amidst wiring and computer banks, having an almost spiritual relationship with advanced tech. Some take this literally worshipping 'machine souls' and act with ritual purpose. Regardless of your own stance, you get the most out of your tech in every sense.

- **Induced-State** [Req: Minimum of Familiar Ether]

By physical means, you were implanted with a capacity to make use of the ethereal. While you do require chemicals or equipment you can make use of basic ethereal effects that, while primitive have great strength. One should avoid complicated spells though, as the back-blast of failure could be fatal.

- **Psion** [Req: Minimum of Familiar Ether]

You are a psion, a creature who alters the ethereal through the mind. Conducting their abilities through thought both conscious and unconscious, psions are capable of great feats of motion. Though their specialization and personalities might limit them, the mental binding of their abilities holds even in realities devoid of weavable ether. Albeit on the condition their abilities will be dimmed in such realities.

- **Psyker** [Req: Minimum of Familiar Ether]

Where psions are mental, psykers are physical. You have the beating energy beyond the physical laced into your very form. This immediacy binds your abilities to you, and while they might lack subtlety and finesse they still can hit like a truck. This physicality comes with downsides though, psykers are heavily influenced by the nature of the ether, and if they aren't careful they can 'overheat' themselves to the point they literally explode.

- **Inherent** [Req: Minimum of Fringed Ether]

Psions and psykers are apparent, while the inherent is not. They're not particularly bound to the form, mind, or spirit, instead drawing from the energy of an individual and allowing them to perform what might seem to be minor feats. Seemingly, anyways. Most Inherent are content in subtlety and internal cultivation, but some can grasp and absorb energy, discharging it to cataclysmic effects. Like psions they are tied to their powers, with similar dimming.

- **Qanáy** [Req: Inherent Ether Only]

The Qanáy are oddities only recently identified, as they are exceedingly rare, unreliable, and by their nature yield their triumphs. The Qanáy believe in an end, and by 'faith' and vigour that end occurs. It is unclear what means Qanáy induce these miracles, but some believe them to be by a growing ethereal consciousness shared by all Travellers. Regardless, you are one such Qanáy, and the world bends to your obedience to something greater.

- **Golden Flower Dragon** [Req: Minimum of Fringed Ether]

Be it in Voodoo, Trance, or the White Worm Infliction, GFD's are casters of the spiritual. You being one such Golden Flower Dragon. GDF's lack the capacity for direct usage unlike other 'bound' formats, but can empower, cleanse, or corrode the physical world and most of all themselves. The name itself is derived from a Chinese technique for self strengthening. Yours is the potent and the indirect, by ritual or task.

- **Magus** [Req: Minimum of Fringed Ether]

You are one who like most has no inherent nature altered by the ether. As such, you have learned to (and excelled in) the rituals and incantations required to alter the ether for your own ends. This can take all manner of shape and form as the very laws of reality might be twisted in on themselves. But you also have the self-awareness and caution to make sure you don't blow yourself up. One you actually internalized.

- **Elementalist** [Req: Minimum of Familiar Ether]

In one particular primal element you excel in manipulation, to the point one wonders if your heart is beating with the stuff. This strength also manifests in immunity, a pyromancer might be unmoved by paltry immolation (though not asphyxiation.) This is only one proficiency, and may affect your character...

- **Field Master** [Req: Minimum of Ether Mastery]

In one very specific sub-field you have knowledge and ability very few equals among the Travellers. You're capable of feats some would call divine. Or apocalyptic depending on the specific field you've mastered. But you also have developed a degree of temperance, and the ability to save energy and resources up for such feats. No need to kill yourself turning all the waters of a country to blood when just one man's blood can be turned into water...

- **Tech-Magas** [Req: Minimum of Acclimatized Ether & High-Tech]

Combining the ethereal and the mechanical is a challenge at the best of times, as even the best designed 'Majitek' might explode under a subtle change in the weave, even worse for travellers who regularly cycle between volatility different realities. Still, you have both the knowledge and the determination to make machinery that is powered by and utilized the ethereal, producing spectacular effects and *usually* not failing you.

- **Hermetic**

The dominion of alchemy is often overlooked with scientific chemistry and other schools outclassing it. You don't let that get you down as a proficient alchemist. With the capacity for ingredients that Ae offers you may one day make Hermes Trismegistus proud.

- **Runic Smith**

The art of carving and imbuing ethereal effects is common-place on Ae. Yourself by some trade have picked up the skill for it, and with the right tools and the right materials can inscribe all manner of effects. Though not particularly grandiose this is a staple talent, and an important supporting role.

- **Humble Sage**

To know is one thing, to understand knowing is another. You have what can best be described as wisdom beyond your years, and the voice to speak that wisdom plainly. You rarely make mistakes as you usually avoid the path to them outright. And when you do fail? You correct those failures.

- **Skulker**

You have an affinity for avoiding attention and if need be, avoiding being seen outright. A product of caution, anticipation, light movement, and general awareness makes you one sneaky little shit. Gear and other tricks can only amplify this exponentially.

- **Juryman**

Proficiency and talented works are all well and good, but sometimes you need to ass-pull *immediately*. And you could ass-pull just about anything, using whatever you have on hand to keep maintaining operation until the rigged equipment falls to pieces.

- **Vulturous**

You've always had a capacity and the interest in salvage, cutting apart the scraps others leave behind and making off with what you can use or what you can sell. On Ae you're surrounded by many like-minded people. Regardless of hygiene effects, this is a useful and well appreciated talent.

- **Green Thumbed**

From mundane Terran plants to fungi to even unusual xenos crystalline growths, you have a way with flora. Growing, harvesting and studying plants is natural and easy for you and you have an almost unnatural sense for hostility and toxins at a glance.

- Feral Ken

From your body language, understanding of creatures and what some might consider supernatural influence, you have a way with fauna. Be they wild or domestic. You can tame, train and work with just about anything you hypothetically could. More importantly, you love that kind of work.

- Parasite Ken

You have a frankly disturbing pacifying affect on the selfish parts of the ecosystem. Diseased rats congregate around you like hungry pigeons at a park, ticks and leaches approach you but never bite. Even greater abominable alien horrors will ignore you. You yourself find such creatures... Cute.

- Martial Understanding

In the direct and immediate of combat you have the capacity for basic command, and the actual training to fight. While somewhat basic and more of a stepping stone, the groundwork of combat for Travellers is essential in reorientation to multi-reality conflicts and instant transmission.

- Flexile Tactician

You've taken and excelled in learning about the specifics of large-scale warfare and command with the many dimensioned issues that Traveller's must deal with. You can oversee maneuvers and give the command, but it remains to be seen how effective you are at leading, and anticipating the enemy.

- Terrorist

Fear is a powerful tool, and you are very good at making people afraid. A proper combination of willingness, brutality, and the correct application can debilitate almost any massed foe, but one should be careful they don't inadvertently harden their foes against them.

- Siege Master

In terms of taking down static structures and starving out opposition you're something of an expert. In the conventional sense with siege equipment, sappers, and psychology. But you've also gotten used to the benefits of being able to be just about anywhere.

- Natural Corsaire

There is an art to knocking the shit out of everyone in the immediate vicinity and grabbing everything up to (and sometimes including) whatever is nailed to the floors. Raiding can be your life blood and is always joyous to you, though you can (begrudgingly) have larger objectives in rapid strikes.

- Úlfheðinn

You have a natural capacity for the terrifying battle furies that many ancient human societies revered. If an Urumek this is the manifestation of rare control over blood rages, while Nisetiic wraiths in most timelines rightly terrify the rest of the population to the point of genetic extinguishing. Even then, you must be careful of your own being, such wrath can consume a person whole if allowed to go feral.

- Body Armament

You are an expert at fighting with the body you were born with, able to make it as deadly as any blade or bullet. This can manifest in bodily weapons natural and implanted, traditional martial arts, theatrical battle styles, or the old-fashioned school of hard knocks.

- Marksman

You've got an eye and an aim that can put something very sharp in something squishy very far away. The specifics depend on your training and weapon of choice, but whatever your favoured armament is none can deny your proficiency with it.

- Texnol-Rosta [Req: Only Basic-Tech or Lower]

Being able to build and operate advanced gear is all well and good, but sometimes being able to scramble it is just as important. Your simplicity and recognition of weak-points in tech makes you a nightmare for any advanced vehicles or equipment. You are one of the few who can properly stun and invoke the equivalent of fear in higher AI opponents.

- Ethereal Aberration [Req: Inherent Ether only]

You have a natural resistance to the effects of Ethereal manipulation, and a special contempt for some of it's effects. You've learned just how to deal with psions, psykers and more and relish the opportunity to take impudent wizardry types down a peg. All it takes is one scrape on the ritual circle...

- Adaptive Rider

Be it organic mounts or mechanical creations seating the individual, you're a skilled rider who can not only fight while mounted but excel in the act. Of course that's only a fragment of the battle as you're even better at maintenance and care. To the point you might be considered a tad overprotective.

- Amphibious Operator

You've always had a love for the sea, and an intuition for any sort of water-craft. In your own right you're also an excellent swimmer who can certainly fight in the water if need be. A more niche skill in the Order, but one with a definite time and place.

- Adaptive Driver

Larger scale ground based vehicles are your speed and not just one set. Standardized motor vehicles like cars, trucks, tanks, low-velh hover-craft, even large scale supervehicles like mining gear and trains, or even *chariots* are relatively easy for you.

- Airborne

Aerial operation, travel, combat and even paratrooper duty are familiar. With formalization, you sometimes feel more comfortable in the air than on the ground. You're also one of the few able to properly jump in twenty feet above a target and land on their heads without personal injury.

- Voidling

The space between planets is a lethal environment to most, and only a few are able to operate confidently in zero gravity. Yet you excel in it, having learned the oddities and benefits of the void. You're also an adept void-pilot, able to operate most ships given the proper means.

- Speed Racer

It's one thing to drive a vehicle. Any asshole can operate something, given enough time and training. But it is an altogether different beast to race one of these things. Whatever it is you get behind the wheel of, you can push it to the absolute brink without utterly destroying it.

- Umbral Horror

You have the odd talent for subterranean conflict and don't need light to operate. Such struggles can be a claustrophobic nightmare where almost everyone but specialized subterranean races are terrified beyond belief. Of course, you, with your pallid Olm spirit relish the chocking 'neath.

- Variana Ranger

You've been trained and proven to act as a proper ranger in most woodland locations, be they boreal, coniferous or temperate. This isn't limited to Terra climes, and you also can scale up just as easy in Niseti fungal groves and the great mound forests of Saris.

- Caucasian Lion

Climbing the mountains and hills for you is like walking for common humans. More over, you're also very nasty to fight against when you've already gotten a chance to dig into the alpine terrain. Just make them fall. They don't need to go far before that trip turns lethal.

- Urban Warrior

The grey sprawls, from the heights of skyscrapers to the vast growths beneath world-cities. You know how to utilize the environments and move around in unconventional manners. You also know how to counter those doing the same, cutting the advantage. You're also almost immune to urban isolation.

- Măt-trận Spirit

In the teeming moisture and choked depths of the deep jungle, you are a snake in waiting. Navigation is second nature to you in the Green-Hell, and it is all too easy to lure and strike opponents in such. You're comfortable in anything from the Amazon to the Urumek homeworld's Night-Delta.

- Empty Quarter Snake

The desert is a hostile and brutal environment that drains away the strength of foes and makes them weak. You know how to exploit that weakness, as much as you know how to navigate and survive, even thrive in deserts. Regardless of if they are boiling or frozen, some things stay the same.

- Merovech Hound

The open plains and steppe are often ignored for preferential terrain, as they make it difficult to attain an edge. Nowhere to hide, the full capacity for brute long range tactics and massed assaults often leaves Travellers partial to other terrain. But you prefer the open spaces, able to anticipate and counter more numerous foes on even ground. You are also quicker on your feet than others.

- Nocturnal Monster

Even the night-focused Niseti rightly fear the true dark, for it hides things like you. You don't need your eyes to see, and you excel under the cover of darkness without light. You could go entirely without it, and sometimes you wish you would when the morning sun half blinds you.

- Steel Attention

When worse comes to worst and you acquire a focus, your opponents would need to put you down twice over to break it. Pain, injury, fear and blows that should be your end do little but slow you down. Your will in the moment is unbreakable, usually to the detriment of your future health.

- Relentless Survivor

In the long run you have an indefatigable will to make it, doing whatever you need to in order to survive. If you needed to remove a gangrenous limb you could chew it off if need be. This is a long form willpower, that while never spectacular is consistent.

- Iron Pariah

It is one thing to survive in harsh environs, it's another revel in them. You gladly shoulder abuses and harms, physical, mental and spiritual that would incapacitate others, and always come back a little stronger, and a little bit hungrier for that sort of punishment.

- Deep-Spirit

You have a very deeply rooted grasp on your character, one that, while not immune to harm, it can never be truly beaten down. Slowly growing in the face of whatever you live through and endure. A restrained but durable nature.

- Cheaterman

You came to the Travellers already aware of one great truth; winners cheat and cheaters win. The idea of straightforward confrontation is almost laughable to you. You may honestly struggle (though you'd never admit it) when the situation calls for it, in just about every interaction and conflict you enter into, you've already won. The other guy just doesn't know it.

- Deceptive Uselessness

There's something about you that naturally draws the eye over you, or makes others dismiss you as a non-issue. Which is potentially hilarious if you have a massive frame. It is in your body language, your day-to-day existence. It goes without saying that this appearance can be a fatal cover for others.

- Absurd Critiq

You carry yourself in such a strange and apparent fashion even people who are (or were) determined to kill you can be stopped in the moment. This strangeness is genuine, and you can ground yourself in your own warped character, which allows you to question what others wouldn't even consider.

- Founded in Madness

It often appears you're not grounded in this reality. That is partly true, what is... Sometimes fails you. But this is a tempered dementia, purposeful. So much so that your recruitment might not have fazed you at all. In absurdity you have acclimation.

- Stone Soul

You are firm and almost perpetual in disposition, unyielding before the stresses of the cosmos. You are the will that has been shaped, a cut stone so to speak that chipped and polished itself. While you might be static and admittedly boring you're as reliable as a person could be.

- Atrocity Mutable

In both the waking and the dreaming world you've been confronted by all the horrors reality can conjure. Now, you are unmoved by them. Not to say you're without mercy, or sympathy. But where others would be broken, you'll just sigh and keep on going.

- Dai-Picta

Among the Traveller's there is a 'controversial' phenomenon in certain 'unclad' individuals. Some have visible excess strength, durability and resistance that makes such nudity not just preferable but optimal. And you understand clothes as such a weakness that you should rightly avoid.

- Devourer

There are some Travellers with a horrific gift, of their own nature or granted by a few deities among the ranks. You can rip the beating heart from a foe and devour it, taking a portion of their strength. This is not only their raw might but years of life and fragments of their knowledge. Above all though, you revel in that which is taken with great violence.

- Second-Scraped

There are some like you in the ranks with a special affinity for the grandchildish things. Be it a begrudging respect, kinship, or an odd pallid affection, the lesser grandchildren will treat you well if you do the same. Second Borne Travellers will also feel this, and you may be approached at times as an intermediary for the greater children. Tread with caution, as some Travellers, other Reality Jumpers and elder grandchildren will hold you in contempt.

- T.R. Formless Methodology [Training Requisition]

You apply yourself to the style of True Formlessness. The first school of Instant-Transmission combat formulated and codified initially by Dusan Duwall and still favoured among True Travellers. It focuses on comfort in the Absolute Mobility, moving easily in such a way where others will be on the ground vomiting. This ease allows followers to be anywhere, in anything and able to fight or flee. The doctrine is open, and each follower goes at it on their own. Formless Methodology has no favoured opponent style, nor a weakness against any other.

- T.R. Perfected Aggression

You apply yourself to the school of Relentless Violence. The second school to gain prominence before the opening of all others and advised by the Traveller still only known as 'Sam.' Its focus is upon damage and shock, going for the gut, ripping a foe in half and jumping into the next squad over like a cannonball. Followers are more focused on priority targets and are less easily caught off guard, while being more infuriated by slip-ups and underhands. The style is countered by No-Game and Indirect, but remains able to overwhelm most other styles with sheer dogged persistence.

- T.R. Reality Deconstruction

You apply yourself to Reality Deconstruction. Less a school of combat and more a doctrine of living founded by observers of Marco Fulcanelli. It requires a mental state that is usually only achieved by Adokori, or individuals pumped with reality-altering drugs. It is becoming aware of all things in the environment, and all the near future. Lining everything up perfectly for a single strike that cascades. Though if there is no potential for that most Deconstructors prefer to flee a fight, as they're less combat orientated and bar their aces in the hole aren't effective against any other school. But many a dead foe thought these Travellers easy pickings, and their falls are typically humiliating.

- T.R. 'No-Game'

You apply yourself to the doctrine called No-Game. Founded by a particularly subversive and now hibernating Second-Gen AI, No-Game win fights they left hours ago. They are subversion, trickery, and anticipation. Making full use of time and space shenanigans when dealing with outside foes to great effect. Under ideal terms they don't even arrive on the battlefield, letter-bombing the enemy as he steps out of his dwelling in the morning. No-Game is a nightmare to deal with if they have the drop, but are typically out of their element if countered directly. They live and die in subversion.

- T.R. Valkyrie

You apply yourself to the school of the Valkyrie. Indirectly inspired by notable early respondents such as Oghuz and Tochar Alan, Valkyries are supports without equal who roll in when all other schools slip up. Pulling out the injured, rescuing the unconscious and hitting the foe while they're basking in their own 'victory'. To be a Valkyrie is to be the life-line of others, and to be woken by hails from the Augurs. Being primarily reactionary, Valkyries are vulnerable if bogged down. However they aren't focused on fighting and unless killed immediately can finish their objectives and bug out.

- T.R. Indirect Fracture

You apply yourself to the Distant Style. Indirect Fracture is a notably late-born bastard child, a combination of conventional long range combat and No-Game trickery. Taken to their natural extremes. An Indirect will lead a foe into a building moments before an artillery barrage hits it and bug out. They are snipers, artillerists and the utter goblins willing to drop pennies from orbit. Occasionally making use of distractions and traps to draw focus for them to get their killing blow in. Indirect are adept at dealing with the Relentless and can be a pain for any other school to deal with. Though Deconstructors, No-Games, Jesters and even experienced Formless are able to see their accelerationist motions.

- T.R. Jump Eater

You apply to the favoured school of the Judiciary. The 'spawn' of a certain Nisetic member of the Judiciary, the Jump Eaters are the ones coming in aware of their opposition's plans and acting accordingly. Jump Eater doctrine is not one pure doctrine, instead a combination of all other schools of thought built around a core of immediate counter-actions and stamina. The doctrine is the youngest of schools, that, while unproven in any large scale capacity and hyper focused around Instant-Transmission countering, results against even non-Traveller enemies are very promising.

- T.R. Mind Eater

You apply to follow the school of Focus Shattering. Mind Eater is a favoured school for the Void-Hunters and Fighters who prefer to 'play with their food' though it originates in early members Judiciary and the Blades of the Third. Mind Eaters make use psychological attacks, outright telepathic assaults, and flash-bang weaponry to leave their opponents disorientated. And in disorientation; helpless. Despite the early effectiveness, Mind Eater has fallen out of favour with the third generation's mental durability and the greater resilience of AI. Still, mind-games applied right work wonders even on Travellers.

- T.R. Command Sovereign

You apply for formal tuition in CS from the Home Guard. Command Sovereign is the only school with large-scale maneuvers in mind and focuses entirely on coordination of Travellers en-mass. This is both its greatest strength as it utilizes the numbers the Order possesses in greater scale, but it is also the primary weakness as all other schools have their effectiveness and roles they surpass CS in. All other schools will also work with CS leaders to enact wider cooperation, putting them in advisory and leadership roles more often than not. Sovereigns are only as strong as their allies, but done right can make use of the scattered chaos that Travellers are simply capable of and turns it into an Instant-Transmitting atomic strike.

- T.R. 'Jester'

You apply to the combat college of 'Jesters.' As their name implies Jester doctrine is focused around deception in its entirety, completely ignoring the idea of direct or even indirect combat. The greatest strength of a Jester is that unlike Indirect and No-Game, Jesters can and will go toe-to-toe if they think they can get an edge. Whenever and wherever there is complacency and presumption, the Jester strikes. They take tricks and training from all other schools and get their rocks off on defying counter-expectation. Jesters tend to be measured as individuals, poor ones having the weaknesses of all other schools of thought. Master Jesters are completely without weakness.

- T.R. Nephilim Slayer

You apply to the school of Titan Eating, the NS. Nephilim Slayer takes its name from the slain Second Generation Archidamia, noted for winning a key battle during the Third Time War and almost exterminating the Chateaubriands to the last man. The NS revel in taking apart 'infinitely' superior opponents and is entirely focused in shattering arch-mages, high spiritual entities, AI, and "gods." Deconstructing power sources, nullifying abilities, and hitting weaknesses is key, and the school has long since incorporated other Instant Transmission Counters. Nephilim Slayer is less concerned with countering other schools as it is countering individuals. As a result it suffers in a doctrine sense, but is uniquely suited to bringing down 'invincible' targets.

- T.R. Blind Janissary

You apply to train in the College of Janissaries. Arguably the 'precursor' school and simultaneously the most recently established with the College being only two centuries old. Janissaries were ancient foes to the First Generation, opposing them and their Grandchild masters with great ferocity. The modern Janissaries, formed by a bulk of Void Hunters who pooled their knowledge, excel at taking apart Grandchildren operating on a multi-reality level. Even higher entities can be countered and outright denied by a Blind Janissary with enough spite in their system. Their focus gimps their combat potential against Traveller type jumpers, but even Second Touched Travellers have a healthy caution for Janissaries.

- Prophet of the Third [Req: Foresight & Hindsight]

You are one of the more potent thirdlings, being truly without binding in comprehension, and one of the few able to grasp with their own Ourobisian nature. There is a certainty in action, and though you do not rest, you have an unnerving foresight. Albeit, one muffled by the chaos of existence and the natural drift away from important things into useless details. After all, the absurdity of reality skips no single detail in execution.

- One-with-Ein

Where the Adokori sees, Those-with-Ein feel through the darkness of existence. Safer in some ways, if you ignore the touches and tastes of others beyond you. If somewhat less... Forward. On an individual scale you might find your way through life and the life of a Traveller, but such influence is localized entirely to that which you can touch, taste and feel.

- Meta-Breaker

Sometimes you feel as if all it will take is a single accidental glance in the wrong place and the wrong time to be driven into absurdity. You see beyond the page, the lyric, and screen. It is absurd to think you are being written on now, being watched beyond a fourth wall. A legend in another time. Or a caricature. All of it. Absurd. Yet it just is, and sometimes all you can do is look at the screen no one else can see, and wink.



Ethos & Alignment

“Now then, comes the interesting part. I’ve got a set of notes about what your recruiter observed pre-recruitment. I will not judge your actions, but I am interested in the justification behind them. Understanding your drive, and what you value? That is vital, even more vital to you than it is to us. So let’s get this over with.”

{Sanguine Clicking} “And no. This is not optional. Not these days.”

“What do you value, Traveller?”

[Pick];[At Least 1]

[Your Nation] *“An old flag borne under, or the new flag under which you find yourself now.”*

[Your Clan] *“Your family, your brothers in arms, your lovers and your friends. Shared by whatever bonds hold the strongest.”*

[Yourself Alone] *“The individual. The singular. Numero uno. You yourself alone.”*

[Prosperity] *“Pursuit of fortune and plenty. Be it in the slow steady growth or the rapid and foolish form.”*

[Order] *“To all things a place and a time. To all things an order.”*

[Revolution] *“Chasing after upturning and upheaval, throwing down old orders and boldly orchestrating new ones.”*

[Freedom] *“A world without binding chains, either limited to yourself or stretched as far as you can reach.”*

[Altruism] *“To support and to assist others. Perhaps a sign of some grander design or maybe just philanthropy for its own sake.”*

[Power] *“Climbing the hierarchy, claiming authority over others. For whatever end justifies such sovereignty.”*

[Hedonism] *“Self-satisfaction. Principled and long-form or perhaps living each day as if it was your last.”*

[Your Faith] *“Values and beliefs of religious doctrine. Perhaps organized, perhaps resounding upon your personal creed.”*

[Your Status] *“That ever increasing metaphysical presence, held by your own countrymen or just by strangers.”*

[Knowledge] *“The learning of ages held in whatever medium is best for you. Intellect has terrible strength.”*

[Wisdom] *“Mutual understanding of the sublime and universal. Who, What, Where, When, How. Never enough without Why.”*

[Glory] *“Let your name ring in these hallowed halls. A golden fire that will burn long after you are ash and dust.”*

[Justice] *“Protect the innocent, punish the guilty. Be it to the blind Lady Themis or your own 'justice.'”*

[Revenge] *“An eye for an eye, an arm for an arm, a life for a life. Visit upon those deserving that no others will deliver.”*

[Honour] *“Of the hundreds of breeds of honour, you follow at least one. Whichever one it is, it hardens the spirit.”*

[Normalcy] *“Monotony, familiarity, and protecting that. You must, for few here will.”*

[Spartanism] *“The will of iron and a discipline of ages. You are as stark as you are unbending.”*

[Utopia] *“Pursuit of a perfect world, for you and all others. Built upon your own 'perfection' of course.”*

[Enshrined Memory] *“What once WAS rings forever in eternity for you, and you shall see it remembered.”*

[Chaos] *“Existence, without the binds and burdens that would choke the live worth living from it.”*

[Struggle] *“Your breath is brought by calamity, and you are not like to live easy. Easy is poison to your soul.”*

[Codices] *“Your own established and defined rules. Set yourself in page or stone, and do not be set apart from them.”*

[Something Else] *“There is more in this universe and the next than we could ever hope to imagine.”*

“How do you value it? By what principles and systems?”

[Pick];[At Least 1, Keep Them Ranked]

[Utilitarian] *“Clarified and focused. Act within your reach and step within reason to see things realized to their full potential.”*

[Confucian] *“Organization, ceremony, and the relations between them. Even if in subversion of their origins.”*

[Hierarchic] *“Down to and past rejection, there is always an order, a system. Be natural or constructed.”*

[Transcendentalism] *“Overcome the physical world and see your ideals realized beyond them. Reject what is 'possible.'”*

[Taoist] *“Exist and be in existence, to each action, re-action. Change and stasis will always be locked by the opposition.”*

[Nihilist] *“To shatter 'grander' meanings, but also to prescribe your own. Holding them to you and your will alone.”*

[Consequentialist] *“The end will always justify the means. From where you stand that is overwhelmingly true.”*

[Evangelistic] *“Pursuit of what is cherished, that all might know its truth.”*

[Clerical] *“Pathing by religious law, self-tended or from older traditions. Free your hand with established guidance.”*

[Moralist] *“Good is as you know it to be, whatever form it takes, beheld to those proper values.”*

[Oveigist] *“Application of worth marked **ONLY** by the experiences of the self. You hold the keys alone to all this.”*

[Enlightened] *“There is a higher nature to things, one that can be observed and deduced. One that fact you ground yourself.”*

[Esoteric] *“What truth exists is hidden and obscured, the final nature of things must be pursued by strange paths.”*

[Romantic] *“You pursue the authenticity and true ideals. Let grand sums ring and bring low the illusions.”*

[Manichean] *“Divide the world into good and evil. To destroy and persevere in equal measure, one open hand to a drawn blade.”*

[Objectivist] *“Lock your nature in steel, lock your being in what certain, unbiased, and absolute.”*

[Idealist] *“The notion of a better world. Pursued through dirt and mud, knowing it can be made by your own hands.”*

[Skeptic] *“Know well enough what you know. Only that you know nothing.”*

[Scientific Process] *“Question. Research. Hypothesize. Experiment. Record. Confirm. Communicate results. Rinse and repeat.”*

[Stoic] *“What is? Is. For it, no burden is too heavy, no blow too biting. You shall endure.”*

[Egalitarian] *“All things beneath the end equal. All things held in firm balance by their cracks and flaws.”*

[Post-Modern] *“Take apart the ideas and beliefs of the world. Little is true, perhaps even those values of yours fall short.”*

[Anarchic] *“Abandon construct and convention, exist outside of them or you will just be enchained again.”*

[Other] *“We fall short often, trying to describe higher organizations. What binds your thoughts? What chains you?”*



Initial Equipment Requisition; Attire & Armour

"Intriguing, but nothing I haven't seen before."

"You're not that out of the ordinary around here. Delusions of grandeur, mentalities of unwarranted guilt, religious zealots, egocentric rationalizers, and a long line of stream of shit-birds I've seen today alone. How it all stays together I know not. Still, the bureaucratic necessity has at least been satisfied. For whichever accursed custodian or Judiciar who needs it."

"Now, onto your equipment... Seems you already have a small bonus. Your lucky day. You may be due for even more later if you're particularly needing, but that is for the future."

"First is garb. I'm told it's the most straight forward, and... Well. You look like you could use a change of clothes. Coming in with nothing but what you had on your back is always a fun experience. I can have the forms off outright so we'll have them ready before we're done."

[Initial Credit Dispense];{1500 Credits}

Traveller Leathers {Free}

Leathers are perhaps one of the oldest aspects of the Order, and have been traced back to before the Second Generation. Leathers remain to be an almost ubiquitous sight on Ae, and the default for many. Providing protection and lasting for years if not decades, they offer a comfortable distance to outsiders while not marking the true nature of a Traveller. You will receive (2) durable leather coats or dusters in your preferred style, rife with heavy pockets and optimized for Bracer use. As well as (2) Sets of Boots and (5) changes of simple clothes with the same lasting potential.

Longwalker Leathers {75}

As the centuries wore on and the Order not only survived but thrived, some found the durability of the Leathers to be lacking. These individuals pushed their gear over the limits by age alone, and in response 'Longwalkers' were conceived. Significantly heavier and meant to last centuries rather than decades. Longwalkers are visually almost identical, but are made of better materials and in styles meant to last, producing a more ragged look. You will receive (2) Long Leather Coats or Heavy Dusters in your preferred style, designed for being worn for years at a time without change. As well as (3) Sets of Boots and (4) changes of basic clothes with matching endurance.

Militant Leathers {150}

The initial Travellers shared a very close dress by necessity, with even Androids and biped Aliens of similar format in the old days. The Mil-Leathers came from the years of modification and customization that came during the Time Wars. Either adopting very short coats for maximum mobility or lining their duster interiors with Adamantos Mail. The militant will either become more flexible or lose only a little bit of flexibility for covert armour. You will receive (2) Militant Coats of your preferred make, as well as (1) pair of Adamantos plated boots and (4) changes of combat ready clothes.

Ceremony Leathers {100}

Duwall and Igra's shared Pragmatism long prevented any sort of ceremonial clothing from taking hold on our affairs. But even still some insist on ceremony attire. This single change of immaculate Leathers is both rife with regalia and terribly impractical. It includes a single coloured silk coat of your preferred style with an optional sash in either crimson, fuchsia or Lemurian hade. You also receive (1) cloak of either ermine, tiger, silk, divine serpent feather or bear pelt, (1) set of dress boots, and (1) set of formal clothes underneath.

'Aebody' Leathers {25}

The most recent addition to the family of Order borne attire. 'Aebody' Leathers refer to the lighter, comfort focused types of coat and dress primarily used by those in long term residence on Ae. While not as durable they are easier to maintain, wear, and modify. You will receive (3) simple coats in your preferred style, (2) pairs of good boots, (2) pairs of slip on shoes and (8) changes of similar clothes.

Light-Set Template Armour {60}

(1) full body set of light armour with all the trinkets and bobs. After the TPP's ascent at the last Commercial Ordnance Treaty, the majority of simple and light armours were rolled into the Light-Set Template. Specifics are left to the Requisitioning Traveller in question, with many possibilities available. Classic Gambesons, Boiled and Studded leather, 'al-Qutn' shirts, Niseti hair weave cuirass and other 'sets' may be freely mixed and matched for a single full set of armour. Such will provide light protection and mobility, but it will stick out in advanced tech locales.

Mixed-Set Template Armour {120}

(1) full body set of flexible armour with all additions. The mixed template provides the widest array of options able to take from light and plate templates. Accordingly it lacks the true strengths of the lighter and heavier templates. The homegrown blends speak for themselves. Janissary mail and dress, optimized 'Shogun' plates, Mokresian Storm-foot Scales, and Pike/Shot era chest guards. These stick out more than light armours but are also remain reasonably easy to put on and take off.

Plate Template Armour {175}

(1) full body set of heavy armour, covering the form from top to bottom. This is the arguably the high point for non-powered melee combat, and with Traveller manufacture can even usually resist light to medium firearms. Gothic Plate, Old Khrekhoag Urumek 'Women' Armour, Cataphract chain, Trench-Wolf Suits and similar heavy styles are all available. This is combat only gear, and a pain to put on and pull off, (though simplified production does reduce the issue somewhat.) As unweirdy as it can be, those who master Instant Transmission in this sort of gear are absolutely terrifying to face.

Neo-Urban Template Armour {75}

(2) full body sets of easily modable and shrapnel resistant gear that allow easy movement to avoid being shot at outright. With taticool gloves and glasses that find new and exciting ways to look cheap. Possibly because they are. The NUTA is the child of operators and asymmetric soldier types. Focused around bullet and shrapnel core protection, NUTA otherwise is light and camouflaged for urban warfare and gunplay. As time goes on though it seems as if this distinction will vanish, as NUTA gear is flexible enough to let operators use the same gear in all kinds of environments.

FBB Template Armour {260}

(1) Complete set of anti-ordnance plate and weave that covers everything. The Full Body Ballistics Armour is the opposite of NUTA in standing up against fire arms and post power weapons outright. Self-repairing ceramic plates, shock eating cloth and Stygian weave can produce suits that aren't even shaken by heavy machine gun fire. Of course, a FBBTA is still just external protection, and with enough force the wearer can still be liquified by explosions, or bludgeoned to death. There are also issues with breathability, sensory reduction, and melee vulnerability that keep it from being widely viable. But what this template does, it does very well.

Void Suit {140}

While many prefer to keep their feet firmly planted, there are those who prefer to wander into toxic and airless environments. For travel in such, you receive (1) quality 'all-purpose' void suit. These are relatively easy to modify. Both possess 48 hour supply air-tanks that can freely draw oxygen in breathable environments to refuel. Longer term wearability and even indefinite recycling air tanks are available for doubling the cost. It should be noted these suits aren't meant for combat, though, again, modifications can be made if that is your intent.

NNTSBBN.19 'Aniki' {400}*

The skintight and disgustingly durable 'Aniki' suit is a recent addition brought on by 'Comrade' Yefremole. The suit utilizes an Ae developed carbon nanotube that was altered by ethereal based production. In theory, the Aniki suit is technically impervious to harm. But like the FBB it doesn't protect the user from liquification. The suit can be completely worn under leathers and is so thin it feels almost as if one is naked. Comes in standard bodysuit style, as well as 'long-johns', and full coverage sneak-suit variants. The original titular assless chaps version is also available for sentimental reasons.

Commercial Standardized Second Skin {440}*

Nanomachines are the centre of ongoing dialogue, as recent advances in anti-nanite weapons can universally fry micro-machines, even those of Traveller make. The various armour sub-types are undergoing evaluation to see if cheaper modes of production are available outside of boot-legging, and currently the Second Skin is the only pure nanomachine coverage available. A CSSS is a set of nanites that cluster around the body, and are able to respond to hostile attacks of even ethereal nature, all while holding the appearance of 'normal' clothing. Acting off of thought input that is one-way integrated, they can be removed and change appearance at a thought. They draw power from sunlight and body heat. Nanites are not easily replaced and these Second Skins are known for being 'clingy.' Repairing a CSSS requires returning to Ae and receiving additional nanomachines infusions.

Hunting Attire {60}

The Clothes of those either stalking or seeking to avoid being spotted. You receive (3) full body sets of Hunting Clothes, in as general or specific focus as possible. Ghillies, Polar Ghillies, camouflage covers and a wide array of basic sensory head-gear are available. Very good for their intended environments though they rightly stick outside beyond them. And some Travellers are notorious for keeping on one specific type and *never taking it off*.

Polar Attire {90}

Extreme cold environments by either clime or altitude comes with unique challenges this set of Attire can more than adequately handle. You receive (2) changes of heavy winter or extreme mountain gear, along with snowshoes, climbing boots, eye protection, a personal heater and even a pair of oxygen tanks with 72 hour supply. In such extreme environments though, you'll need to worry about a lot more than these base precautions.

Kayble Attire {90}

Extreme heat and arid environments bring their own unique needs and challenges. While the lightest variant of what is needed can be boiled down to a loincloth and sandals, there's a lot more available. You will receive (3) sets of Kayble tailored to your request. Protective eye cover, light breathable clothing, night chill protections, and optimized water storage are all available. The specific style though is up to you.

Hmong Attire {80}

The Green-Hell has its own challenges and requirements, and accordingly a package is available. Hmong Attire grants (3) changes of clothes meant to endure the extreme moisture, heat and stresses of the Jungle. No matter how 'sparse' these styles may be, they're meant to last, be it in the Urumek 'belt' clothes, or the plethora of human tropical styles. Parasite repellent jewellery is also included for each change.

Tribal Attire {25}

A blanket term for the vast array of cultural dresses, some of which aren't at all what you consider 'tribal,' and some of which very much are. You will receive (5) sets of dress that are as varied or as uniform as you require. Such dress is simply dress, and lacks combat value or the lasting presence of Leathers. But it is valuable for keeping a low profile and blending into low tech and cultural environs. Some also prefer to wear old styles of dress on Ae. Even if they aren't from the culture or even the species of origin.

Post CC Attire {40}

'Combat Codification' is the period counting the bulk of military industrialism and passing of Professional National and International Armies. You will receive (4) sets of uniform or proper military wear in your preferred style. While not exactly distinguishable from the very apparent look PCC gear has and much weaker than PCC, it is has a decent following on the home-world, both in the relaxed off-duty clothes and the crisp looking uniforms.

Aristocrats Attire {250}

The garb of any overbearing member of high society. You receive (2) sets of Commercial quality noble garb from the era and reality of your choosing that is of anything short of a monarch's clothes. This includes any jewellery and finery with these outfits. Some variants of such garb are perhaps worth the cost if you intend to walk a very specific road and can occasionally be seen in your fellows. For most though, it is too much pomp and upkeep.

Bourgeoisie Attire {60}

The sharp if not middling garb of the wealthy and common. You will receive (8) sets of locally manufactured 'formal' clothes of your preferred origin and style. Suits and silk are less common than you might expect, but many sharp dressers prefer this style, and some appearance of wealth does allow for an odd form of anonymity. Or a target in some places.

Plebeian Pass {20}

One of the oddest results of the last COT was the 'revenge' of the Trade Council against the TPP in forcing them to organize the Plebeian closet. They clearly hadn't realized that was the goal of one TPP wing. Purchasing this grants you access to the 'Closet.' A series of warehouses filled with outfits and clothes from just about every time period you can imagine and many you haven't. This extends across species and planets, even AI soul rags can be found inside. you can take (10) outfits from the 'closet' per month. These may be kept, and in exchange for returns or donations more may be taken.

'Regular Wear' Closet {25}

Some understandably prefer simple functional garb, which the Regular Wear option provides. You will receive (20) basic if comfortable sets of clothing in your preferred style tailored for your specific clime. You will also receive (2) sets of either shoes, boots, or sandals.

Peri-Loc Outfit* {10}

A single set of Period Location specific garb can be requested if you don't want something of Traveller make. This is useful and potentially cheaper for individual jaunts, though it should be noted senior Travellers sometimes forget the normal durability and get themselves fraged into indecency.

NuType Biological Suit {300}

You receive (1) NuType Bio-Graft, the product of decades of tinkering with epidermal xenos parasites. Skin-tight, flexible in the extreme and with only minor attachment issues. It is naturally dark in colour, but it can change colour and expand or contract to the users wishes. It can also temporarily completely cover the user's body and create an imperfect but effective 'chameleon' effect. The suit also increases manual strength and dexterity, and with training can 'create' short lived blades and spines for combat. The NuType subsists entirely off of leeches, waste, dead skin, body heat and ambient light. Under normal conditions other clothes may be worn over the NuType, but after significant damage you'll either need to 'sun' the suit or bring it into Biological for repairs.

Kannagen Spider Armour {175}

Lightly plated with a skin-tight bodysuit underneath, the Kannagen is most well known for adding eight simple additional limbs by way of a torso mounted chest-guard. You receive (1) set of Spider Armour. In its base state this Armour is as Arachnish as expected and geared towards extreme climbing and recon. But the Kannagen's modability has made it wildly popular in recent years. Any number of mods to be applied to the limbs can be requested, though it may delay delivery by a few days.

“Wiemar” Wooden Armour Set {240}

The grandchild of a geo-lirical and organic-technocratic regime of a far-Terra few knew. You will receive a single set of Wiemar wooden armour. Styled after platemail with composite blends, this hunky set of wooden protection has a grand track record of taking howitzer fire on the chin. Without the person inside being liquefied thanks to the internal shock absorbing lichen mesh. The only downside of the Wiemar is ironically its resilience and growth. You'll have it 'shaved' to make sure it stays properly fitting, and if you spend too long inside they might need to pry the armour off with a torch.

Revised Scheme Carapace Armour Set {220}

The child of the old Skizmatia Crab and Tentiell Carapace sets, you will receive (1) RSCA set. RSC is formed from a mixed set of factory-grown carapaces, all cancelling out most former weaknesses to create an extremely resilient, versatile, and relatively light set of armour. The only glaring weakness is found in some of the joints, savvy fighters have already figured out where to get knives and stiletos into the RSC. Repairs are also difficult and slow, as shattered carapace can take weeks to be reformed as it must constantly be observed to avoid carapace 'tumours.'

Pharjesniujnt Environmental Suit {400}

The absolute best option for a life-long closed suit. You'll receive (1) Pharjesn Environmental suit, modified for your native species if need be. The PES is the result of several millennia of proper void living, and once properly put on could be worn for decades with minimal maintenance. Traveller modification allows you to smoothly move between the raw void and atmospheric environments and the breathing system operates with an optimized infinite recycler. For an additional 100 credits the suit can also be armoured, and the helmet equipped with plating, cameras and a combat HUD.

Urumek 'Mesh' {100}

The most iconic native Urumek armour, and potentially one of their oldest developments being traced back to early agricultural periods. Most of the Body is covered in close fitted metal mesh held together by belting, meant to protect against slashing and to horrifically entangle both piercing weapons and claws. Vital parts of the body are protected with durable and resilient 'Urumek Brass' plates. You will receive (3) sets of the Mesh, as well as a proper Hunters Helm for free. You'll also receive some respect from Urumek hunter Travellers, who largely appreciate when non-Urumek 'reveal' themselves.

Death-Guard Armour {340}

You receive (1) set of 'Death-Guard' Armour, the final culmination of several distant but advanced warrior culture armour sets rolled into one design. Lightly plated, with all around good protection from temperature and the elements. It shines most in the wide array of tricks it has built. A standard set has a built in jet-pack, jump-boots, wrist mounted mini-flamers, wrist mounted grappling hook, 'screamer' flash speakers, flash-bang blasters and twelve hidden blades. There are so many functions that a Traveller will need to train to avoid proverbially (or literally) flaming themselves in the foot.

Kh-Gh-Nah 'RO313' Armour {225}

Originating from a Paleogene civilization of sapient tyrannosaurids who thrived on single combat. Suited best for someone literally charging and beating their opponents to death with their head, very few will fit the original style and you will receive (1) tailored for you. The RO313 is an all or nothing, with full frontal Adamantos spiked plates and minimal back coverage. Wearing this you could also charge someone and simply hug them to death. Which has appealed to eccentrics to the point the RO313 was added to the standard catalogue.

The 'Varna' Armour {140}

A single set of standardized heavy cavalry armour, in the style of a Magyar Hussar. This stylized set of steel plate has no actual offworld origin, and was just waiting in the store-house without a known maker. The complete set is just standard steel and horse leather, but comes with a potent set of enchantments that increase coordination between the rider and mount. Surprisingly works even when the 'mount' is mechanical.

Minoan Vestments {50}

The glaringly 'apparent' clothing of old Knossis and Iennes, these (2) sets comes with several woven in enchantments that vastly increase the wearers physical health, bargaining acumen and confidence. It is recommended that one actually sees the Vestments before ordering, especially for human women from certain time-frames and Nisetics as a whole.

Taira Sohei 'Afflicted' Armour {150}

A single set of Warrior Monk Robes and lamellar in the style of their early Sengoku Jidai iteration. This armoured monastic gear comes with a series of 'curses' and matching blessings that greatly enhance the wearers speed and strength, at the cost of hearing the belligerent whispers of the dead and suffering occasional depressive mood swings. Not advised for those with existing mental issues, especially depression and paranoia.

Condottieri Vestments {200}

The singular garb of an Italian mercenary captain, utterly flamboyant and rife with enchantments. These vestments were built with an under-skeleton of pneumatics that vastly increase the strength of the wearer to near superhuman levels. The Condottieri set also enhances the wearers appearance and makes their voice appear richer, though time diminishes the effect of this on constantly exposed individuals.

Revised-Magister Vestments {150}

Perhaps the only good thing to come out of an Eth-Dep accident. The Revised scheme of Robes were made available after the 'Kepler' fiasco, with a proper set of woven in protections against ethereal fuckery and the Styrofoam smell finally scrubbed out. Your (1) Revised Vestments can multiply your ethereal 'horse-power' five fold. Still, no matter how much potential strength one draws from, without proper application it is less than useless.

Department Standard Robes {50}

These recently made public 'robes' have long been the Standard for department personnel across the board. You'll receive (3) sets of the self-sterilizing & lightly armoured robes with matching clothes. Styles come in degreasing mechanical, stain resistant biological, spiritually protective ethereal, the overly plain and coatish medical variants. The 'rainbow robes' of experimental are also available. It has yet to be explained why or how the experimental variant of the robes randomly and inconsistently change colour, but it isn't much of an issue for operation.

Tolly-Kaff Wingsuit {125}

Traveller demand for wingsuits have slowly increased over the years, as the prospect of jumping over targets shifted away from 'cannon-ball' landings used by heavy mechs and soldiers, to slower parachute drops. The TK model is a light fit suit that can be worn easily over other clothing, and can support even heavier Travellers in relatively simple descents. The parachute system is automated, allowing what should be dangerous closeness to the ground before seamlessly deploying. But the automation can only do so much when the primary reason for failures remains to be user error.

Memetics Rig {280}

Originally a bodysuit initially designed around the use of psychic suggestion, the Memetics Rig is the culmination of that project. To a Traveller, the rig appears to be nothing but a few tactically placed belts and an eye-piece that displays the current 'perception', and will appear as such to outsiders. Initially, Belief in what is seen feeds into the Rig's feed-back loop, within the constraints of the basic size proportion there is no actual limit to the perceived form, and given enough time outsiders can even be physically harmed by their perceptions. But this is all centred around belief, and a single misstep around a cynic can see whatever net value the current appearance has and completely invert it.

Preserver Skin {80}

Conceived for zero-waste environments where even the act of sweating and shedding was a long-term liability, the Preserver skin is a body-suit that recycles literally everything the organic body 'wastes.' Either directly feeding it back into viable body systems or disseminating the individual components of that waste for use. If making bombs from the byproduct of your own urine appeals to you, the Preserver facilitates that just fine.

Nemean Lion Hide {300}*

A single full skin of impenetrable Lion's hide. The hide itself is a time replicated artifact that is so enduring it can't actually be cut with anything short of divine intervention. A good wrap and guard in primitive settings but something of an issue in more advanced locales. Also rather conspicuous, though some eccentrics enjoy having it worn despite those issues.

The Babr-e-Bayan {650}*

One retrieved set of ancient Persian armour that was heavily revised. It is truly deserving of the title 'armour of Saints,' as its strength is derived from the faith of the wearer. For a pessimist this armour would be brittle at best, but for someone of great personal conviction it would likely be impenetrable. This belief does not necessarily need to be in a religion, but must be defined and strongly held. If that faith is broken, then the armour accordingly shatters.

The Green Armour {760}*

This singular set of unusual Brythonic plate armour comes with a perplexing fey enchantment. The wearer can suffer full decapitation and will still remain fully cognizant. They'll be able to pick up their own head, and when put back in place they'll be healed in moments. The Green Armour cannot heal wounds if put on someone afflicted, it is just steel at the end of the day in terms of protection. This particular set also smells strongly of Hemp.

SMPA-T34 {600}

Standard Model Power Armour, Type 34. The SMPA-T34 is the result of years of collaboration between Mechanical, all wings of Commercial and several fighter cliques. Easily modable, freakishly reliable and with no glaring weaknesses. The T34 is a closed system suit that can operate even under void conditions, albeit only for two hours at a time. The pneumatics though basic are resistant and provide adequate strength to pulp human heads at a bop and shoulder an African Elephant for extended periods. Its plating is nothing exciting, durable Ae forged steel plates that can take infantry and vehicle mounted anti-armour missiles with operator minor bruising. The SMPA is suited for Bipedes, however for an additional 200 credits some serious reworks could be done to allow for 'alternative' body types. That option simply isn't viable for the other harder set Power Armours.

HXGVT 'Burrow Baby' {800}*

The Old worm suits are technically exoskeletons without significant protective armour, weapons or even muscle enhancements, but rather a fast moving digging "skin" that allows the wearer to sink into soft soils as if they were liquids. Naturally it will take some effort to 'swim' through tougher materials, the experience itself is as disconcerting at first as it is chokingly claustrophobic. As an infiltration tool though, the HXGVT allows for some truly unexpected incursions, and given enough time the 'digging' can become as natural to a person as actual swimming.

Engesa-Malyshev OAM9 {680}

Organic Armour Model 9 is the excessively meaty cousin of the Type 34, with the (literal) skeleton of the Engesa-Malyshev being grown from a modified SMPA-T34 exoskeleton. Growing in the shadow of the more steadfast but high maintenance models of power armour, OAM has always occupied a longer term viability position. These suits require biomass and electricity, but beyond that have excessive recuperative abilities, able to regrow to full factory condition so long as the base critical mass (around 55% of the original structure) is maintained. Outside of being atmosphere bound and less physically durable, the OAM enjoys many benefits the Type 34 doesn't possess, including extreme physical nimbleness, almost seamless direct neural feedback to make use of that nimbleness, complete water mobility and a massive array of respiration options.

/TG/ B34K13 Power Armour {1150}*

The Traveller Grade 'B34K13' is descended from far future models of robust super soldier specific armour. Optimized for months of uninterrupted wearing, while no stronger than T34 models, B34K13 blast resistance is something else thanks to the ablative Adamantos plates, reforming-porcelain support layer and an internal shock reduction system that turns artillery strikes into distant noise. The B34K13 also shines in melee combat, being very smooth to operate with a decent if primitive sensory range. Parts are easily replaced and the internal systems are rife with redundancies. The appearance itself is menacing, aside the extended 'beak' of the helmet that was the source of the final designation.

/TG/ Girvpanvar Power Armour {1600}*

The end-all be all of Traveller Grade power armour for a reason, the Girvpanvar can endure hostile realities like a light rain and take orbital strikes with cosmetic scratches. The Girvpanvar is built around a 'tortoise' armour scheme, able to operate with decades of uninterrupted wear and including a metric shitload of ethereal protection weaves that nullifies even the most extreme magic effects. Strength wise the Girvpanvar has properly lifted and locked to hold up a 2200 tonne ship, though this task does wear on the mechanical system. It has few weaknesses, beside a few key joints and the multi-hour process of putting it on or taking it off.

Meredith-Zaibatsu 'Kontrabandist' Mech {800}

A relatively low-weight design, five and a half meter tall 'runner' mech. The Kontrabandist is lightly armoured and is easily accessible for those with a smaller bipedal figure. With only a pair of hidden 7.64x54mm STAN machine guns, the primary focus of the Kontrabandist is speed and mobility. With most of the height coming from the legs and completely lacking arms, the optimized design allows for a top speed of 110km/h and 78km/h over uneven terrain. The ability to jump makes the Kontrabandist one of the few that not only survive but thrive in mountainous terrain and thoroughly ravaged battlefields. Despite the minute size and capacity to 'sit' it still requires a jump pad to be moved, as all Mechs do. It should also be noted that there are few places one can easily operate a mech without drawing attention, and one shouldn't spend several hundred Req on a fancy home riding-ostrich.

Tokogawa-Zaibatsu 'Kaupapa-katoa' Mech {1420}*

Optimized TZKKs are the recently fixed standard for native mech production. Seven meters at full standing height with biped format, the TZKK is protected by layered forged steel plates and equipped with an auto-loaded 130mm cannon, a wrist mounted pneumatic stake driver and a light shoulder mounted 7.64x54mm machine gun. It has a decent 39km/h max speed under optimal conditions though this is considerably reduced on rough terrain. The TZKKs single greatest strength is its modability, being able to use or integrate any weapon and can be modded to operate in just about any environment. At the cost of looking like an enormous scrap heap in the case of the more prolific modders.

GustavKrupp.UTD 'Maus' Mech {1850}*

You can acquire (1) of the almost stupidly heavy Maus, the peak of mech armour at ten meters tall and eight across. The Maus is armoured with Adamantos plating and reforming-porcelain under-plating, in a similar fashion to the Girvpanvar. Like the Girvpanvar it also comes with built in ethereal protections and a piloting centre meant for years of continuous habitation. Coming with the excessive 201mm autocannon and a standard mech machine gun on each shoulder. It is not without its weaknesses, and like all heavier gear and vehicles has some glaring deficiencies in dealing with Jump capable opponents. A recent debacle saw a single nude Nisetic successfully disable and subsequently suplex a Maus, even if the broken mech landing on him splintered his rib-cage, it proved that heavy armour is not the be-all-end-all.

Collosi 'Anagénnisi' Mech {2500}*

Recently revealed as the mother of all awkward collaborations between Mechanical and Biological 'growing' these veritable abominations from the genetics of the pilot. Collosi operate on a psychic link between the pilot and the 'mech,' allowing for almost unparalleled minutia and finesse. Topping out at 28 meters but growing to a maximum of 40 (the limit for a standard jump-pad,) the Collosi abandons any pretense of subtlety and is typically only brought in when there is no other option. It comes with no weaponry, not that you necessarily need it in such a system, but it can be requisitioned under the right circumstances. Collosi have no starting personalities, but under the psychic bond will eventually come to mirror their operators under a shared constant link. These are subconscious and animalistic, though specifics lie on the pilot.

Standardized Defensive Hardlight Unit {450}*

The recent success of the TPP allowed for the consolidation of the SDHU or 'Stews' as they're called as now. You receive (1) Harness and SDHU unit, which when uplinked allows one to project body based Hardlight formations. Some very well integrated individuals have gone as far as to stop wearing anything but these units as they can generate their own clothing, as well as any armour or shields the wearer needs. This is entirely centred around the individual, creative and mentally apt individuals can use them to great effect, while less imaginative types can still use them like a mobile cement wall. Regardless, use wears down the battery. Sparingly used you could get a century out of a SDHU, while those constant wearers need new batteries once every two years. With the SDHU being directly integrated to mental functions, combat failure could result in very minor brain damage.

Tartan Cloaks {40}

A memorial piece almost as old as the leathers, you will receive (2) Traveller Tartan cloak. These cloaks keep the harsh natural elements nullified or at least diminished in transit, so long as it is worn wind no matter how great doesn't trouble you. Like water off a duck's back. Custom colours are available, though the common schemes are Sikh Orange, Black-Watch Green, Nisetic Rust and Oglodi Light Blue.

Carbon-Standard Suits {5}*

What could be most charitably described as a prison jumpsuit with extra pockets, the CSS were initially brought in by a disastrous raid that saw two and a half million Io SuperMax prison uniforms and a very confused giraffe landed on Commercial's HQ. These were eventually produced from calamity. CS Suits are comfortable to wear, mundane and faded to a not completely obnoxious orange. Each purchase entitles you to (5) sets of suit. And yes, if you want to know, the Giraffe was fine.

Morl Loinings {10}

The response product from the demand for 'just how much was needed to avoid a potential feuds over public nudity.' The Morl is literally a loin cloth and a matching belt. The (3) pairs are of very high quality however, with utility hooks, waterproofing and a durability to fit the barbarian aesthetic, but just that. Cloth colours come in Hyborian bronze, Cimmerian brown and Thulsa jade.

Standard All-Purpose Vest {50}

The SAPV is yet another recent addition, collapsing the mish mash of many armour types into a single light and flexible standard vest. You will receive (1) SAPV fitted to you. The SAPV is layered with Adamantos mail, reforming-porcelain, and the whole package is wrapped up in a energy weapon resistant umbral weave. There is very little that can shoot through a SAPV outright. Keep in mind this vest only covers the torso.

'Full Metal' Operator Helmet {80}

The FMOH is to heads as the SAPV is to the chest. A proper full head and neck protection piece with a basic HUD scheme that has been layered to keep the wearer's neck and skull from being pulped by anything short of shots that would simply sheer your head off your body. You will receive (1) Full Metal helmet in your size, and may include a flashlight and internal communications rig included if you double the cost.

'Ikhtyes' Chitin Gills {50}

A round collar extension that once affixed is very difficult to remove, effectively locking about the neck. When on a Traveller can easily breath in the water as if it were air, and unlike other variants of such things, the Ikhtyes are very difficult to lose. In this state one can 'breath' through just about any sort of water. Your (1) scarf comes in your preferred colour.

Tech Interface Integration Set {20}

A rather simple harness-set with hookups and belts to allow extensive 'fixed' tech to be carried and utilized at all times. In the most basic case this is carrying around a small computer with a link to an eye-piece. In more extreme conditions it can help a Traveller act as a walking information centre. This can be worn under a coat and over clothes, though there's nothing stopping you from wearing it alone. For.. Whatever reason.

Raw-Skeleton {280}

A stripped down exo-skeleton that can allow a quadriplegic to walk and juggle bowling balls if they wished. You receive (1) 'Raw' skeleton fitted for you. In either covert 'underwear' or exoskeletal variants. While it does multiply your strength and provides a base if you lack control, the Skeleton is largely vulnerable, even when hidden from view. Failures under the worst circumstances can be slightly explosive.

Traveller's Medinah Scarf {10}

Another relic that grew popular outside of the original demographic that wore it to the point of ubiquity. You receive (1) very long all-purpose scarf in the colour of your choosing. The Medinah shields against both scaring cold, breaking wind, blinding sand and even functions as temporary gas-mask in emergencies. In wearing, it can be kept around the neck or used for full head coverage.

Shielding Jaffa Mask {200}

Styled after a Kemetian death mask, this (1) Jaffa is more of a face shield. Forged out of Raw Adamantos and laden with protective and focus drawing enchantments. Those blindsided by a Jaffa will constantly find their attention drawn to it, though the effect fades with time and doesn't affect Travellers.

Sihj Wurm's Turban {40}

A weave of self-righteous cloth that was reformed and lined with a loose chitin weave. Your (1) Turban is staunch enough to resist small arms fire and fills you with a sense of purpose. Though that purpose depends on the wearers disposition. For whatever reason this variant has no ethereal presence.

Glotsbit Helmet {200}

A relic that was recently properly added to the catalogue through the usual en-mass time boot-legging. This (1) helmet is made from pure silver, and more sought after for its heavy enchantments. Unerring accuracy (that requires some training to get the body to follow the perfected eyes), good fortune in planting, harvest and winter scavenging. It also grants a near total immunity to freezing temperatures. Of course, with all this said the Glotsbit provides absolutely ass *physical* protection at the best of times.

Panic Pants [Emergency clothing Set] {25}*

One particularly odd duck, the 'panic pants' are the product of one paranoid tinkerer's concerns over clothing removing measures. It appears as a simple metal box, with a plastic cover and a big red button. On pushing the button a set of steel woven jeans will erupt from the box and graft onto the wearer for twenty four hours. Useful for safe-guarding what little decency you have left, with the (3) PP you receive.

Vanguard Belt {25}*

Another odd-duck, the impregnable Vanguard is worn under the clothes and in panic situations forms an ironclad ethereal cover for the groin, and private parts that most bipeds posses between their legs, while simultaneously implementing anti-defecation measures. The wearer can manually activate this effect, and avoid all manner of humiliations with it on. You receive (2) belts.

Nudist license {150}*

"Ah. The desperate attempt to get the unclad kin to cover themselves up. Honestly regulation is sparse New Blood. But it is better to be safe than sorry. Where I come from you weren't even allowed clothes growing up. Too many sucklings bite it, and we grew too fast anyways. If you intend to... Exist in nature, either buy this or keep to the foliage. They don't bust you in the heavy greenery."

"OH Christ alive, WOMAN why do you DO THIS?!"

AIBR – 'Logan's Box' {200}*

The smallest 'Artificial Intelligence Base Rig' available. Logan's Box, or just 'the Box,' despite the name is actually a two foot across perfect floating sphere, with extendable manipulators, a variety of versatile ports and tools. This Rig's small size can't sustain old and potent AI who require much more operating power, though some of the ancients have a Box running underground to keep an eye on things. It comes with no weapons aside a nasty little taser, but it can fly at over 140km/h for short periods and is a pain to pierce.

AIBR – Tezuka-Arms 'Mini-Tachikoma' {250}

A recent addition to the AIBR list, the Mini Tachi is a meter tall and across spider rig that is versatile in the extreme. Housing its proper mental functionality in its 'abdomen' that is excessively armoured it is well suited for more engaged AI, possessing two 'manipulator' legs with half a hundred tool schemes and mounts for proper weaponry. In the event the body is damaged, the Abdomen section of the Mini-Tachi which holds the bracer can blink out on command, returning the severed section to Ae.

AIBR – KhMDB 'Standártnyj' {375}*

Android forms are common in AI on Ae, in both more recent young AI who were moulded in such bodies, and in elders who understand their true leviathan forms are difficult to connect with. The Standártnyj is a hyper versatile body that can be painlessly modified on the fly in a thousand different ways, along with similar strength to a T34, even if it lacks the resistance. Your model can come with armoured metal skin that will make you look like something out of a mid-eighties action sci-fi movie, or pseudo-skin that does an excellent job at making one look organically human.

AIBR – Moguera 'TR1-P0D' {800}*

For those familiar with Terran science fiction history, or those who are just freaks. The TR1-P0D is exactly what the name implies, much to the disdain of the oversight staff who saw many failed variants made specifically so they'd eventually reach the designation. The Moguera is a hexagonal 9 by 9 foot hull with three muscular extendable thirty foot tendril-legs. It comes with a heavy Las turret that can be freely retracted, and the legs all come with the same tools internally stored in the Mini-Tachi. The entire thing is made of proper Ae wrought steel and while it can be an absolute terror in a scrap the legs are somewhat vulnerable. These rigs are able to house older AI, and also possesses the Mini-Tachi's safety feature.

AIBR – 'Objekt.279' {2000}*

A monstrous 13 by 12 by 6 feet construct, the 279 is the closest thing that the elder combat AI have, as far as uniform Rigs go, to being 'tolerable out of the box.' The treaded feet are the only reason the colossus doesn't actively collapse lesser bridges. Or industrial bridges for that matter, considering how some weight trials went. Surprisingly it doesn't come with any built in weapons, and is perhaps one of the most initially bare bones Rigs. This was a direct commandment from downstairs, as customizability is key for elders. The Objekt is only restricted by the operating AI's creativity. Some even forgo weapons and use the specialized internal Bracer augmentation, turning themselves into an instant-transmission battering ram.

Turag Imprints {500}**

By way of legally accepted Runic Fuckery, a savage non-sapient AI can be grafted onto a piece of clothing or any other option here. This entity will clean, repair and physically attack anyone who damages or threatens the attire. If there is a single thread or metal chunk left, the Turag entity will attempt to slowly rebuild the gear.

Runic Inscriptions {200}

In most objects of quality with enough surface, visible runes can be grafted on for potent if singular effect. Enhanced longevity, resistance to specific types of damage, induction of flaming or unnaturally covert appearances. On a standard item one can get three runes properly added, though quality manufacture can add another one to the cost. Discount gear can't be runed, and even freelance runists who do it for free won't waste time on sub-par gear.

Guaranteed Quick Repair {40}**

Commercial does offer quick repair, though sometimes this might take days if the material in question is even worth saving. Purchasing the GQR gets you access to the special priority list for immediate repairs. Though this should only be bought for priority or quality equipment. The GQR repair AI have a habit of pulling 'the cave-bear ate my task-work' card if they're expected to restore rags.

CombinationzEXE {50}

Two objects can be combined to your specifications if you're willing to wait for a few days. Some things sync together better than others, although the people who actually do the process apparently like a challenge. Items for combination must be already bought before the process can be applied.

AREO-Zaibatsu Temperature Regulator {80}**

An underlayer that can be implanted into any reasonably covering garb or gear, the AREO regulator can provide maximum temperature control in whichever direction. The difference between smooth sailing and sweating your taint off is miles according to some Power Armour enthusiasts. This can be applied to a set of underclothes if you wish, and while comfortable it is much less dramatic.

EmCerTail Guarantee {50}**

For Standard and quality attire only, warranty policies have been once again implemented by popular consensus despite much leg-dragging from the supply handlers. In the event a piece of gear is seriously damaged and has a Guarantee then it can be freely replaced for a ten Sol year period. So long as it was damaged by external reasons and not the blatant stupidity of the user.

[Quality List]

Tier-(1) [Cheaply Made / Used/ Off-Ae Shipment] (x0.5)

Tier-(2) [Standard Traveller Manufacture] (x1)

Tier-(3) [Artisan Shop Quality Manufacture] (x2)

*** Material Pre-set, Cost is Flat and quality is stated**

**** Equipment Modifier, added to final equipment cost, unaffected by Quality Tier**

A recent addition to sort out the shit that was thrown into the catalogue by dubious members of the Commercial cliques. Quality options allow for the stereotypical ragged True Traveller wretch to truly live his life, and for specialists to request something from the more professional Traveller craftsmen on Ae. The things that last even by Traveller standards. Requesting Qualities is optional. If not stated everything will assumed to be the standard Tier-(2) and comes exactly as explained. Tier-(1) can be considered functional if either battered, imported or made from worse components. Tier-(3) is some of the very best you can get on Ae.

Initial Equipment Requisition; Arms & Weapons

"We will always be an army, militancy has always bound us. It's been that way from the very start. Bar a handful of eccentrics."

"For those who are willing to cash the Chits they can take some serious fire-power. Of course, keep in mind that a weapon is only as dangerous or able as the one using it. All ammunition subscriptions are terminated on weapon loss. As well, weapon IDs have been made mandatory after that idiot Fravicus left a few thousand mines scattered around last year. Still cleaning up that mess."

"Have a look at the list, see what interests you."

Yuta Bracer [Free & Mandatory]*

The signature weapon of the Travellers, as well as the primary mode of transport across realities. The Yuta was derived from ancient Urumek weaponry, mounted upon the fore-arm the bracer can extend two twelve inch wickedly sharp blades at a thought. This mental link extends to travel, allowing 'jumps' through direct command or manual input. These tools are based on antediluvian technology, are immune to tampering, and at times seemingly act on their own to the user's benefit. Though this is usually chalked up to subconscious responses. The secret to Bracer construction remains a well guarded secret. While you do require 'pegs' for immediate return transport and jump-pad access to get on and off Ae (typically) the capacity for Instantaneous Transmission is vast, with a standard thirty second cool-down in between jumps. It should be noted that, like their Urumek counterparts, the Yuta has a self-destruct sequence that can level a small city block. Some, rightly, argue our greatest strength is still spite.

Yuta partner Bracer {120}*

Traditional Urumek hunters made use of a bracer on each wrist, turning them into gutting and bleeding machines with combat styles closer to wrestlers than other sorts of hunters. Purchasing a twin comes without the internal reality-jumping components, though utility functions may be uploaded onto the partner's computer. Learning the style is fairly easy, considering the ubiquity of dual wielders, if of course you favour an aggressive direct stance.

Yuta Covert-Set {60}*

A recently standardized mod for the Bracer that upon activation hides the bracer in a pocket dimension that can only be accessed by mental command. The CS has long had a dim reputation for those who enjoyed being 'captured' or shirk their position in the Order. Such things have their time and place. A single purchase will function for both a primary and a partner brace.

Yuta Utilities Function {60}*

A small computer meant to be directly held in the bracer, separate from the inaccessible antediluvian functions. This provides utility information, as well as a small tool-kit for connecting to other information networks. If owned, it may also be implanted into a partner bracer. This package also includes a light, scissors, pliers and an Urumek cauterizing kit. While the cauterizing kit is incredibly painful, it can put together even the most broken bodies.

Yuta 'JiO' Aug {75}*

The 'Jump in Obfuscation' Aug allows an optional explosive entrance that gives up on immediate stealthy jumps in exchange for disorientation. If activated, the pre-instant before your jump completes the Aug will activate. Either blasting the immediate vicinity with heavy smoke, a disorienting burst of light and noise, or a cascade lightening blast that can serious burns and shocks. The recent return of this Aug highlights the potential of shock and awe, and the weakness of such tactics against more disciplined Travellers.

Yuta 'ItU' Unlock {300}*

Something that until recently had only been utilized by veterans of the Order, the 'Instant Transmission Unlock' properly turns off the Yuta bracer safeties on jumping, allowing repeated jumps with a half-second delay. Two Travellers with unlocked bracers fighting can be a horribly disorientating sight for bystanders, to say nothing of how confusing the situation can be for combatants. Such conflict operates on a level only veterans of the Order can reach, and the only way to truly master Instant Transmission Combat is through experience. Keep in mind that repeated use for several minutes risks overheating the bracer and inflicting third degree burns on yourself. The Bracers are durable enough that they can be heated white-hot and still function fine. The same cannot be said of the users.

HoldOWT Switchblade {25}

A five inch long reforming-porcelain blade hidden in an equally small handle that is released at the press of a button. The HoldOWT is undetectable to most methods of weapons scanning. An excellent last resort and infiltration tool. For doubling the cost a psy-link can be added, preventing the blade from being 'popped' by anyone but you expressly ordering it popped by mental command. Very important if you need to hide it in a body cavity.

Never-Fail Utility Blade {10}

Kin to industrial blades or box-cutters, the Never-Fail makes use of replaceable three inch base steel blades to offer cheap and easy cutting. Easily hidden with multiple replacement blades, this cutter doesn't excel in anything, but its always good to have a knife on hand.

'Old Iron' Skinning Knife {15}

Humble at six and a half inches made of local steel, this pioneer's knife is single edged with a set of back teeth for sawing. Coming in with either a bone or polymer handle, these 'Old Iron' keep has a cold iron core for dealing with certain ethereal entities. Comes with a leather sheath included.

Standard Operator Knife Set {40}

A set of a dozen Ae steel and reforming-porcelain blades meant expressly for combat, be it in throwing, slashing, or stabbing. Some with all the options of the homeland refuse to use anything but knives. Such self limitations allows for greater personal growth.

Standardized Obsidian Razor {20}*

Justifying a full Macuahuitl is difficult in this day and age, but even the most fervent metallurgist can't deny the usefulness of obsidian. These bootlegged razors possess one of the most cost-effective sharp edges in the arsenal. The four inch blades can cut through muscle like butter, and the 'cooling' process grants it a much longer lifespan to what you might expect. This blade is still stone, relatively short-lived and brittle against metals. Use it sparingly, as replacements take time.

TM.1 Khepesh {40}

At twenty four inches, the Traveller model Khepesh is one of the few weapons to never receive a revision. Made of Ae steel with bone or bronze handle, the Khepesh originated in ancient Khmyt, being brought to the order en-mass by the Scarab Lord. An ancient God-King who perished in the Second Time War. The Khepesh remains a popular choice of side-arm and even main weapon for many Fighters.

TM.4 Flyssa {25}

Brought on by a Kayble warrior three centuries back and popularized during the Queirrals expedition. The Traveller Flyssa is a twelve inch blade with a one sided edge. The short length, sharp cut and ease of use makes the Flyssa a good choice for lightweights, infiltrators, and passive elements.

TM.9 Sword Cane {40}

Hidden inside a wooden or ivory cane expressly sized for you is a sixteen inch hidden sword, fitted to be withdrawn at a pull. These sword canes are excellent infiltration weapons, with undetectable reforming-porcelain blades. Doubling the price allows for a custom psy-lock, preventing others from withdrawing the blade and allowing perfect infiltration. At least, as far as your armament is concerned.

TM.13 Jian {40}

The Traveller Model of Jian was first brought to the order by soldiers of the Spring and Autumn period back in our earliest years, and remains a popular choice for a side-arm to the modern day. Thirty inches long and double-edged, it is easy to wield and light. But it is difficult to truly master. The Jian may come with tassel and decorative bronze polish if requested.

Standardized 'Duwall' Blade {10}*

A simple nine inch mail-breaker, the Duwall blade was popularized by the leader of the True Travellers. It possesses no enchantments and is simply a base albeit effective armour piercing blade. Despite this these weapons are reported to possess anomalous effects, and are known to serve their owners well above their weight class.

TM.1 'Imperial-Standard' Gutting Sickle {25}

Brought on from a more abominable timeline by Niseti Travellers who held the official rank of 'cannon fodder,' the Chitin sickle remains unchanged. Having already been perfected by six thousand years of galactic xenocide, the Imperial-Standard is eighteen inches and double-edged. A single solid chunk of manufactured chitin, with a swift motion one could disembowel a horse. Very easy to clean and maintain.

TM.8 Eobu {20}

Kin to the Human machete or Goluk, the Eobu is a thirteen inch sword is so ubiquitous from its origins as a harvesting tool that it is almost universal in early Morkresian civilizations. The single edged blade is made for slashing, but remains optimized for clearing out greenery, rather than taking off limbs.

TM.3 Xamphir {50}

Carried from a far future Arabia, the Xemphir is a twenty nine inch blade designed for cavalry and motorcycle use. The blade is thin and curling, meant to resist staggering impacts and leave hemorrhaging injuries. The handle in the finalized version has made the xamphir very popular for how easy it is to keep a grip on it, even when being used on a motorcycle. These blades are also durable and can be dropped on the road to avoid user injury.

TM.11 'Pheiwailriar' {30}

The cultural blade of the Tweiliriaiiig, a pre Indo-European people extinguished in most timelines who came to dominate Europe and North Africa in the Keiwailriar's origin reality. The forty inch long blade has an odd back-hook at the end of its single-edge, used in the sharp 'reverse' motion to open the opponents neck. These swords have gained a minor cult following, and brought more interest in early-divergence timelines.

TM.2 Karambit {25}

Originally an Indonesian peasant weapon, the Traveller Karambit is five inch hook, favoured as a hold-out, utility blade and hair tie. The short double-edged claw blade can be used in several styles and marshal arts. Normally made in Ae steel, doubling the cost will get you a reforming-porcelain variant that like HoldOWT is undetectable by conventional means.

TM.133 Urumi {60}*

Our most recent 'whip' sword sorts out many issues of prior versions. These are now made out of a special kind of treated Adamantos, at twelve feet the double edged blade is formed to naturally curl around the waist in a custom sheath belt. When needed it can be ripped down, uncurling to a loose fighting form that will bend around just about any guard or shift. The excessively flexible weapon remains a specialty tool, and novices are more likely to cut themselves than enemies.

TM.4 Katar {20}

An eight inch punching weapon fitted to be strapped onto the arm, the Katar turns a knock-out punch into a decapitating blow. The Katar is all offence, with even skilled users struggling to block blows. Of course, for senior Travellers there is no reason to stick around longer than needed for a strike. Like the Bracer, instant transmission allows for perfected aggression.

TM.8 Claidheamh-mòr {75}

One of the ancestral weapons of the Travellers, the modern Ae Claymore is sixty inches long, double edged and lighter than one would expect on the handle with a heavier blade. The long history of bracers and shorter weapons has allowed the Claymore to lead in the heavier two handed niche, powering through most one armed weapon guards and shields. This blade is flexible and respectable in many fighting forms, and fairly easy to learn.

TM.117 No-Dachi {90}

The troubled cousin of the Claymore and with just as much history, the horse-killer sword has seen many revisions to keep both its strength, lightness and cutting capacity. The final version has existed for fifty three sol years unchanged. Seventy one inches in length, with an unusually long handle, the Traveller No-Dachi has a specialized 'carbon weave' core granting exceptional durability, though it is still a precision weapon.

TM.5 'Dragonslayer' Blade {280}

Too fat and stupid to be considered a sword. The 'Dragonslayer' is seven feet long and a foot across, being more of a bludgeoning weapon than a blade. A Traveller requires gargantuan strength and no subtlety to wield this weapon, some spend years in training before they can be considered truly effective with it. For some though, this is worth the effort. A Dragonslayer can cripple lightly armoured vehicles and crack power armoured foes like tin cans.

TM.3 Partizan {30}

The most simple and recognizable spear of the Order, the Traveller Partizan is tipped with a seven inch broad triangle blade mounted on a six and a half foot steel guarded Irminsul-Oak shaft. Primarily a footman's spear and weighted for one handed and two handed use, this is a good starter weapon for anyone and requires little strength.

TM.5 Naginata {60}

Popularized by a peasant-caste Niseti Onna-bugeisha very early on in the Order, the Naginata remains popular for its relative ease in mastery and use. Our variant possesses an eighteen inch curling blade mounted on a composite six and a half foot shaft. Useful in many situations with only the base weaknesses of pole-arms in general, you can rarely go wrong with a Naginata.

TM.8 ChagChaCharu 'Peasant' Pike {25}

A more recent addition filling a gap Travellers typically don't concern themselves with, 'ChChChs' are a durable breed of Niseti peasant spear-pike. Designed specifically to 'swat' the necks and vitals of nobles twice the pike-man's size and mounted foes, the sixteen foot pike is lighter and easier to use than most expect, thanks to a complete chitin form and back weight. If you want to plant your feet, the ChChCh can support such obstinate intentions.

TM.7 Kaembii 'Stick' {120}

A proper Urumek weapon that didn't spread as ubiquitously as others. The Kaembii is a foot length of 'double ended-dagger' that extends into a six and a half foot dual ended spear, suited for throwing and melee combat. Despite being apparently primitive, the 'volcanized' edge results in a weapon that can punch through power armour steel and ceramics. If of course the user has the strength and training for such strikes.

TM.10 Jangchang Spear {50}

The Jangchang was partly obscured by the ChChCh, a thirteen foot simple pike made of basic Ae steel and composite shaft that was much sturdier than the ChChCh. It remains a solid distancing spear and an inconspicuous choice in settings that allow and demand for such melee weapons.

TM.4 Quarterstaff {10}

Borne from one of many periods of English history where the locals only had sticks to beat the shit out of each other. Traveller made quarterstaves are made of ironwood cores and are tipped with steel caps. Coming in sizes from four to nine feet, they remain a prominent primary weapon for many who refuse to be parted with their 'walking sticks' in more civilized settings.

TM.17 Hunga Munga {25}

Many 'civilized' types may look down on the many fanged throwing weapon casually referred to as the 'Munga.' Yet it is a very effective tool on flesh targets, and easy to learn thanks to its multiple limbs providing a large range for impact over most other throwing knives. These are also intimidating, if less effective cleavers. For your purchase you receive (3) small proper 'cleaver' Munga or (1) 'swordish' and much larger variant.

The 'Walking Star' {100}

An odd creation that was gifted in the volume of a few thousand to the armoury, the 'Walking Star' is, seemingly, just an iron walking stick. Until one twists the handle and presses a hidden button. At which point the true head and the spikes extend, revealing a morning star that is still hiding a three shot barrel in the shaft. This trick morning-star/shotgun has attracted some favourable praise for its capacity to repeatedly leg-pull, all while being decently covert. At least until you start swinging.

'Stop Sign' {5}

"Why exactly it is someone keeps dumping full 1980s pole mounted Scottish Stop Signs into the armoury is as much of a mystery as why Fighting clique lunatics insist on using them to settle arguments. It's a warning fixture for traffic laws. Not a weapon." {Weary clicking} *"Well. At least they're cheap..."*

TM.3 Lucerne Hammer {90}

A top and backed spiked armour breaking hammer, mounted on a seven foot reinforced Irminsul-Oak shaft. The Lucern's niche was largely overtaken by ranged weapons that more easily pierced heavy armour. Despite the massive escalation of such armours, the Lucern still excels in key point strikes, and some exceptional individuals have proven it can shatter power armour joints. And tank treads.

TM.4 Skeggøx {50}

Unrefined and brutal as the period it was pulled from, the Skeggøx is a basic long bearded axe with an Adamantos edge to keep its sharpness behind boar iron for weight. The shaft is composite, five feet long holding an odd space favoured by those wanting cutting power, and to stay 'in the thick of it.'

Traveller Segmented Whip {140}

Descended from the Urumek hunter's whip, this variant still allows for the handle to be removed and replaced by a bone from 'worthy prey.' This whip begins a five foot length of Volcanized Steel, segmented like an Urumek spinal column and connected firmly enough to take a human's head off like a sword. These whips have an extension function that draws the 'core' out to twelve feet, allowing functions more kin to a standard whip, albeit focused around inflicting mass lacerations. This weapon requires great skill as novices can accidentally take of digits or worse.

HFRSM 'Jet-stream' {300}*

The 'High Frequency Rifle Sheathed Murasama' has been produced on Ae for a little over a century now. The design of the 98 cm blade itself while reverent of traditional Japanese sword-work is simple, and the sheath is bluntly industrial. Using the blade alone on basic setting, one could dismember a horse with little effort. But where the Jet-stream shines is the quick draw, the rifle system allowing individuals with sufficient strength (or a level of bodily mechanization) to quite literally blow apart targets. Unlike other Rifle Sheathed weapons, a cyborg frame or exoskeleton isn't absolutely necessary.

TM.2 Caestus {10}

For those bipeds who prefer to beat the tar out of others with their fists. This simple pair of steel-stuffed leather combat wraps was imported almost directly from the dirty alleys of old Roma, with only minor changes to improve the staying power and to make use of local materials.

TM.3 Tiger Claws {50}

The latest wrist gauntlet derived from the Niseti NENE culture and Rajput warrior castes who both produced 'parent' variants of this weapon. These claws are affixed on the hand by way of a steel banded clove. The four inch curling Adamantos claws are optimal for ripping, punching and tearing. This style is similar to the bracer, albeit fixed on the hand, rather than the forearm.

TM.68 Power Fist {225}

Recently upped several models for full integration into the T34, a 'power fist' is a power armour gauntlet with a set of heavy industrial pistons mounted into it that activate on a punch. When used against raw flesh targets, results range from 'pulped' to 'scattered across the floor & wall' to 'fine red mist.' This final model is made on the T34 template, and can be freely interchanged with the existing hand components of the set.

TM.87 Stake Driver {250}

The most recent variant of the old 'steak' that abandons the prior pneumatic and steam-blast models of pushing two feet of steel stake into something unfortunate, in favour of a contained explosive model. While the astronomically faint chance of the TM.87 exploding has put some off, none can deny the effectiveness of the new model which is one of the few manual weapons that can punch through Adamantos plates. The only constant issue with the wrist mounted Driver is the brittleness of the Stake, which does come with replacements. And the aforementioned astronomically low explosion chance.

TM.9 Mosasaur Harpoon {320}

Another recent formalization of several Harpoon templates. The Mosasaur is based on a heavy-mechanical system with grav-dampeners that turn a shoulder breaking shot into a slight push-back. Embedding a two foot pronged spike into whatever it happens to be pointed within the two hundred metre cable range. This cable function may be removed for a pure projectile with double the range, but will require additional harpoons.

TM.336 Chewer "Blade" {240}

Only capable by means of extremely advanced tech put to excessive and frankly barbaric focus. 'Saw' weaponry is only typical to far future human civilization, though it often rises in Nisetiic civilization thanks to the ubiquity of chitin 'teething.' The Traveller Chewer has a four foot blade and is considered to be on the upper limit of what an unaugmented human can use. The two inch 'splinting' tooth pattern is also more than able to split open an unaugmented human in two. But they require constant cleaning, and training as despite the back-guard one can easily take off a hand with one bad swing.

TM.501 Grab-Gobbler {325}

Revived by popular demand, much to the disdain of the Medical Department. The Grab-Gobbler is an Adamantos plated pneumatic power gauntlet with a set of flexile chewing blades wrapped over each finger. When something fleshy is grabbed, it usually stops being physical and is reduced to a liquid state in moments. Like the proper Chewer blades, they have decent penetration, but long term wear can lead to some catastrophic failures.

TM.13 'Wrath-Rod' CMP Sabre {400}

Esoteric weaponry from more 'civilized' locales. Contained Meld Plasma for use as a melee weapon, much like Chewers, requires advanced tech and materials not usually found in the Milky Way galaxy. The 'handle' apparatus emits a length of gravity bound plasma which has the stability to be used to cut through void-ship bulks. Most outsider metals will be cut by a wrath-rod like boiling water through ice. Accordingly these are the penultimate 'accidental self-mangling' melee weapons of the armoury.

TM.6 'Big Bopper' {40}

The Big Bopper isn't all that big, to the point the eight inch stunning rod comes with an extension for large-handed Travellers. Equipped with a reactive dampening system that produces a loud 'bop' noise on use, the Bopper was designed so it would never kill a target, instead directly overwhelming their sensory systems and temporarily knocking them unconscious. Extremely effective against Nisetiics while humans may require secondary Bops.

TM.89 Plasma Lance {150}

A surprisingly budget weapon the lads at mechanical spent decades ensuring it wouldn't explode. Plasma lances are Nisetiic weapons, combining melee capacity with a cheap plasma thrower. These lances come in several lengths between three and eight feet, and are designed for both infantry and cavalry functions. The lance retains a chitin hull, albeit, with several plastic and porcelain internal components that allow one to flog enemies to death the hard way and block melee strikes. The plasma blasts will melt most civilian materials and flesh entities, but it isn't designed to punch through armour.

TM.52 Flaming 'Ignatius' {90}

An old model of self-burning mace that has long been used by Void hunters. The Ignatius is made from a single piece of composite-laced steel, only the ignition key and the fuel supply (hidden in the handle) are separate from the ultra-heavy hull. Naturally, the Ignatius is a solid and durable weapon that excels in shattering plate armour, snapping bones and inflicting oil burns. Good for maiming both conventional and grandchild foes.

The Longinus {775}*

This excessively long spear that seems more a pike, but despite the length remains very much a throwing weapon. Allegedly, anyways. It is currently unknown why such weapons remain in the arsenal, or why they're given to new blood. Holding the Longinus, one hears ephemeral whispers, egging them on to bring down those self-proclaimed gods and titans. Upon relinquishing the spear, the whispers and strength that come with them fade.

Perunuša's Axe {850}*

A one-handed weapon of pure iron embedded with Belemnite fossils, this singular axe like many other weapons was anonymously donated by a Traveller who 'no longer needed it.' This axe is seemingly indestructible, and those who repeatedly attempt to break it tend to be struck by lightning. When in use, the same effect will occur on those struck by the axe. Even in locales where lightning isn't possible. Naturally this makes the weapon useless for any intent upon covert operations. But very effective when you don't need to hold back.

Scáthach's Fragarach {1000}*

A guardless two handed great sword made of burned blue steel, the blade was returned to the armoury by the widow of the former wielder. Holding the weapon, one feels a cold anger wash over them, one that diminishes any intimidation and forces the wielder to go directly for the kill whenever a target presents itself. When used by a Traveller, the blade cleaves through *any* armour or shield, no matter the material. But the moment the blade is taken, the wielder loses the ability to lie, as does anyone with the blade on their throat. No doubt the original owner gave it up to stop the Judicial summons.

Spoon {5}*

A spoon. Rusted slightly on the handle, made for a human hand with a sharpened scoop. A symbol of absurd odds and humbling, used many times over the years. Picking this up you feel nothing but an odd sense of relief. You *chose* this path, and you fully intend to see it through to the end.

TM.10 Strike Shield {75}

A small steel and composite shield with several spikes that make it both protection and an offensive weapon. These bucklers can be mounted on a bracer or the forearm, allowing full hand use. Some even go at it with a pair of strike shields, capitalizing on the same style as dual bracers.

TM.17 “Pop-wall” Shield {120}

The child of covertness and early militarism. This extendable shield normally sits inert on the arm and can be hidden under a sleeve, but at the push of a button will extend into a bullet resistant two and a half foot diameter round shield. The Pop-wall is made of Ae-steel plates, but doubling the cost allows for reforming-porcelain plates that let the user skirt past metal detectors. Comes painted with the heraldry of your choice.

TM.33 Coharty Plasma Shield {275}

Less a proper shield in hindsight, more a 'hard' plasma projector that over the centuries has been co-opted to act as a shield. Cased plasma can hold back just about anything and may be programmed to assume many figures in a five foot range, but provides little shock protection to keep the wrist from being shattered. The Coharty's projector is also a weak-point, albeit one only exploited by other Travellers.

Conqueror's Shield {180}

Normound in origin with the scars of battle present. This well loved shield comes with a knightly aura to it, one that settles horses and camels, making them more pliant. The design naturally lends itself to mounted combat, though the shield is more than capable of holding itself on the ground.

Aspis of Lycurgus {275}

An enormous four foot diameter circular shield marked with an accursed capital Lambda. Despite seemingly being made of bronze the shield acts more like a Coharty in terms of durability, and the enchanted shield while held somehow removes the need to breathe. This is all rooted in the Lambda however, and if completely worn away it will shatter to pieces.

Hillperson's Parrying Targe {40}

A simple targe meant to swat blows aside. The core is aurichalcum and braced by oak wrapped in leather. At only a foot across and light enough a child could use it, the Targe is very accessible. However true mastery allows one to swat aside just about any blow thrown your way, and several elder Fighters and True Travellers stick to such 'amateur' shields.

TM.3 Theodisian Legionary Shield {150}

A conventional shield recently popularized by the Neo-Theodisians, the Legionary is the end point of the 'durability / mobility' dichotomy in the scaled range of durability. Styled after the scutum in size and style, the brutally heavy Theodisian is at the upper limit of what an un-augmented human can carry. Some go as far as to say the shield is unpractical compared to the Coharty and aspis. But it is without weakness, being made completely of Adamantos with aurichalcum finish. Bar the physical requirements to use the damned thing.

TM.91 Corinthos Jagger {175}

An odd-duck weapon that has been reworked many times, the Jagger is a two handed maul with a launchable head, meant to act like a harpoon in terms of striking power and cable. This pulping effect more or less craters targets and retains a certain appeal being useful as a trick weapon. Still, this weapon is difficult to master and some still describe the launcher as 'wrist snapping' and 'finicky.'

TM.230 Ghenghisid Flame Thrower {100}

Recently standardized as the Order's flame thrower, the Ghenghisid is notoriously safe and modable, built on a three component scheme that cuts the weapon down to the back-pack tank, hose & gun. With a base range of thirty metres and tanks to support two hours of continuous use, Ghenghisids by default come loaded with either Pÿr-Rhōmaikón (a long-burning, water coating substance) or tear-gas. But, again, may be easily modded.

TM.876 Stun-Caster {120}

An explicitly debilitating tool, few weapons have been revised as many times as the Stun-Caster to properly knock down targets and not kill them in the process. The sub-machine gun sized smart-weapon needs only a few milliseconds to scan a target, before it launches a 'brass marble' which inflicts a similar effect as the bopper, though with the capacity to knock down horses and Urumek. After use, the marbles disintegrate, making it safe for 'excessive' use in locales where anonymity is necessary.

TM.409 Plasma Caster {300}

Just about the only thing the Couronne society won at the last Commercial meeting, the revised Plasma Caster model turned heads for the latest design. Now a one handed weapon with optional stock, the 'meaty' frame and simple albeit adjustable layout provides options ranging from melding torch to hallway-clearer. Running now on micro-tanks optimized for one-handed use, these can last weeks if used sparingly, though some have already figured out how to use the tanks as make-shift plasma grenades.

XEUS Mark.14 {440}

Lightning casters usually blow up on the user. The XEUS attempts to fix this issue, and the most recent model standardized a year ago almost succeeds. Almost. It is advised to *not* use the XEUS in overly conductive environment with bodies of water or conductive metal rooms. The XEUS is essentially a lightning cannon that more often than not chunks targets before the actual electrification does them in. Adept at destroying advanced tech on an industrial scale, the XEUS despite the unwieldiness is apparently incredibly fun to use.

Standardized Junk Cannon {175}

The SJC is a piece of gear designed to lock up objects in a grav-field and then launch them at speeds slightly above mach two, at max settings at least. Technically anything under a foot across can be picked up and launched, but anything short of custom ultra-high quality munitions will usually be shredded by the first use. As the name implies, junk is the optimal thing to lob. In debris scattered locales, a junk cannon Traveller may operate indefinitely.

TM.3 Blowpipe {25}

A weapon that will be created by any race with exhale capacity, this standardized polymer blowgun is two feet in length with a noise dampener on the end, but other than that this is as simple a weapon as you could get. With only the operator to blame for potential failures.

TM.2928 Longbow {40}

In all the cosmos you'll never and I mean never find a better longbow. This masterwork is the result of two AI spending several centuries locked in a blue-print battle that only ended last year. The 2928 being the final result of the Arswydu9's handiwork, much to the disdain of HMO16. Made out of a Gene-modded Boxwood, the six foot eight inch bow has just over a four hundred metre range and can punch through most plate armour like cardboard.

TM.9 Composite Riding Bow {60}

Favoured by bush hunters, nomads and motorcycle primitivists alike. Traveller Composites are made out of of Promethean horn and unholy glues, making them extremely resistant to the danger of moisture that typically plagues composites. Of course some have moral objections to using them. This bow lacks the raw stopping power of the 2928, but it still hits above its weight class and retains solid range.

TM.11 Siege Crossbow {80}

The great equalizer between the commoner and the knight, the Traveller variant of a siege crossbow is closer to a ballista than a conventional hand crossbow. These are easy to maintain and rival the striking power of the longbow, without the need for obscene strength and training. The crossbow comes with a ground mount, if your frame is too light to shoot around this sort of siege weapon from the shoulder.

TM.98 'Quantum Ehecatl' Atlatl {175}

The old Atlatl are specialty weapons, based around old Grav-distortion designs, that allow an individual to throw spears and darts at cozy 340 km/h. These designs are optimized to the point their energy demands are fed by their own gravitational distortions, giving them a battery life of centuries while ensuring that the Atlatl itself will never explode. Such certainty cannot be equally applied to users, and some will still shatter their weapon arms with a fuck-up. The Atlatl comes with (5) spears or darts, practice is advised before using the distortion features to avoid the aforementioned limb snapping.

TM.2 Ghetto Blaster {150}

Coming with a set of absolute noise cancelling ear-muffs, the Ghetto Blaster is a jury-rigged boom-box that is designed to shriek out 'music' at a volume that will do just about everything short of kill a person. Effects on humans at close range include rupturing of the ear-drums, disorientation, soft-tissue damage, hallucinations and seizures. Blasters are ineffective against most Mokresia and Urumek, while the noise will outright kill Nisetics. Having all the subtlety of a derailed train and the safe-operating radius to boot, the Blaster is a dangerous but situational weapon. Unfortunately the design is hard locked into a boom box format and is difficult to use without running right into the mix of it.

TM.45 Stun Pistol {40}

The last revision of the stunner design that more or less apes the stun-caster, doing away with any physical launchers and relying on short range shock-ares. This can still knock down a human cold, without worry of accidentally killing them. Recommended for passive elements and Home Guard as Medical is very tired of piecing back together those 'slightly-killed ' by the overzealous. The continuous fire rate may also make short work of High Caste Nisetiic and Urumek, though it may take a few shots for them to realize they've been knocked out.

TM.80 Maxim Gun {90}

A simplified and humble machine gun. The Maxim has been reduced to such an incredibly basic design that even primitive Travellers can maintain these weapons. The Maxim has a relatively low fire rate for a machine gun, but this guarantees consistency and long-form function. Belt fed, the Maxim comes with a 500 round barrel magazine and a tripod mount, while it can be easily used from the hand, the Maxim is still a machine gun. Chambers 7.64×54mm.STAN rounds.

Standardized Hand Culverin {100}

Brought on by eccentrics who capitalized on the extreme physical capability of Nisetics and the Urumek. This is exactly what it says on the tin, and is just as heavy and dangerous one might expect. With just as much back-blast as one might expect. Smoothbore and four feet in length, culverin shots come in the standard frag-iron, stone, core combustion and self-heating stone.

TM.18 Revolver {50}

The current model for our common revolver is an almost four centuries old, reliable eight shot. The model 18 chambers .50 STAN rounds and like the Maxim gun this weapon is as basic as one can get for a lead shooter. Allowing it to not only be used and maintained, but mastered by technologically inept elements in the order. These revolvers are ubiquitous on Ae, and are a good choice for just about anyone.

TM.912 Alrewnder Pistol {60}

A bastard child of a Luger, an M1911 and a Hayastan-SKV. The Alrewnder makes use of .45 STAN rounds and is magazine fed, the standard pistol carrying 18 rounds, though extended variations are available. The 912 comes with a silencer, flashlight and a single fingerless leather glove for reasons that hopefully aren't someone in commercial tising the surplus again and needing to unload a shit tonne of gloves.

Traveller 'Dubyaech' Werndl-Holub Rifle {120}

In spite of the fact there is a late Victorian era Dual-Monarchy rifle of the exact same name, the Werndl-Holub (or Dubyaech as is the local name) is the final result of Helena Werndl and Joachim Holub's collaboration and a century of competition over our final bolt-action rifle template. Directly taking cues from the Mosin-Nagant and the Qonstantiniyyah, the Dubyaech embraces durability and power at the cost of an admittedly strange and seemingly counter-intuitive design. Chambering local 12.6x110mm rounds, the rifle excels as a sharpshooters weapon, with an effective 950 meter range with scope. Of course, the Dubyaech also comes with a bayonet and is solid enough to be used as a club. Comes with eight-shot magazines or stripper clips.

TM.300 Helos 'Splint' Rifle {225}

A typically future created weapon fit for void combat, Splint guns are focused around a central 'munition' chunk that is spun on the inside of the gun, while thin 'splints' of this chunk are severed and shot out via magnetic pulse. These are advanced weapons in the extreme, optimal for combat in the void of space and if used sparingly the Helos can go for years before needing to be reloaded. It should be noted that most splinters lack the punch of slug-throwers, and over-use can literally melt the barrel.

MAD.13 Hunting Shotgun {100}

Divided from the other 'Traveller Model' and standardized weapons by hyper-focus and several attempted murders between weapon designers, MAD is fitting both in its history and the current iteration of scatter-gun. Making use of SM.967-Gauge (26mm across and 100mm in length), the single shot pump-action's shells are a refinement that sorts out the former range issues. Allowing for some unbelievable stopping power.

MAD.13-AUG 'Unsubtle' {250}

Developed by those interested in blowing shoggoths into little chunks, and who missed being unable to hit the broadside of a barn. The original AUG was two MAD.13s duct-taped together, with their barrels sawn-off, while the abomination retooled to use two 32-shell drum magazines. These were eventually merged when the AUG was standardized. It retains a charm, arm shattering kick-back and the ability to turn human targets into a fine red mist.

Krag-Tang-Ennreachtaigh Automatický (Akte) '47' Assault Rifle {120}

The child of the early time-wars, the Akte-47 was designed to be used everywhere, from the boiling deserts to polar climes to the void with specialized rounds if need be. Little is known about the original makers as they all vanished back during the third time-war. The Akte-47 was the first to make use of the 7.64x54mm.STAN rounds. The Akte is a selective fire weapon with optional semi-automatic, with forty round magazines and a bayonet for full flexibility. If you take care of this assault rifle it will follow you anywhere.

Mathersly-232 Auto Cannon {375}

One of the few weapons that took off a shooters arm clean enough it was easily reattached, the 232 is the embodiment of the word 'excessive.' The nine barrel 130mm auto cannon was meant to be operated by a soldier in power armour, though this hasn't stopped some from finding ways to use it. Optimized for mid-to close range combat against light-armour and infantry, it excels against anything without a few centimetres of armour. However it requires a vulnerable munition back-pack and is an absolute bitch to reload.

TM.1 Ordos Samgong 'Slugger' {225}

Slugger weapons were initially designed for augmented humans of far-future conflicts, though variants have been developed by Gigantopithecus descended sapients. This 'pistol' chambers 3 inch slugs that if it doesn't punch through lightly armoured vehicles like butter, instead craters them. This particular variant was finalized by a sect of the Time-Guard who wanted something that outdid their fellows in the hyper militant sect. The first wrist snap is covered by Medical, the second isn't.

Talde.HD24 AALRF {275}

Our favoured Anti Armour long range rifle, the Talde makes use of specialized 295mm puncturing rounds only used by the Talde, and a grav-dampener that allows common humans to use this panzer killer without risk of injury. A single shot weapon, it favours an instant transmission heavy approach to combat where the user is constantly jumping and taking pot-shots from vulnerable angles. Not that the Talde can't punch through rolled steel like glass.

Type-800 Standard Rail Rifle {340}

One of the few standardized Rail-Gun Rifles, the type-800. The 800 has a fifteen round drum with a three round per minute rate of fire. This may not seem like much, but a half-pound shot flying at mach-5 craters most targets. While considered over-kill against leg-infantry it is respected as a vehicle and power armour killer. The effective range of the Type-800 is up for dispute as orbital AI travellers making use of the Rail-Rifle have landed shots from 219 kilometres. Most only get a fraction of this, but the possibility is there.

Standardized Vindicator Minigun {400}

A weapon only for power-armour, vehicles, excess-augs and those due for a trip to Medical, the Vindicator is a hydraulically driven eight-barrel auto-cannon designed for armour and fortification breaking. Making use of the 40x200mm STAN rounds, vindicator is just over 320 pounds and under optimal conditions can put out just over 4300 rounds per minute. Excessive and uncompromising, the Vindicator excels in situations where excess is required and any secrecy is thrown out the window. As such it falls almost completely to the Void-Hunters and Fighters who love a hot mess.

TM.75 RPG Launcher {125}

The Ruchnoi Protivotankoviy Granatomyot was imported almost wholesale from Bolshevik Gurkand and has only received consistent minor improvements that iron out the host of small issues faced by the flexible launcher. The Model 75 has an effective range of 300 meters, and makes use of 'vacuum' anti-personal and HEAT rounds. Relatively light, this RPG can be easily used by even Mokresia and remains a grand equalizer.

TM.413 CAERLG Laser rifle {320}

Laser weaponry has many pitfalls and obstacles to overcome, usually never crossed until a direct necessity opens up in void combat. The majority of civilizations never even reach such needs. The CAERLG rifle is the sum of several centuries tinkering and remains niche, thanks to the popularity of more physical weapons. But it has still gained a following for utterly crushing bloom and speed issues thanks to the 'mini-burst' pattern that can cook a human face in one third of a millisecond. Requires an excess of battery power, with such batteries operating on the munition ration system.

TM.4 Grav-Cannon {475}*

Properly weaponized gravity cannons are heavy monsters that require a great amount of strength to carry, significant technical knowledge to operate and creativity to actually utilize as a weapon. Despite being on the weapons list most only use these for moving furniture and basic trebuchet attacks, but skilled operators have a well earned reputation for breaking expectations and bones inside the forty metre distortion range. Tracing from repurposed industrial equipment even now, Traveller Grav-Cannons can go for months without recharging thanks to optimized battery systems.

Shoulder Mounted Plasma Cannon {200}

SMPCs are weapons that often pop up in Urumeck and Mokresian cultures. Linked to helmet or mask cams, the SMPC can provide low-noise fire while the hands are occupied, either in climbing or in melee combat. Wide-spread introduction has been a recent event, Mokresian Travellers remain a growing minority while Urumeck cultures tend to avoid reliance on Plasma weaponry entirely, and for a climbing species these cannons are a godsend. Traveller SMPCs require only armour mounting and some kind of head connection, with any visor or helmet serving for that mount and the psi-connection. The Cannon can usually get thirty shots off in a minute with direct eye accuracy, but slower more methodical focus tends to produce better results. Light shots can inflict minor burns, while actual charged shots can tear a gold-ball sized hole through a human chest cavity. Additionally recharge plasma is required and overheating is especially dangerous when the cannon is sitting right beside your head.

TM.8 INSMART Mortar {200}

Conventional Mortars were recently brought back in as a result of the ongoing tensions, despite protests by Admin. The INSMART is a simple, mobile and easily operated 80mm launcher meant for individual use. The Mortar has a 720 meter range and like the Talde is optimized for repeated jumps to keep the Traveller safe and the enemy horribly baffled as to the shooters location. Mortars come in the same variations as grenades with matching rations.

'BFS' {1200}*

The 'Big Fuckoff Special' is a weapon that has drifted throughout the Order over the past seven centuries with so many rumours now it is impossible to tell where it really came from. The BFS fires what could best be described as 'eighteen-wheeler of ionizing plasma' that melts any organic material that has the misfortune of being within eighty metres of the BFS. The actual 'projectile' of the BFS 'spreads' immediately after the shot to turn said shot into a ten by ten metre wall of death. This is useful in Instant Transmission combat, as micro-jumps unless coming at full 180 degree shifts will still be in blast radius. Of course, each shot takes the BFS twenty seconds to fire, and munitions are extremely limited. So make those shots count.

DacK-Bender {1400}*

Weaponized pocket dimensions are often a pain to use, requiring myriad drones, advanced ethereal weaves and a shit-load of automation to get things working on a combat viable level. Even then, occasionally things won't work as intended, and you end up being the idiot dragged into public stocks for a week because you put a half dozen zweihanders into an innocent bakery and two zweihanders into the baker. The DacK-Bender is a rare, perfected micro-dimension weapons system that operates on a sub-conscious input loop, literally feeling the opening and firing out with the half-dozen cycling pocket dimensions stocked full of weapons. It remains unclear how the system works, as the component dimensions apparently produce their own swords for throwing and will 'recharge' if given the time. It is also unknown where exactly this weapon came from, or how it got into the armoury.

Pantokrator {750}*

An old relic weapon with a few centuries under its belt, Pantokrator's former users have all used the weapon for a time, but always parted with it, willingly or in passing. The pump action quadruple barrelled eight gauge shotgun has obvious uses, with such calibre weapons being used in elephant and tarbosaurus hunting. Meeting the physical requirements of such a gun are simple enough, even if they are a high bar, and the weapon's seemingly endless internal supply of shells (which helpfully dissolve into carbon dust post ejection) provide what should be a perfect weapon. But the prior users all report a mania in use that traces to the weapon, sentient, but not sapient. Hungry. Recklessness pervades the mind, and it would take a person of equal self-control and brutality to 'safely' use Pantokrator.

Casting Centre {250}

An organically formed gemstone based upon the Bezoar to act as a focusing agent for ethereal manipulation, this is primarily used in spells. These are somewhat delicate (as much as a polished crystal sphere can be) and lack any amplifying focus compared to other casting mediums. However these Centres are easily focused to a user and in time 'mutate' to better accommodate their users, mirroring their magic styles and personalities.

Elder Staff {550}

A rifle to the Casting Centre's club, the Elder staff is made of Kashmar Cypress wood and remains a prominent tool of the Ethereal department's upper membership. The Elder staff acts as an extreme concentrating agent for ethereal manipulation, primarily in spells. An Elder staff will turn a man sized blast of fire into a two story blaze, if channelled directly through it. This focus comes with downsides, as the slightest error will also be amplified to disastrous effect. It's advised not to begin learning ethereal manipulation with the staff. But I'm not with the Judiciary, so do as you will.

Codaori Rings {350}

A set of six enchanted and harmonized bronze rings, meant to act as a collective focusing agent for ethereal manipulation. These rings are a very safe option, being loaded out the ass with repeat enchantments to dim ethereal back-blast, elemental damage & both psionic & pskyer elements. To the point some don't even make use of the casting focus and just wear them for protection.

Kemetshupt Aspis {175}

An old trick-weapon, the Aspis appears to be nothing more than a fancied wooden staff with a snake carving. But when triggered, either by word or by an optional psi-link, the staff will transform into an Egyptian Cobra homunculus and seek to maul just about anything that isn't the owner. Until the owner restores the cobra to its wooden form. These Aspis are known for their ill-temperament and venom equal to their living counterparts, but given a few years or decades, one can trust them with basic commands. Not to the point where they're considered even full automatons, but it is something to consider if you want to utilize an Aspis.

Third Eye of Kali {600}

Despite still requiring surgical implantation into the forehead (covered by the cost of purchase), the malice of the Third Eye keeps it firmly categorized as a weapon. These Blackened organs can, with hostile focus ignite anything flammable, so long as a clear line of sight is held for a few moments. The exact effectiveness of this ignition depends on the user's mental state and inclination. Timid individuals will only be able to ignite a campfire, and would only inconvenience an enemy. Someone who embodies a mindset kind to Samhara Kali would have much more 'explosive' results.

Amulet of the Sorrows {1000}*

Guilt as a tool is effective only on those capable of it, you cannot dissuade those who do not feel it or have yet to carry guilt. Usually this is the rule. What we internally refer to as the Amulet of the Sorrows is an exception to this rule, disproportionately afflicting those typically unaffected by guilt, where already mired individuals will barely feel the effects. The strength of this effect is unpredictable, sometimes only causing minor annoyance to full on immediate suicide attempts. While less effective on Travellers the Amulet still works, perhaps because of the power source. Wearing the Amulet emotionally drains the owner, and given enough time most will slip into extreme depression and apathy. Former users now number in the dozens.

Psion Harmonizing Fork {450}

As much a weapon as a tool, this naginata sized fork is bladed explicitly to serve as a defensive short polearm if need be, but has a much more potent capacity to focus a psion's mental output with exponential results. This allows even weak psions to do serious physical damage, but many Travellers consider the fork a crutch that dissuades the user from personal growth. They aren't always wrong either.

Force Weapon {600}

Coming in the melee template of your choice, the Force-weapon is a single-cast pskyer weapon meant to provide a safe (or as safe as a psyker can get) channel to use their abilities. These act as harmonizers as much as weapons, and some Psykers refuse to be parted with their force weapons. Actual effects range from infernal if physical strike potential to the point psykers can operate in equal capacity to their magus brethren. At the end of the day, this weapon is a medium and a channel, and relies on the user for results.

'Positivity Projector' {275}

A hyper-specialized weapon that has almost exclusively been utilized by the Judiciary and Home-Guard for dealing with their fellows. The PP is an organic 'mental influencer' that fills any target in a twenty meter radius with 'overwhelming feelings of heightened self-esteem and happiness.' This usually induces vomiting, disorientation and immediate compliance by way of rapid mood whiplash. For most the effect isn't so extreme, though it is almost universally described as 'highly disconcerting' especially by AI and xenos who have sufficiently differentiated mental patterns.

'Conceptual' Gun {25}

A 'gun' that is only a piece of wood, carved in the rough shape of a handgun. The Gun itself has a psychic effect on Non-Travellers who will perceive the CG as a functional weapon, one that induces an exaggerated response. To those easily kowtowed, the Gun is a useful trick 'weapon.' However in the event those non-Travellers are quick to act then one will usually wish they'd done nothing or used a real fire-arm.

Howler of the Lost Ages {550}

An ancient relic that was created by Elders at their height on Terra with a philosophy of 'if they could they should.' They could indeed, and this grisly weapon was recently given the clear (somehow) by Commercial's Ethics board. The weapon creates a 'noise column', essential a stream of self-contained sound that will at best pulp targets and leave them permanently deafened and at worst reduces them to a juice like quality. Few armour can actually stand up to the old Howler, though total body pieces provide some small defence. The Howler is one of the few weapons that can full stop an ancient feral shoggoth. Just be advised ear protection is **vital** and **non-negotiable**.

Old Humility {300}*

It's rare that Mokresian military tools, especially weapons fall into common use. Mokresian tools are often highly specialized for body type and environment, and Mokresian Travellers off of Saris prefer modified Human or Urumek weaponry. But there are always exceptions, Old Humility was returned to the order after a century spent carving through anything unfortunate enough to be caught in its snare. Nano-Wire Lassos like Old Humility are uncommon, owing to their relatively short range and the danger a misplaced breeze or accident presents, but their versatility and trapping potential earn them a special niche. This relic in particular has an even sharper 'edge' than other variants, not just garroting but actively decapitating netted targets, allowing for use in full apparent combat.

Flagellant's Nine-Tail {275}*

Old Flagellant weapons still linger in the Order's stocks, Commercial refusing to get rid of them as whenever one is returned, another is purchased. These accursed steel-tipped relics used in self mutilation have the curious effect of instigating equal wounds, if the Flagellant maintains eye-contact on a target while engaging in self-harm. Few are so masochistic to use the Nine-Tail on a regular basis, and the damage that it inflicts while painful is rarely fatal without repeated strikes. But there are always a few who both enjoy suffering, and have the creative eye to utilize the Nine-Tail in battle.

Sjormaug-Type GLM {600}*

Traveller Biological weapons are forcibly restrained to self contained microsystems, and as such are rarely worth the trouble of maintenance compared to conventional weapons. The Sjormaug is one of the few that have attained any success. The Gene-Linked mold is tied to a user's nervous system, allowing direct control of the GLM's growth. When inert, the Sjormaug appears like a metal jar filled with biomass, but on command will rapidly 'grow' its way out, able to cross a room in the blink of an eye, up a person's body and either seep into their skin or go for the orifices. Once inside, the results are fast and unpleasant. GLMs are usually stealth weapons, the extensions weighing heavily on the core 'colony' in the jar and the mold requires direct surface to surface contact to spread. Cut off growths will dry up and rot in a few minutes. While Sjormaug can kill a person if it enters their bloodstream or breathing system, it requires time and contact to get there. The mold must also be maintained, but upkeep is as basic as it gets.

Consolidated Shaderagi* {275}

Due to a loss of fetishistic talent and a more binding element, the old Shaderagii have been replaced by a more centralized bound attack-spirit. This Shaderagi is bound to the wielder, an independent (barely) sentient spirit entity that can very much impact the physical world. Only vulnerable to ethereal attacks and able to return from anything so long as the wielder persists. Over the years, these have been seen to grow more into pets than tools, with some petitioning to have the Shaderagi moved to another requisition list.

Saint Akhmed's Bastard* {800}

The entirety of the Commercial faction and the whole apparatus of supply is still grieving the loss of their old headman and recently proclaimed Saint Akhmed. One of the last weapons in the arsenal from the Saint of questionable sanity is the 'bastard.' AKA; Akhmed's Pandora. No one has yet to fully figure out even the basics of the Bastard, which is alleged to possess six hundred and sixty six internal weapons. It remains to be seen if there's any truth to this claim, but no one can deny the suit-case looking element is labyrinthine in construct, with multiple internal pocket dimensions. It also seems to be alive and enjoys eating lesser weapons, although it is unclear if it needs to eat. Tread lightly, this will require much experimentation to use.

Cloaked Nightmare Entity* {375}

Similar to the Shaderagi though instead capitalizing upon the Traveller immunity to grandchild induced madness and mental-distortions. Barely sentient grandchildren of semi-ethereal presence can be grafted onto a Traveller, this entity on command can pull themselves from the Traveller's off-angles, revealing themselves to cause serious mental damage to the vast majority of sapient foes. This doesn't work on grandchildren themselves, and these entities tend to creep upon the binding Traveller. To some this is endearing, and like the Shaderagi some treat them as pets. Naturally it is only a matter of time before someone in Commercial attempts to kill someone else over the classification of these creatures.

Shelkrig Parasite* {150}

A rather unpleasant creature that barely classifies as truly alive with a meter long extendable jaw and the capacity to vomit acid on command. The Shelkrig is typically grafted on the arm and in an inert state appears to be nothing more than a nasty lump. The current Shelkrig have been domesticated to a degree, and will obey their hosts mental commands. However they are still known to get jealous of other weapons, 'accidentally' melting them in extreme cases. They should be fed protein chunks monthly, to keep them from draining excess amounts of blood from their hosts.

Lakariki Dread {700}*

'Weaponized atmospheric-jellyfish' sounds like a terrible idea, and usually turns out disastrously. Such simple creatures will typically entangle and devour anything that they can grab, lacking the ability to be properly trained. But such simplicity allows other means of direction, in our case, technological. The Lakariki Dread is a man-of-war sized terror originating on the Nisetiic homeworld, and like a sea jellyfish the majority of their free hanging tendrils are free-hanging nematocysts. Unlike their simplistic sea cousins, Lakariki possess two flexible harpoon tendrils, that can slash or pierce and drag lighter targets into the Lkariki's lethal curtain. These creatures can digest small animals in minutes, and an adult Nisetiic peasant in just over an hour. Our Lakariki are implanted with control chips, allowing them to be controlled directly with a computer or given general commands. They're hard programmed to never strike a Traveller, although their tendrils remain lethal to anything fleshy that touches them.

Hardigan AAM {800}*

'Autonomous Assault Meme' is a phrase most seniors in Experimental have come to dread. Memetic weapons are simultaneously absurdly dangerous and a massive waste of time, the very act of retrofitting thoughts and perceptions for a lethal mass hallucination is appealing, but simply denying an AAM by force is enough to starve them out and kill them in short order. The Hardigan takes a direct approach to handling AAM problems by binding the entire weapon to a physical individual who can freely initiate and cease Hardigan activity. This places a hard limit on effective range to the local vicinity, and ensures the AAM will not be starved out of existence by retention in a Traveller's mind. As for the weapon's properties? As myriad and horrific as living terror can conjure to doom itself. Or, as potentially ineffectual as the mind can make another.

Caltrop Satchel {10}

Simple and yet devastating in places where they aren't expected, this bag of (80) simple Caltrops is deceptively useful, though only in the right circumstances. Be it hoof or boot, the razor tip can sheer through anything not specifically plated and has surprising use against conventional post-warfare soldiers. The Caltrop remains in common use by True Travellers as hold-out weaponry.

Suicide Drones {300}*

A set of (4) drones with a modding kit and matching explosives. Centred around blast resistant cores, these drones upon combusting will slowly return to the master, making the title of 'suicide drones' a bit of a misnomer. The drones can last for decades if properly maintained. Delivering small but effective charges, these come in wheeled, legged and airborne variants. These drones have fantastic modability, to the point some forget their original explosive purposes.

Mines {80}*

Were it not for the hyper stream-lined medical practices and the diligence of our mine-sweeping crews, these would have been removed from the armoury a long time ago. As it stands, some are still occasionally flailed by the Judiciary for 'accidental activation' on Ae. Traveller mines come in EMP, Screamer, Standard Explosive, Piano-Wire 'Spaghetti' Blast, Nail-Bomb, Incendiary, Toxic & Knock-Out Gas variants. All fresh off the line, with blast resistant purchase Ids, of course. Each purchase offers an Ae-monthly supply of (4) Mines.

Grenades {60}*

Understandably more popular and safe than mines, a misplaced grenade is typically more easily forgiven and mitigated than the misplaced latter. Occasional floggings are still visited upon the overzealous fighter cliques for property damage. Like the Mines, purchase grants (8) grenades of your preferred type, delivered once every Ae month. Comes in EMP, Standard Frag, Manual & Timed Activation, Tear-Gas, Knockout Gas, Toxic Gas, Plasma, Incendiary, 'Dud' and the classic Rhōmaikón Fire variants.

Deconstruction Charges {200}*

Less weapons, more tools. The deliberate stratagem of planting these on moving hostile armour saw them moved to the weapons requisition as that is now their primary purpose. And admittedly, deconstruction charges do the job very well, one charge can essentially pop most 2200s WW4 ultra-heavy tanks and APCs like shaken Cola cans. You receive (2) charges on the same cycle as grenades and mines.

FFC Explosive {180}*

An odd-ball, like deconstruction charges, FFC explosives were initially a preservation and blocking tool. On detonation they create a ten meter diameter half-sphere of hardened carbon material. Naturally, rather than using this for preserving injured elements and endangered life-forms, some made use of it as a weapon, as much as instantaneous cover. Living creatures can be restored from the induced personification, it just isn't very pleasant. You receive two FCC charges, on standard licence & ration scheme.

Natural Weapons {200}*

Organic weapons, be they gene-modded entirely into your genetic code or simply grafted onto the Traveller are available to all and remain a staple of the Order. Stinger tails, extendable chitin spikes, boiling blood eye-shot or simply a new set of predatory teeth with a jaw strength boost. The Biological department accepts custom requests on the flat rate, though rejection rates tend to rise right beside ambitions. The Biological department loves a challenge and will spend as long as it takes on a weapon should the request tickle them.

Poisons {250}*

Poison was countered a while back for internal Traveller issues, de-liquification being perhaps one of the most unpleasant experiences a Traveller can experience, and as such remains a right of passage for some particularly deranged cliques. However in dealing with outsiders, it remains a potent if uncommon tool. Purchase entitles a Traveller to (1) vial of their preferred poison with refills available once an Ae month. Comes in (12h) Dreamless Sleep, (12H) Naxius Perceptions, (2H to Expiration) Internal Hemorrhaging, (1H to Expiration) Brain Failure and (30m) Physical Liquidation.

The Jóhonaaéi {3200}*

Typically, Orbital Solar Cannons are more trouble than they're worth. Just setting the damn things up takes a week at least and requires a void component, and in any case where the opposition has Instant-Transmission or combat void-capability there's the risk they'll detonate the satellite component before you even get a shot off. Then there is the extensive aligning, waiting for these things to charge for a month and the restraints of the orbit. Of course, nothing really beats dropping a 32-Kt blast on some insufferable Grandchild 'God' out of left-field.

Enchantments {150 for Melee & Simple Ranged} {350 for Advanced Range}**

Weapons may be enchanted or runed to various effects if a Traveller wants. The cost of this process varies, as it is relatively simple to enchant a blade, while it is a massive pain in the taint to inflict the same enchantments on a rifle. The effects of the latter are often negligible, though for cooling or eccentrics it is possible. Effects include Elemental auras such as flame or bitter cold, passive Regeneration and self-cleaning, Vampiric in either metaphysical or literal effect, Visibility in aura or the inverse, command based Boomerang effect, Lethality, Guidance, Selective Tangibility on voice command and the 'Avaricious Taint.' Custom effects are available, though double the standard cost.

Weapon Blessings {25}**

For a small fee, weapons may be blessed by the various communions of Ae to various effects. While admittedly humble and largely useless, the effect can be startling on occasion against entities anathema to such beliefs. Though some only seek comfort in such blessings.

Weapon Mods {80 for Melee & Simple Ranged} {200 for Advanced Range}**

For a fee, purchased weapons may be modded or other munition types requested beyond the stock standard. Electrification and Ignic-Flame modules may be added to melee weapons keeping their variations both grounded and optional use. User-Scan chips may be fixed onto weapons to ensure only the owner uses them, and outside of the standard munition rations specialized munitions like riot-shot, AP and full-metal may be requested as the norm, or panned with the purchase of additional munition Subscriptions. Retrieval jumpers may also be added, allowing instantaneous return of a weapon at the tap of the bracer. Other modifications are available, but the specialization typically double the price.

Reclaimer Round Set {300}**

Instant Transmission weapons that are not organically or true AI operated are more dangerous to the controllers than their targets, restraining actual use to small, hyper specific roles. Reclaimer Rounds are Adamantos bullets that 'jump' back into their chambers when they become static. This allows them to be used potentially thousands of times over until the bullets rupture and corrode into base carbon dust. Some weapons are naturally better fitted for RR than others, foremost among them Revolvers and bolt action rifles. Unlike other munitions, RR are single purchase, and provide a set number of bullets.

RD Round {1200}**

Rex Dissectum Rounds are time-reversion rounds created by the Experimental Department with a convoluted nature. An RDR occupies its own time frame, and upon being fired it will after ten seconds revert itself, inflicting the damage of the shot instantly but seemingly never firing. Like a Reclaimer Round the RD is adamantos and carries the damage of each impact, giving it a long but still limited lifespan. Unlike a Reclaimer, the Rex Dissectum Round can be used repeatedly in short order not needing 'our' time for impact. Just be advised, the RDR is a tool, and a fatal mistake is instantaneous.

Innocuous Duplication {100}**

Base holographic covers go largely unused in the Order. There's always been a divide between those capable of subtlety and those who refuse to be parted with their Akte 47 in public. Innocuous Duplication is utilized by the latter. An ID system is a custom reactive visual cover system that ensures a weapon goes unnoticed by those outside of the Order. Of course, you can only do so much for things like a Mathersly-232.

Additional Munition Subscription {50}**

Ranged weaponry that is one way expanded will be replaced on an monthly cycle at request. This is typically enough for operation, a decent supply of magazines or a full crate for larger weapons. Some however find this lacking, and request double their standard. Some go even further, as Fighters are known to get a little stiff over suppression.

Combination Weapons {50}**

Weapons may be thrown together for whatever reason, at a small fee. This works best in duplication or simplicity. But if you want to get... Excessive, then there's nothing stopping you. Besides common sense and the need to wield whatever abomination you create, of course.

Custom Weapon Orders {250 for Melee & Simple Ranged} {700 for Advanced Ranged}**

After the recent 'Nzwamii' incident the custom weapon department has been set on hold. Free-Contractors for custom weapons are still available, but they are far from cheap. It should also be noted that after the Coderie affair and scraping whatever was left of Strangelove off the floor, super-weapons have been collectively vetoed.

[Quality List]

Tier-(1) [Cheaply Made / Used/ Off-Ae Shipment] (x0.5)

Tier-(2) [Standard Traveller Manufacture] (x1)

Tier-(3) [Artisan Shop Quality Manufacture] (x2)

*** Material Pre-set, Cost is Flat**

**** Equipment Modifier, added to final equipment cost**

The same rules apply to the Weapons catalogue as the Armour, for those who were having too much of a good time and missed when their shitty their guns should actually jam. And for those who want something specific from the Order's quality craftsmen. Requesting Qualities is optional. If not stated everything will assumed to be the standard Tier-(2) and comes exactly as explained. Tier-(1) can be considered functional if either battered, imported or made from worse components. Tier-(3) is some of the the very best you can get on Ae.

Initial Equipment Requisition; Other Equipment

“All done? Good. Now the second last section, 'Support Equipment' even if everyone calls it 'Misc' these days.” {Blasé Clicking} “An outdated military term much like the 'military requisition credits.' Like a lot of things on the list I think you'll find. Still, it's not all that terrible. Just search through, see what you will need delivered and maintained for standard operation. There are plenty of smaller things beyond, but this is the vitals. Courtesy of Commercial, Collection and the Departments.”

“Take your time, this stuff isn't going anywhere.”

Jump Pegs [Free]*

Typically, when a Traveller leaves a reality behind, it is lost to them. Existence is as leviathan as it is myriad, and without presence, the shifting of Being will make it almost impossible to find again. At least without the Augur's assistance. These pegs allow one to return to a place and a relative time where activated, if a Traveller departs from that reality or chooses to explore the same locale on the broad shared Traveller time-frame. The pegs are not perceptible to non-Travellers, like ID-cards and ID-chips, though other Travellers can make use of them.

Basic Survival Kit [Free]*

The most basic necessities for survival for (almost) all organic entities. This kit contains basic tools such as sparkers and cording binds, a super compressed water dispenser with an eight year supply beside a matching Nutri-Cube storage sack. The kit also includes maps of Ae for those who want to navigate local terrain, a basic guide for local affairs and all the forms needed to make requisitions in the future. Fits neatly in the palm of the hand and easily stored in just about any bag. Just a bit bloody heavy, as while you can store *most* of the weight inside the dimensional folds, you can't get all of it.

Basic Bags [Free]*

The basic cargo bags, coming in back-pack, sack and messenger bag formats. These are as basic as you can get and guaranteed to hold up to one hundred and sixty pounds without issue, although the cording can usually carry double that at the expense of long-form livelihood. Comes with an incubation and cooling set-up, and available in the colour of your choosing. *Er-Sic-Sec-Vend-OTL *“So long as that colour is brown. I do love supply issues.”*

ID Card [Free & Mandatory]*

Coming in holo-chip, injection-chip and actual physical card formats, the IDC identifies you as a Traveller and is imperceptible to outsiders. The card is mandatory in many internal affairs, but also comes with an VS credit storage chit if you prefer digital transactions. And don't worry about the picture so much, you can get it replaced later with something a little less awkward.

Enhanced Cargo Bags [25]

A fully adjustable set of (6) hiking bags with six times the holding weight of the basics, ECBs are so successful that only overconfident AI and meat-cubes end up breaking them. Optimized for long range travel with optional locking mechanisms. Unlike the basics you can actually choose the colours.

Organic 'Meat-Bag' [40]*

An organic variant of the Cargo bags, while they are alive, these are about as aware as a plant and require monthly watering and feeding. They're actually much stronger and defensive, actively biting anyone who isn't the owner if they attempt to help themselves to their cargo. The meaty appearance is a bit disconcerting, but apparently that is just a part of the charm.

Bottomless Sack [150]*

The standard personal model of 'pocket-space', a micro dimension with a few dozen square feet of room, bound up into a small bag. These bags are immensely useful for transporting individual gear, however they aren't without 'quirks.' Weight negation of the contents is dimmed but not absolute and it is vital the Sack be kept in your hands. Loosing these, especially in the wrong locale is just begging some kind of incident that no one wants to deal with. Yes it has happened before, and no, the last idiot responsible has yet to be given his knees back.

Hammer-Closet [400]*

A mobile pocket dimension the size of a small bungalow. The Hammer-Closet has an active and a dormant state. In Dormancy it will appear as only a folded iron door. However upon activation the pocket-space will become fully accessible, while the full weight of the contents materialize on the frame. For hoarders this may be a problem as the set-up and shut-down process take only a few seconds, and these Closets have a reputation accordingly. However some have managed to transform their weapon closets into sword artillery weapons and mobile hospitals. Same rules apply as the sack. Keep it safe and keep it secure.

Universal Thumb [15]*

A hand-held homing beacon that can draw the attention of just about anything from FTL Ships to radar when activated. These thumbs are usually used for hitch-hiking in advanced realities, while in primitive locals they serve as homing beacons for Travellers in need. Comes with all the regular perks and issues that one might expect of hitch-hiking.

M.W.J. (Mathery-Wilkes-Jokki) Travellers Encyclopedia Vol 1-8325 [120]*

The Mathery, Wilkes & Jokki series has been a massed collection of Traveller academic knowledge, with several centuries of work behind it and dedicated ongoing expansion. Containing both broad-multi-reality and focused individual reality information, you'd be hard pressed to find a more consolidated well of knowledge. The Entire Encyclopedia is available digitally, though a *substantially* more expensive physical version is available for eight times the cost. But one is required to actually have the space to store several thousand books before purchase.

24-HR Multi-Reality News Feed [15]*

The recently overhauled internal information system, now available in micro-pager, ear-eye implants and bracer supplant systems. The News Feed provides a constant line of information ongoing in our numerous internal affairs. Both good and ill, the feed ensures one won't be left in the dark in Traveller politics, culture and events. No matter how convoluted they grow.

Ae-Universal Rail Line Pass [10]*

A vast and moderately efficient railway system covers most of Ae, or delves under the surface in more extreme locales. The universal pass grants access to any train system on the homeworld, as well as the numerous internal ferry or deep-elevator systems. Good for walkers, or those interested in seeing the whole of Ae in a fashion that isn't schizophrenic by easy jumping.

Multiversal Timekeeper [125]*

Comparing a MTK to a watch is like comparing a Quetzalcoatlus to a gnat. These Timekeepers keep a staggering number of time-systems on record for easy reference, as well as lunar, solar, celestial, tidal and more esoteric local systems. Not only that but it will also display a good amount of detail on other things of interest, including weather predication, ecological era, and ongoing cosmological events. Excellent for those who stumble around being like a drunk on a pub crawl and information addicts.

Ether 'Reader' [140]*

Multi-faceted in nature, Ether Readers are a recently introduced branch complex scanners, designed to identify both individual instances of ethereal manipulation and the greater nature of a plane's capacity for ethereal manipulation. Admittedly even reading the thing can be a pain in the ass to the uninitiated, but for those willing to learn or already learned, the Reader could be a very useful tool when Trailblazing across new realities. It's the difference between showing where you can light a match and where you are lighting up a match in a gas vein.

Standard Breather [20]*

A standard full mouth covering breather to ensure oxygen filtration in even the most toxic environments and through liquids like water. Comes in both scarf wrap and the "biter" variants, as well there is an 'water scarf' set-up available, for gilled but amphibious individuals on request with the purchase. It's usually easier to go under the water than it is to get out of it, but this does help.

Universal Traveller Markers [25]*

Complex is the data-webway we've cultivated for ourselves over the years across existence. More advanced custom waypoints and reservoirs are erected every passing decade, though these basic markers remain used almost universally. Logging actions for public bragging, practical information of ongoing timeline intricacies and esoteric notes in larger multi-reality schemes can all be laid open for the record. If such broadcasting serves you, at least. It is all too common for people to just keep acting on their own and end up surprised when the Guard walk in when their pants are off. Metaphorically. Usually metaphorically anyways. Hopefully...

Passover Module [400]*

Established for the paranoid and the foolhardy who know their limits, Passover Modules are custom micro-dimensions, that upon activation literally sucks the Traveller inside and locks them in stasis. This stasis could hypothetically last for an epoch, but will usually be keyed to a panic-button responder or a simple timer system. Once inside, nothing could touch the Traveller in question. Perfect safety, which some consider to be incredibly boring and counter-productive. After all, to some you aren't a proper Traveller until you get your first expiry in.

Recorder Line [20]*

An ego project that has grown wildly out of hand from a modded UTM, Recorder Lines are ghost Authors that literally record a Traveller's Story as they progress in life, from the view of a simplistic SI. These lines are popular among eccentrics, Fighters and the True Traveller. Recorder's come with a number of tones including informational, decadent, Alexiadic, and self-deprecating.

'All'Pur' Camping Set [125]*

The All-Purpose All-Environment Camping Set is quite literal in its stated function, an easily assembled four person tent and the supplies needed to maintain camp. For just about any environment. Built to be potentially used in toxic, radioactive and extreme weather environments the core-interior can be formatted for any terrain and clime. The All'Pur comes with additional covers to ensure the tent doesn't draw attention in low-tech locales.

'44' Model All-Environment Survival Gear [175]*

The most recent model set of survivalist gear, compressed for relatively easy travel. The 44 includes just about everything you could think of from a set of water-purification spoons to Geiger counters to basic climbing harnesses to radiation pills. The small bundle has so much one often forgets the specifics. And then looks like an ass when they're dragged in for whatever frost-bitten state they've gotten themselves into when they had a micro-heater.

Emergency Med-Kit [40]*

Basic enough even the more dense sapient could make use of it. The Emergency Med-Kit is a small box aimed at keeping a Traveller breathing in extreme situations when there is little time for subtlety and caution. Contains a full array of emergency nanite injections, base surgical equipment, binds and gauze, disinfectants, a simple med-drone and a cocktail of drugs for any situation.

'All-Strings' Medical Bag [220]*

An extensive compressed assembly of both conventional and advanced medical equipment that no Traveller doctor would not be caught dead without. The All-Strings includes advanced surgical equipment, matching bedding and diagnostics information, a wide array of both emergency drugs and long form prescription suppliers, several configurable nanite injections, and with Medical examinations, a constant stocking of fresh supplies. All courtesy of the Medical department. While it is hardly as straight forward as an EMK, it does have similar if more complex automated systems and a drone.

Automatic Repair Model [50]*

The Mechanical brother to the emergency Med-Kit, ARMs are lightweight compact micro-drones designed to automatically repair damaged equipment and AI travellers. Requiring nothing besides a base set of perimeters the ARM is excellent for emergency situations and low-tech Travellers who make use of higher tech gear. When kept running they tend to develop attachments to their owners, like dogs some people insist.

'All-Strings' Mechanics Box [260]*

Tools configured both for Traveller equipment and a highly modable set of alternatives, comes with welding supplies, a micro-lathe, moulding gear, configurable optics and a sub-assembler for particularly complex components. This heavy box is optimal for any aspiring mechanic, roboticist, engineer or savvy self-sufficient Traveller. Heavy enough you might just need the vehicle you'd be repairing to carry it around with you, to say nothing of the raw materials one actually requires. Just check in with Mechanical for that, they burn through supplies.

Full De-Tox Module [120]*

What can best be described as a 'plug-in' set of synthetic kidneys and lungs, the De-Tox module is an intelligent piece of equipment that can clean out a fully grown Urumeck's cardiovascular system in five minutes of all potential hazardous materials. A safe-stay in any hazardous environments where chemical and toxic damage is inevitable, though more often DT-Mods end up with those seeking a full stache of medical equipment or those with nasty drinking habits. At this point Medical has given up on containing local alcoholism and just allows them to be sold en-mass for the latter.

Hardlight 'Glue' [300]*

A recent introduction to cope with the influx and ascension of Hardlight entity travellers. This glue is a temporary solution to any non-fatal damage a Hardlight entity might accrue, allowing one to quickly keep their core together and to escape in relatively one piece to the chemical baths. The glue while not a permanent fixture is about as close as you get to medical aid on a rock without a full science lab behind you.

Old-Standard Living Rations [40]*

The pride of the Logistics centre, the Old-Standard program has been running successfully for almost nine hundred years uninterrupted. Once a month you receive a humble crate with packaged long lasting meals to enjoy, along with emergency meals, hygiene products, and a number of basic living necessities tailored for your sex / species. Despite the focus on practicality and the excessive life-span of the rations, the system remains wildly popular with the wide variety of meals, snacks and living goods. To date there are just over one and a half million subscriptions filed and the program is the most actively supported across the Order.

'The Irons' Mono-Meal Ration [25]*

A pure meal ration subscription kind to the OSLR, operating on the same monthly re-supply timeline. The 'Iron' in the Mono-Meal is a canned serving of edible... Substance. Not animal, vegetable or mineral but some horrible alternative. Regardless of the taste and texture, an Urumeck Matron could live exclusively on the Irons in the most extreme circumstances. Durable, lightweight and taking up a fraction of the space proper food would. It almost makes up for the ungodly textures.

Morell Alcohol Subscription [30]*

Our early days were rife with prohibition wars and extremely low quality product that cost us much. Enough the Council of Nine instituted our own Reinheitsgebot, codifying allowed ingredients and alcohol content. The commercial apparatus is still restrained by this, and the Morell subscription entitles you to a reasonable drinking supply of a liquor of your choice (believe me the list is extensive) delivered on the standard rations schedule.

Privic Drug Prescription [60]*

Like alcohol, drugs were at one point both a point of extreme internal contention, with illness from overdoes and terrible product a distressingly common cause of death. Unlike alcohol the solution was much more delicate, and handed over to VTOL-PRIVIC.291.192.290001, a controversial organisitic AI. People still curse his name over the crack-downs and subsequent total assimilation of the original drug market, though it goes no further these days. These rations are primarily recreational and cover just about every drug you could wish for, but medical drugs are also included on discount. Despite the complaints from Medical who supply such drugs for free, albeit outside of the subscriptions.

Privic 'Luxuries' Rations [20]*

Privic while orchestrating his complete drug conquest also laid out a solid plan for the 'lesser' luxuries in life, identifying them as necessary 'soft' addictives early on. But knowing how touchy humans got over their chocolate waited until after the drug consolidation to push his second plan. The success of that plan lasts into the modern era in the PLR. Local GM Tobacco in either smokables, chewing packs or oils, hashish, soda-syrups, chocolate, sweet-chitin, truffle jerky and so much more is available on routine supply. Delivered directly with any other rations you may receive and comes with a free pipe or hookah if you wish to start.

Nisetic Larva Rations [60]*

Juvenile Cannibalism is an odd facet of Nisetic society, brought on by the mass inter-juvenile cannibalism and the sizable percentage of hatchlings who never moult into sapient Nisetics. Larva rations were proliferated in the early years of the Order to humans and Urumeck and it remains a not uncommon sight. The salted meat has an extremely long shelf life with a reputation for succulence, and while it can be cooked some prefer it 'base.' Delivered by standard monthly supply, though you may request instead larva jerky or pure raw larva flanks if you prefer it juicy.

Native Flesh Rations [45]*

It is an unfortunate reality that a handful of the Order's members have cannibalistic needs, but this is almost completely mitigated through meat farming. To the point that human meat jerky has become a minor staple to many Nisetic Travellers. Flesh rations come in prepared, raw, and jerky forms, delivered on the same cycle as all other rations. One can also receive native blood rations on the regular, rather than needing to go to medical for their supply. The consistency of the Rations system remains to be one of Commercial's greatest strengths.

Nagayoshi Syrup Rations [90]*

Combat drugs were in the ranks before the Order was even properly established, most prominent in the Denial-era relic Hermann-Göring-Pillen. Nagayoshi Syrup is the final step in kicking the worst side-effects of the Pervitin family, providing a rough forty eight hours of full operating wakefulness to the drinker without risk of chemical addiction. After the drug runs out of course the crash is slow and hard, but in some circumstances this is necessity. Continuously taking the syrup does allow for even further extended wakefulness at the risk of cardiovascular failure and a syrup induced coma. Rations are delivered on the standard cycle as needed.

Self-Operating Cooking Gear [120]*

A simple set of self-heating and self-stirring pots and pans, meant for easy storage, long term use and 'unskilled' users. This cooking gear allows even absolute simpletons to enjoy decent home-cooked meals. Though many who can cook make use of the set simply for ease of use. It may not produce the best food, but after a long hard day of work, simply not needing to worry about such things is a luxury.

Short-Term Nueralizer [220]

Disguised as a basic ball-point pen or stele, short-term Nueralizers have no effect on Travellers. But on most outsider flesh sapients, the Nueralizer can create small stunning blasts that effectively suppresses recent short-term memory, especially when reasonable explanation is given. A useful tool for minor cover-ups. These devices are points of interest for the Judiciary who have much more advanced Nueralizers variants for personal use. Of course, some things you can't cover up, and it is best to avoid using a STN as a crutch.

Psychic Paper [50]

Used by suggestion, PP appears to members of the Order as blank paper, but to outsiders on suggestion it will look however official (or not) as the Traveller holding it wishes to infer. Coming in badge, pass, scroll, data-pad and clay-tome formats, some strong-willed individuals will see through the ruse, and some claims won't be taken seriously, not matter how legitimate the 'documentation' appears.

Lexum Hypertracia [300]

Not so much a book as a single 'book' connected to a much larger grander book (which in of itself might be a sapient ascended Traveller who spends far *far* too much time fucking with recruits.) The Lexum Hypertracia will appear completely blank unless opened with intent, at which point volumes of text flower on the pages. The Hypertracia does not provide direct answers to questions, but it can guide Travellers on the path towards answers transcribed on the pages. These answers are useful, as the Hypertracia provides many paths in even the most alien of locales. But it is not without its own 'humour.' One should never put absolute faith the Hypertracia unless circumstances are truly dire.

Traveller Corpse Soap [15]*

Travellers perish, even (or especially) those self-proclaimed immortals. From the ashes of those Travellers we derive both Order Cement and Corpse Soap. Both have an uncanny ability to nauseate those 'higher being' enemies of the order and to prevent otherwise fatal space-time anomalies. While this is used mostly for outing preparation, it is also a very decent soap. Smells of Lavender and ash, allegedly.

'Anon' Mask [180]

Not so much a mask as a full head & neck weave cover. The Anon projects a seamless alternative 'face' as defined by the user. The purely technical trickery has no physical mass but does an excellent job at appearing otherwise, allowing for extensive infiltration or even full impersonation. But it goes without saying that the mask only covers the face, and a miss-matched head & body would attract a lot of attention. Some have gone on wearing these for so long they experience alienation from their own face, and opt into permanent integration of these into the body.

Venathari Headset M.183 [90]

A fully functioning computer and aim-assisting headset, the Venathari has always been a must-have for sharpshooters and technicians with its generous information display and simple psi-link connection. The thought controlled interface also allows low-tech Travellers to utilize the Venathari for minor computation and its basic functions, even if the majority of the Venathari's horsepower will go unused.

Enhanced Oculatus [165]

The 'dumbed-down' Interior structure of an Urumek Hunter's Mask that remains useful albeit very delicate. the Oculatus is equipped with a dozen modes to 'see' temperature ranges, pheromone trackers, sound distortions, 'organic radiation', and several variances on the elector-magnetic spectrum converted for your own vision. The Oculatus is favoured by practical hunters or unorthodox Urumek who forgo tradition.

Urumek Hunters Mask [250]

Our Order has existed long enough to warrant it's own Mask Style in the Old Urumek clan tradition. The Adamantos Hunting mask is loaded with an advanced respirator, the afformentioned Oculatus and a noise-filtration system for both deafening battles and quiet hunts. Being forged out of Adamantos (with steel cored 'braids' for non-Urumek owners) the mask also provides excellent protection. Of course, wearing this invites challenges and expectations from your fellows. Some humans have worn these for centuries and are just as stern as any Urumek Grand-Elder or Hierophant.

'De-Deafs' [30]

The stripped and simplified ear-covers that originated from the Urumek Mask design. De-Deafs can provide noise amplification and dampening at the touch of a button, allowing for inhuman sensitivity or safety from noise based weaponry. These are considered must-have for heavy-gunners, battle-minded Travellers, hunters and very light sleepers.

Standard Model Jetpack [275]

You would not believe how many people we lost back in the day to accidental self-immolation and tank-compromise combustion, to the point wherein an ordinance had to be signed so a (relatively) safe universal Jetpack was created. These SMJs come in a number of sizes with personal optimization to ensure each user gets a minimum hour of high mobility flight. But that is just a starting point, and some get much more out of these. Keep in mind it takes a long-while to master Jet-packing, and one should be advised a hard landing can shatter a lot of bones.

Magnetic Boots [40]

Taken more or less intact from the void-ship maintenance crew tool shelf, Magnetic boots are industrial grade boots with powerful magnetic soles, allowing the wearer to clomp along upside-down in grav'd-environs and to stay grounded zero-gravity locales. Please remember to tie your laces, the boots can't help you if you slip out of them.

InvisiYUT 'Cloak' [200]

Designed to be implanted into the Bracer with a few weave points in your clothes, these 'cloaks' generate a covering of light that makes the wearer appear almost invisible. Almost. Lights on the body will shine through the cloak, and other senses can easily detect the wearer. EMPs and water contact can also disintegrate the cloak, albeit temporarily. Yet even with these failings the cloaks are a tool almost everyone uses at some point or another. Of course, one should also take care not to abuse the Cloak over-much, reliance can be a crutch and there are many tales about proud but foolish Urumek falling for their complacency.

Grappling Hook [80]

A one handed gas-pressure harpoon designed for all-terrain use, our model boasts a maximum eighty meter cord and fully automated reeling system. While something of a gimmick tool, these are useful in more vertical locales and can carry a lot more than you might expect. Just don't ignore the blow-back. These things break a few wrists every year at minimum though most injuries usually come when people let go of the gun at inopportune moments.

ATVME [425]

For the excessive Urban Traveller or the more extreme Sarisian Mega-Growth forests, *All Terrain Vertical Movement Equipment* is a full-body harness with eight core-mounted grappling hook launchers, designed to be used and discarded in rapid succession, with abandoned hooks breaking down in hours. ATVME when used properly can have a Traveller literally flying through the most complicated cities, and is almost as useful in zero gravity environments. When used wrong it can turn a Traveller into a liquid stain on the ground, or a tree, or a building. It can take years to properly master, but many users swear that it's worth it, if for no other reason mastered use is like flying without wings.

Flux Generator [350]*

The standard basic model of personal energy shield, Flux generators level the playing field for the melee oriented Traveller against their firearm wielding counterparts. FGs intercept and deflect projectiles, allowing users to safely engage anyone with firearms or crossbow. It goes without saying that sustained fire will melt shield batteries and there comes a point when they simply can't stand up to heavier weapons. FGs also cannot function against melee opponents, but for the vast majority of their users that was never the point. In a one to one scenario, the FG is a game changer.

Stahlo [500]

Physically appearing to be a plain ring of native steel, the illusion is typically shattered when one puts it over their head and the thing floats. The Stahlo is an extremely powerful shield-generator of Psionic make, designed to endure both continuous fire and the weight of artillery. Like other personal shield models they can't protect against melee engagement, and they can be worn out given enough time or sustained damage. But still, it is a cut above more mechanical variants, and is considered an almost holy item for those from harsh realities.

Personal Gravity Manipulator [480]

Another Neural link tool that took on a life of its own in the Order, the PGM is designed to create gravity 'blobs' at a thought, either to deescalate to the point of weightlessness or to turn everything inside that bubble into pancakes. It takes a long while to get a grasp on these 'implicit' tools, most of which are used in industrial or exploratory schemes. But for the combat minded with sufficient mental aptitude? The sky is quite literally the limit with all manner of directional fuckery possible.

Weather Maker [325]

Yet more heavy industrial equipment that was worn down into the many jumbled needs of Travellers. Weather Makers form immediate local weather patterns, from storms to dry-spells to tornadoes in extreme cases. The only limitations being time-investment and carrying around the bloody thing. Most consider them mettlesome novelties, but some philanthropists use them to end droughts. Others... Others like to terrify opponents by 'conjuring' lightning from out of thin air. Just be advised that over-use can have negative consequences on broader weather systems.

Entanglers [100]*

A pair of seemingly mundane cubes that are actually a simple 'jump' system similar to the bracer. Activating one cube simply teleports the toucher to the other, making them useful emergency escape cards. Though some have figured out how to use Entanglers for elaborate traps, and others use them for industrial purposes. Entanglers operate on the standard Cool-down, without the possibility of reduction thanks to hard coding.

Phase Generator [380]

Designed by people who've had the misfortune of seeing what happens when similar technology fails, Phase Generators allow the user to 'phase' through solid matter. Providing about a minute of intangibility with a sixfold factor cool-down (with caveats to keep the user from fading into the floor), the Generator is extremely useful for infiltrators and cheats. Generators shouldn't be taken lightly, as failure and 'phusing' trends towards the absolutely horrific. And much less fatal than one would expect.

Luloach Manual Camera [20]

A basic, easy to use personal camera, designed to provide immediate physical photos and electronic back-ups. Time can take away much, and keeping physical reminders can do wonders for the spirit. Or maybe you just want to memorialize whatever poor creatures and / or persons you've beaten to death. You monster.

Loc'Jammi [200]

The basic model of Light location communications jammer. The Loc'Jammi has a generous eight kilometre range, effectively 'fuzzing' wire-based, spiritual and wireless communications. Temporarily anyways, as use for more than an hour generally fries the circuitry, making it useful for rapid strike operations where one can make it seem like they were never there to begin with.

Tagato Mark 3.4b EMP 'Clusterfucker' [680]

For longer form, or simply more brutish operations. The Tagato Clusterfucker more or less shreds any advanced technology bar the most basic wire-systems, as well as any advanced ethereal weaves. AI Travellers are reinforced to be able to tank a Tagato blast, but those who have describe the experience as 'horrific and disorientating.' Recent overhauls have also seen the Tagato's effectiveness against Traveller technology and weaves less effective, though one can still knockout old local computers if that's how they get their kicks.

Low Level Adrig Manipulator [175]

The most basic model of 'cover' shield, for Traveller's to project appropriate appearances for their current locales. Alien and AI traveller's can use these to traverse settings where they would stick out like an out of place Aurora Borealis, and many will prefer to slightly alter their appearance for their situation. Of course this is only a cover, and one should be careful concerning their 'model,' especially in a group where one can accidentally end up with 'triplets.'

Belarusi Heat Dispenser [180]

A non-violent crowd-control tool, Heat Dispensers use weaponized high-power gigahertz to fry the outer milometers of exposed skin. While the Belarusi can inflict minor burns under extended use, these provide only surface level penetration at best and are completely free of skin cancer side effects. This one handed dispenser has a fifteen foot pain cone and armoured hull, however a level of protective gear can more or less 'tank' the burn. Of course, some only use them to give their actual cooking a slight colouring, and some Urumeck use them for tanning.

'Big Beats' Projector Set [125]

Travellers can be excessively practical, but they can also be flamboyant. This isn't necessarily a bad thing, as the more extreme individuals innovated to their own ends, and made these ends available to their fellows. The BB are a set of four drones that are designed to make the ground under the owner vibrate from the noise. Not only can this outright deafen the opposition but many find comfort and fighting rhythm in their own music. These can also be used as projectors for your own voice, from any head-piece or microphone you have available.

Cedril Vibration Dispenser [800]* [Req: OVET]

'Cymatics is swineshit' is common phrase for Travellers who've survived a few centuries. Even the few disciples of Cymatics say it, but in a positive sense. The CVD is the culmination of Cymatic tech, which in the right hands can do so much it fully passes into the realm of the absurd. But such minutia requires a level of intelligence and perception almost no unmodified human possesses. For those that do however, no computer system is inaccessible, no lock is an obstacle, no weapon is beyond disarmament and no piece of equipment is safe. Such is the power of the Order's most powerful vibrator.

Time Stop Projector [925]*

Old equipment out of the Archivist Reliquary. TSP's are anomalous devices that don't work on Ae, typically appearing as small watches or clocks. When activated they will outright pause all time beyond Travellers and certain other anomalous elements. Affecting things in this frozen state is extremely difficult, and time is limited to a few minutes at best. But the preparation and breathing room it allows is often invaluable.

Counterfeit Offworld Currency [50]

Mass currency is sometimes needed for various functions, both personal and Order related. Direct involvement in economic matters is at best taxing and at worst potentially disastrous for outsiders. Mass Counterfeit currency usually is the safest option. Our printers come with auto-terminate functions that can be chosen for lifespan. Either safely making a purchase only for the bills to go up in smoke, or years on when the coinage mysteriously vanishes. Individually these counterfeits provide some bourgeois spending power for an individual, with the stated limitations.

Primitive Negotiation Gear [20]

It's terribly arrogant to assume limited use elements, papers and bits of plastic hold absolute sway. Economics is based on faith in value, and in most primitive or survival focused societies, barter is king. But there are some handy shortcuts; basic trinkets, useful tools and baubles are enclosed in this kit, along with a guide on tribal negotiations. Please avoid accidentally jump starting any Iron Ages as well, no one wants another Zenetii disaster.

Seeders Set [85]

A basic set of simple flora gene-modding equipment, a few dozen seed packets of your preferred plants and a number of basic drones gardener drones. Travellers may, if they wish, simply 'skip' the growing times on isolated worlds for their own ends, in either experimental plants. Others focus on creating ecological webs that take decades if not centuries to cultivate. Or maybe you just like gardening?

Hacking Module [190]

The technological equivalent of a daemon possessed rat, available for those unwilling to sort through garbage bins for passwords. The module appears to be a slightly fleshy flash drive and is technically an animal. Upon allowing it to 'plug' into a system it will immediately open it for the Traveller in question who may make basic requests of the module if they care to. The Modules must be left in sunny places and watered twice a year.

Infiltration Set [120]

De-noising pads for shoes, basic visual probes, lock-picking sets, camera warning systems, trap disabling lasers and all the bits and pieces for any prospective sneak. Do keep in mind all the knick-knacks in the world are worthless without preparation, and one will need to cultivate their own style. Professional sneaks often complain about the 'crust' of new kits.

Lock-Cracker Module [125]

This is the equally fleshy cousin of the Hacking module. The Lock-Cracker is a bigger & much more robust creature that upon being presented with a lock will immediately extend into it and open it in short order. Even industrial scale vault guards aren't safe from these things, though they will likely take longer to work their magic. Has the same needs as the cousin module although they prefer more moist settings. Known to occasionally purr if held.

Observation Equipment [200]

A full array of video drones, micro cameras, an operating PC for all present equipment with self-destruction features and enough microphones and bugs to crush a small human child. Such equipment is useful to any serious planner, orchestrator or sleuth. Be advised that while they're more than adequate for most off-world operations, they stick out on Ae. Although some use OE sets for mundane things, like bird watching and wildlife tabs.

Anti-Ordnance Equipment [120]

Explosives detection sensors, advanced bomb protection covers, mine orientated drones & a variety of basic tools, packaged together with a number of guides to dealing with just about every sort of ordnance you'll come across. A must have for those on both sides of the bomb, though it should be noted Commercial compensates for collected explosives. Accruing large stockpiles of mines is frowned upon for historical reasons.

Mobile Munitions Worktable [50]

Micro-compressible, light-weight and relatively sturdy, the MMW serves most individual Travellers more than adequately in the production and destruction of firearm rounds and more basic batteries. Though the Order provides munitions on the ration schedule, some are so far removed or self-reliant they prefer to manufacture their own ordnance exclusively. To varying degrees of effectiveness.

Gene-Mod Equipment [540]

'On the fly' bio-manipulation or at least recording and cataloguing duty has always been a facet of Traveller genetic studies, despite the attempts to corral the more cavalier and 'creative' members of the Biological Department. This laboratory in a suitcase has everything one needs to capture, distill, alter and implant altered genetics ranging from bacteria to test-tube babies. Mostly these are just used for field research as there's only so much you can do with the basics. Some in Biological, sadly, take that as a challenge.

Alchemy Set [250]

The workings of a hermeticist in the more basic form, the numerous storage glasses, purifiers, elemental flames and vials all slot nicely into a heavy but perfectly mobile package. While many dismiss Alchemy as a primitive and ethereally restrained art, there is a lot even novice alchemists can accomplish with the right tools and the right knowledge. Of course, some just use such sets to brew small amounts of hard alcohol for personal consumption.

Runist Carving Set [275]

Chisels for all types of stone and metal, hammers and half a hundred inlays. Our standard Runist tool kit is a bit more fancy than most expect, with the template originating not from some old hard-ass but a younger High-Tech Traveller who optimized and filtered out the older scheme of runework. A must have for any Traveller interested in rune work or even simple stone carving. Engravings are an excellent form of messaging between time-frames.

'Cro-Magnon' Phone-Computer [80]

Perhaps the most dumbed down and basic tech we have on demand that can be used (with some assistance) by semi-spaients like naturally occurring dolphins. The Cro-Magnon is designed for those unknowledgeable Travellers who still need to make use wireless communications and basic functions like image capturing and recordings. While it performs these tasks admirably, most will find the hyper simplified and idiot proof design condescending. Others will just be happy they can use these things quickly and seamlessly.

Toshamark-Zaibatsu Standard Mobile PC [120]

The “base” model of Traveller laptop, Toshamark has long provided the order with these brickish personal computers. While they might contain excessive storage space and have very long lived batteries, they aren't too far off to what you might find in any sufficiently advanced technological society that has yet to truly break the greater limits of computation and likely the atmosphere. These computers are highly modable, and allow direct access to most public Traveller networks, though their open OS can be somewhat overwhelming in function if you crack it open as a novice.

Toshamark-Zaibatsu “Big Boy” PC [375]

An upgraded form of the Standard Mobile (“Mobile” in spite of the fact that it weighs six times the original model) PC, the Big-Boy is a significant upgrade in memory, processing power, and battery life, though the preference moves out of batteries to external power. The Big Boy is above what most advanced technological societies are capable of, entering the 'post modern' zone. Ironic, considering the Big Boy resembles a piece of '80s' Terran Tech. Considered a must have for technologically inclined members of cohorts and cliques, as well as the more mobile introverts who delve into the online spaces of other realities. As with the Standard they provide access to the networks and come with advanced 'smart' security measures.

Toshamark-Zaibatsu “Fat Lad” Computer [580]

The least sought after member of the Toshamark tech family due to its immobility. Like the Big-Boy this is heavy technology, with enough memory and processing to support advanced VI and even a space efficient AI, even if it isn't exactly 'comfortable.' These aren't mobile computers, and as such tend to be kept in safe locations, be they on Ae, Hubs, large vehicles or any safe places a Traveller keeps. Of course that isn't an absolute, but lugging one of these around isn't exactly optimal. These also require an external power source, having only minor emergency power sets. But some have gone over a century without needing external storage or upgrades to these crates. A Fat Lad is built to last.

Multi-Media Collection Cube [60]

With the sum of so many existences, with a million cultures and a million eras each, culture and media are both impossibly ubiquitous and utterly useless to the common Traveller at their face value. It presented a unique challenge to Commercial, translating core works, uploading disparate programs and subbing so much material, to say nothing of presenting it (a task which still plagues those independents) to an audience on Ae. This was the niche the MMCC fills, a quantum cube drive that contains several hundred 'module' sets, ranging from audio works of great artists be they poetic or musical to junk televised series of a particular year or genre in a particular reality. All kept on the little cube that fits in the pocket, though it can easily link to screens or local computers. Modules may be freely downloaded from the Archivist database, but require a link to Ae's networks.

Perunii Traveller Radio [20]

Radio occupied an odd niche in the Order, being easily linked through hubs. Primitive but easily maintained variants provided a relatively low cost broadcasts that never really stopped. Even now with so much of a data-network there are still many low tech Travellers and old timers who prefer radio. For music, communications and general noise. The Perunii are the standard personal models, being built like fucking bricks with matching resilience, these are tuned to pick up Traveller broadcasts on any world linked to a hub. As well as in the general time-space area of that hub.

Survival Replicator BM [280]

Replicators are nifty tools that use instant transmitted materials to 'generate' objects. This process is unlike jumping, in that it can be incredibly fine tuned and used to replicate living beings. Restraining that process is the absurd cost in energy along with occasional moral quandaries, and it is rare that anything is ever worth the effort. Especially when longer term but much horrifically cheaper alternatives exist. Of course there are a few niches that replicators can fill effectively, like the SRBM, which generates a number of 'foodstuffs' on the cheap and easy for those who intend to spend decades or even longer in hostile and isolated environments.

'Vittu' 3D-Mobile Printer [700]

The common light industrial model of three dimensional printer most often used for local industrial purposes. This model isn't particularly fast and has a relatively low output compared to some of the older machines Commercial uses. But it is light enough to be transported about by a single Traveller, comes with a variety of polymer and metal options and is one of the most configurable printers on the market. Able to generate everything from keys to munitions to industrial equipment and more. A good starter for any shop workers and specialists who want to be flexible.

SM Micro Generator [350]

An SMMG is the smallest Spacetime-foam generator available to the common Traveller, being a little smaller than a breadbox. These machines derive power from the natural quantum flux of existence in specialized 'aging foam material' centred at the core of the generator, rapidly aging the cells interior for free and almost limitless power. The SMMG generates a small amount of power consistently, though that power is more than enough to sustain a single Traveller's higher living accommodations, the industrial needs of a minor cohort or to act as an emergency power supply. SMMG core foam lasts around two centuries, if used frequently.

QM Macro Generator [680]

QMMGs are the largest readily available Spacetime-foam generators for Order, though much larger models exist. Being a metre tall and half across, the energy output (and capacity for causing external fluctuations) increases exponentially. A regular QMMG can serve as a generator for a voidship, a mobile township, or a minor albeit serious industrial operation. Like other models, these generators require nothing to generate power, although they only have a lifespan of a century of continuous operation before replacement foam is required.

Antikytheran Universal Mechanism [750]

An esoteric device wrought of an unholy union between the Experimental department and some of the stranger members of the Collectors. Based on the 'first' machine mechanism of the Greek world, the AUM is an unconventional device that is incredibly complex, despite being made of bronze without ethereal enhancement. Believed to 'mend the angles of the stars' the Mechanism initially displays only obvious information of astrological nature, but given time a host of predictions can be made from the motions of the AUM, ranging from weather predictions to matters of ongoing politics. Or perhaps that is just the ravings of mold afflicted Collectors who insist on seeing revelations in rusted cogs.

'Pocket Ball' Containment Device [200]

Discovered by local blood sport enthusiasts and brought into the Order mainstream by Shoggoth breeders, PBCDs are hand held pocket dimensions that allow users to capture and safely transport non-sapient entities, most typically animal companions. These pocket dimensions are static, and useful for keeping injured creatures alive indefinitely or are too dangerous to allow free reign. Useful for their own niche and potentially keeping a loyal horror for emergencies. However, without long term commitments in training, one is essentially carrying a feral animal around in their pocket.

Capture Equipment – Simple [50]

A long-time presence of bounty-hunters, trackers, and pacifists™ has long warranted the need for restraining gear that is flexible and safe. This includes basic cuffs, a grav platform for transport and a stun collar calibrated to both prevent escapes and avoid 'short-outs.' While cuff-fights and escape artistry have passed out of the vogue, they are still present in the more convoluted corners of the Fighters.

Capture Equipment – Advanced [100]

The extension away from pure human needs and vastly differing quarry warranted an altogether different package for 'man' hunters. This kit was designed by members of the Judiciary and Home-Guard, based upon their own experiences and extensive testing done. This kit includes a set of AI disabling drones, AI-stasis inducing harnesses, 'smart' bindings that can be programmed to hunt down an individual, a plethora of trackers, a small custom computer for operation and all gear in the simple kit.

Capture Equipment – Kinky [55]

Established by a very tired AI caretaker in medical after several repeated 'incidents' with individuals 'using' the CE Gear. This set of cuffs and collars and trackers includes internal padding, smart sensors to avoid cutting blood and oxygen flow, and a safety word setting. Because having this on the inventory is better than another 'Jerk-Choke' affair.

Monomolecular Wire [300]

True unrefined monomolecular wire is too unwieldy and dangerous to be used as a weapon, as many a would-be garroter lost fingers, limbs, and heads in the old ragged days. However this filament does still have its uses being considered a prerequisite for many surgeons and survivalists. This small length of cord can cut apart steel hulls and immediately amputate limbs so cleanly one could be forgiven for wondering if the limb just fell off. Just be careful, all it will take is a stray wind or a moment of carelessness for a potentially fatal accident to occur.

SQUIK Hyper-Absorbent Towel [75]

Ultra-permeability as a concept is rarely useful outside of niche scenarios, but there was still enough demand to have the SQUIK on demand. A metre by metre length of seemingly nondescript cloth, the SQUIK can absorb several hundred times its own apparent mass in water, and is able to be cleanly wrung out after the fact. The number of Travellers who've been saved from attempted drownings by a SQUIK is small, but very notable.

One Metric Tonne of Concentrated Bleach [90]*

There are a number of items on the requisitions list that stand out with no discernible origin. The Bleach is one such item, a vat of overly strong cleaning agent, exactly one metric tonne not including the barely mobile vat it comes in. Bleach is bleach, and if for whatever reason you need bleach, you can get a whole lot of bleach.

38.62KM Compressed Duct Tape Roll [25]*

All technically the same hyper compressed roll of tape that has been 'boot-strapped' an untold number of times. Duct tape itself is a tough pressure sensitive tape with flexible application, to the point some consider it necessity for any 'fixer types.' It is unlikely the one will ever need more than one of these, and it's a good thing to have on hand. Perhaps a tad excessive, but there is little to be done about that.

'K1113R' Collapse Chip [360]*

The voracious cranked-out cousin of the Hacker and Lock-Cracker modules, the K1113R is another bio-technological work that has a singular brutal purpose. Not just to destroy, but to ravage software and hardware alike, though the former is its primary objective. While Traveller technology and most sufficiently advanced Intelligences are able to preemptively shut down when dealing with K1113R, just about any other individual device or immediate network will suffer complete data disintegration and overlocking to strangle machinery, causing fires and explosions if the conditions are right. Like their cousin modules, the Collapse chip requires monthly watering, but prefers moist dark places for storage.

Elo9 877 Must-Try Spice Rack [50]*

An odd piece that is sufficiently complex to the point where it was moved out of requisitions general and into the specialized equipment list, the Elo9 is a regenerating spice rack that works in unconventional methods. Outside of the control pad, which includes gene scanning to warn for potential allergies. A nice touch that some utilize for poisonings. Just about every major Human, Niseti, Urumek and Mokresian spice is present on the Rack, and well worth the cost for any enterprising cook.

Palinko's Extendable Tower [400]

A mobile platform that at rest appears to be only a foot up and across, though on activation, the platform can extend a dozen times over and raise itself to thirty meters high on rapid-swell piping. The odd piece of equipment gained a reputation for its hazardous potential, the swelling motion takes only a few seconds, and some have used Palinko's Tower for trapping and combat. Others as an escape method, and only a few actually utilize the tower for actual mundane purposes.

Liquid 'Determination' Vial [800]*

Alchemical in nature, "Determination" has a reputation similar to steroids in the more Combat oriented spaces of the Order. Others prefer to refer to it as 'spite,' as it is more accurate to the nature of the liquid. Consumption produces a clarified focus, and when pressed a near endless energy that grows equal to the resistance one is faced with. Some users have managed to die standing on their feet and fail to fall over, others ignore lost limbs like paper-cuts. Only particularly stubborn individuals make use of this liquid, though others use it for emergencies. Others carefully study it, using it as a template for mental and physical transformation. Such a process usually takes years, if not decades of careful internal cultivation and alchemy. But for some the end justifies the means.

Organic Truth Draught [200]*

A colourless, tasteless and odourless liquid that is almost incomprehensible on the chemical level, to the point where some assume Draught might be a living alien creature. As the name implies, those who ingest this liquid will be unable to help themselves as they speak truthfully to anything asked. A useful tool for interrogation, though strong willed individuals can force their mouths shut, fey-minded folk can twist the truth and larger individuals tend to wear out the Draught much quicker than others. On Ae, Truth Draught is most often used when boasting, as proof of sincerity.

Temporal 'Lycanthropy' Tablets [350]*

Another alchemic product mass produced for Order usage, Lycan Tablets induce a state of mania and almost unparalleled aggression, and are known to temporarily induce bodily changes. These are limited but not including; Hair Growth, hardening and extending of the nails, reddening of the eyes, thirst for the blood of innocents, uncontrollable howling, shedding of the skin, tail growth, teeth growth, blackening of the skin (Urumek), extension of the limbs (Mokresia), new horn growths (Niseti), sudden apparition of permanent limbs (Niseti), uncontrollable satyromania (Product of extended use). Generally these tablets are a niche item, used by berserkers and battle ragers. Though, some fighter cliques use them for 'hazing' new recruits.

Musical Instrument – Minor [40]

The requisitions list has always had access to a select number of items, some of which have grown so numerous that not even Commercial could supply them with equal numbers. Musical instruments are one such item, and under the minor category are several hundred instruments available. Death whistles, accordions, bugles, violins, skoogs, otomatomes, tambourines, lyres and other similarly sized instruments.

Musical Instrument – Major [140]

While the smaller instruments move with relative speed thanks to ease of use and a constant revolving door of prospective musicians, there's an equally large pile of 'major' pieces. Perhaps because the Collectors just can't help but pilfer every pipe organ they see. Tubas, violoncello, Urumek bagpipes, large scale didgeridoos, gaelic war horns, and the likes of the subcontrabass saxophone can all be found under this category.

Historical Novelties [30]

Often people want for minor items from the scattered pages of history, small things that are typically little more than trinkets, or ornaments for all the value they bring. After all, even the cheapest weapons and armour in the Order tend to trample period pieces. Still, some people really just want a Janissary helmet, a used set of robes from a nunnery or an authentic fetid bone tomahawk. Such a request can be made, and is usually delivered quick. Just... Be careful with it, it probably belongs in a museum.

Spiritual Vestments [25]

As the Order grew older and the original period of disharmonious conflict burned itself out, the religious side of the Order blossomed and retains the freedom to cheaply request certain items of importance. The ritual blades of old Hunter-Priests, the defensive Kirpan of Sikhs, purification bands and the blood-paints of the esoteric saviours. *"Not of me anymore. Still, in all this it is good that the new peace remains."*

Traveller Psyker Hood [425]*

A tool produced by and for Psykers. The inherent volatility and physical basis of Psykers oft leaves them as the most endangered class of ethereal manipulators. One slip is all it may take for a Psyker to combust themselves and everyone in the surrounding fifteen meters. This chain-hood is specially designed to prevent over-exertion and focus a Psyker's casting, preventing a slip up well before it happens. Of course, it isn't perfect, but it is much better than nothing at all.

Traveller Psion Guard [325]*

While psions are less physically vulnerable from their abilities, psions have their own weaknesses, and their sensitivity of mind has all manner of risks. Potential overexertion can inflict brain damage, and repeated extreme strains can leave a psion comatose. This Brass halo is carefully designed to guard against mental interference and reduce strain, and while it can only do so much, you'll never need to worry about your head blowing up like a ripe pumpkin while wearing such a guard. From your own psionic abilities, at least.

Grapevine Cross [340]*

Ironically brought to the Order by a militant Anti-theist locked in a nasty conflict with the devil, *the* Grapevine cross is a major symbol of the Georgian Orthodox Church. *Ours* is an artifact that confers supernatural presence in the face of large crowds and public speaking, and naturally heals the holder at a rapid rate. Not enough to prevent something immediate like a head from being cut off, but it is useful for smaller things. The Cross has little effect on "evil" beings however, and has the unusual quality of disintegrating when doused in vinegar.

Seal of Solomon [400]*

Planted upon an iron ring to prevent corruption, the Seal of Solomon is an archaic relic that grants immense power over demonic entities native to Earth, although experimentation has revealed some shared qualities in other alien ethereal entities. The commands are immediate and imposed so long as the Seal is worn, although limited by the natural bounds of the entity. Over the years the Seal has become an extremely niche item, in part over worries of attracting Judicial ire over long term enslavement, and several "incidents" that involve very cunning demons and very overconfident or lurid Travellers.

Yasakani no Magatama [500]*

A blessed stone bead that is a national Japanese treasure, though our variant of this smuggled relic has stranger origins if the ramblings of drug addled Collectors are to be believed. Carriers of this Magatama will typically experience good winds and weather, and be blessed by an unnatural good fortune that follows them like a cloud. The Magatama has no active effects, and some grow tired of the constant sunshine.

Postman's Powdered Bones [200]

One premium sack containing the finely treated remains of postal workers, this this powder is a powerful ward against many ethereal creatures. It's also a powerful alchemical agent, with dozens of potential applications in concoctions and poultices to the point most junior alchemists are recommended to carry a pouch. Also produces a divine quiche if used in cooking, for unknown reasons. Unfortunately, no halal or kosher variants of the powder exist.

Ring of Dispelling [250]

A basic artifact that is widespread throughout the Order, able to cast a base effect at will that nullifies ethereal manipulation within ten meters of range, and severely weakens ethereal entities. While not particularly strong or special, simply being able to do away with ethereal factors often nullifies major threats outright. Good to have in a tight situation.

Rauðskinna [150]*

The 'Red Skin' is one of the most common boot-strapped artifacts present on Ae, a masterwork tome on the older and darker aspects of old Norse magic known as Galdr. A lyrical form of magic, it is considered relatively easy to master so long as one has a singing voice, and contains many forms of art and spell that are both helpful and harmful in consequence. A good place to start learning ethereal arts, if you can enjoy a tome bound in human leather.

Amigiwara Mask [280]*

Styled after the face of a Japanese Oni, the Amigiwara are crafted by a singular prolific Collector craftsman. These masks are imbued with a powerful energy that shakes the hearts of those who see it when it is worn, the features seemingly moving in unnerving fashion. All an elaborate charm of course, but for those who enjoy intimidation or tasked with crowd control, something so simple is incredibly useful. However such a charm can only do so much, and those made of sterner material are less likely to be shaken by the mask.

Liberty Torch [380]

Amerigana occult crafting at its finest, a Liberty Torch has a rousing effect on those touched by the light produced, physically easing aches and pains, and inspiring a sensation of hope. Even in those who are normally incapable of such feelings, which, according to many AI is disconcerting. The actual enchantment in the Torch comes from the copper material, which naturally appears a soft green colour. This guarantees continuous function even in environments without significant ethereal presence.

Cabuladi Ring [180]

The blunt ethereal equivalent of a shaped plastic charge strapped to the hand, Cabuladi are simple relics that continuously stores ethereal energy. This energy is released by striking the face of the ring against an object, setting off a shaped blast of about five kilograms of dynamite. Enough to pulp most mortal targets, although a sufficiently skilled smith could expand the storage pool. A dangerous gambit but a potentially useful one.

Witching Bottle [200]*

A local product designed for the purposes of navigating the realities with less than stable ethereal natures. The flame within the bottle burns at the slightest presence of an ethereal plane, and reveals the aspects of that plane in myriad colours and symbols, as well as any major ongoing effects. Typically, the bottle has been an esoteric tool used by ethereal weavers of all stripes, though even the layman might be able to make use of such an artifact if they travel far and frequently.

St. James Finger Bones [100]*

Bones most definitely not belonging to Saint James, such relics are common place and one of the few contributions from clerical sources on the list. When in the presence of audible verbal deception, the bones will begin to loudly rattle, and will burn hot when dangerous intent reaches the air. A useful relic, but one that has often led to much unneeded misery.

Hand of Glory [150]

Formerly belonging to the Traveller Levicae Selmar, a Hand of Glory is the lopped arm of a thief. Given radical properties through black magic. Of course, at this point Levicae has produced thousands of these Hands thanks to a healing racket between himself and the Biological department. When a lit candle is placed in the Hand, it provides the owner with light even in the darkest of places. Making the hand a safe and useful item for thieves, miners, infiltrators, saboteurs, and watchmen.

Atropal Incense [650]*

The essence of dead and evil gods that has been processed and boiled down into a pure product. Atropal Incense is derived from the more unpleasant entities brought low by the Void Hunters, and is used to amplify hostile ethereal manipulation. Under the influence of the smoke, most violent actions become easier, and the Incense is dangerous for 'holy' entities. However it is also known to induce miscarriages and the smell makes even the hardest of souls uneasy.

Heads of Alzae [500]*

The many taken and cleaned skulls of the Alzae's foes, and the skull of the deceased Alzae himself. Those who wear the skulls find destructive actions easier, potentially easy enough that this will cause problems for the wearer, but *one should know that already*. This includes everything from ethereal arts to the aiming and utilization of artillery. At first just a little bit, easier to move the frame, easier to pull the trigger. But the effects are exponential. In time one may dance as a demon and walk like a monster upon existence. A necessary creature, as any Traveller must be. The transformations imparted by the heads remain after they are removed, and the heads are one of the most frequently returned items to the Requisitions Vault.

Burning Charm [200]*

Not actually something governing heat and flame, burning charms are some of the oldest relics the Order Possesses, and are kin to Trilobite fossils in terms of ubiquity. In the presence of altered time and space in the sense of a Traveller's motions, the Charm gleams bright. This is useful in dealing with outsider Time and Space fuckery, and navigating the places where imbeciles have woven reality and knotted it like silly string.

Spirit Walking Gear [220]

The tools to transcend outside the physical body and wander the spiritual realm are often convoluted by mysticism, however a few centuries of anal retentive AI cultivation has produced a simplified variant. SW Gear is a case fitted with the means by which a Traveller might 'astral project' in a few ways. Only innately ethereal Travellers will be able to effect the physical reality in such a state, but that isn't the point. Scouting, and exploring the spiritual landscape that infests the world are needs that not even the most physical Traveller can ignore.

'Rwandan-Special' Cursing Gear [220]

Hexing equipment has a natural volatility to it that requires special care and artisan craftsmanship. At least, that's what the last trade meeting concluded even though no one was happy with the results and this will likely cause another minor incident. The Rwandan-Special is a suitcase full of charms, talismans, fetishes, and markers. Included is a handy dandy toolkit for utilizing and countering existing ritualistic magic that is about as simple as they come. Which is to say, needlessly convoluted and typically requiring spiritual awakening in the form of copious amounts of drugs to actually utilize.

Lemurian Coral Chess Piece – Queen [400]*

Borne in Old Lemuria during her downfall and touched by potent psions. This chess piece is a token of exchange, clarifying a psion's focus and allowing them to continuously pour themselves into their abilities. Beginning with will-power, then moving into temporal vitality, and if need be, draining the carriers life force. When held, a psion can quite literally last until they fall over dead. Most psions prefer to keep this as a reserve option, as generally a fatigue induced stroke is better than a needless sacrifice.

Lemurian Coral Chess Piece – King [400]*

Borne in Old Lemuria during her Golden Age and touched by resplendent psykers. The token warps the carriers perception of time, and radically strengthens the user to allow minute changes in their actions before they occur. While the sensation is at the best of times dizzying, disciples of the King swear it allows for diverse and rapid changes when every second counts. Others point out that users have a nasty tendency of navigating out of one hazard and right into a much worse one. Overuse can also trap a person in their own separate timeframe, and it can take days for the effects to burn off.

Sutando Division [600]*

Less an actual relic and more the opportunity to be stabbed by a perplexing artifact that will sever off a section of your ethereal form into a partially separate entity. A Division is a fragment of the user that exists tied to them, although the specifics of these entities varies so wildly very few blanket statements can be made about them. They can take many forms, and in time manifest many abilities, depending upon the eccentricities of the Divided individual. All are able to manifest physical damage and impact upon the physical world, and only other Divided can see other Divisions. This has created an arms race inside of Commercial where every big-wig and theorist has a chunk of their soul flouting behind them ready to pummel the ever loving shit out of *every other fringe weirdo* leading to situations that are almost incomprehensible to outsiders. While not universally useful, powerful, or even helpful, a Division is forged from the self, and there is strength in that for the stranger Travellers out there if they know how to plan and cheat.

Magibloc™ Coinage [50]

Blessed and enchanted silver long since melted down into functional and Chinese 'cash' style coins, to allow for easy utilization and weaponization. The mere presence of these coins dims Ethereal strength and physical contact is damaging to many entities. These can also be used for bartering, although transactions in sufficiently ethereal-strong locales is discouraged, just like peddling lead coinige. Each purchase includes (100) coins.

Spirit Bonding Charms [250]

A kit filled with the tokens and tools needed for summoning, dispelling, and temporarily binding spiritual entities. This set of charms is light and relatively simple to learn. Although as with many ethereal arts, mastery can take years if not decades to achieve. A good investment if the roads you walk are rife with ghosts and similar entities.

Glepnir Chain [25]*

A seemingly simple twenty meter length of very light steel chains, about twenty feet in total. These links are nigh unbreakable. But at the end of the day, it is only a chain. A good thing to have on hand for a Traveller according to some. You never know when you might need such a thing.

Uchide-no-Kozuchi [1000]*

As fickle as it is powerful. The Uchide-no-Kozuchi is an accursed tool that grants twisted wishes when struck against something with genuine intention. Accordingly the uses for this inverting mallet are limited, as use takes the form of an elaborate trap or genuinely twisting ones own mind back in on itself to create a situation where their backwards wishes serve a group's larger interests. Be warned, the mallet is as powerful as it is fickle, and on an individual level there is very little it can't warp.

Blessed Needle & Thread [50]

The last of the Weaver Nuns perished only a few years ago, but their tools remain in common use throughout the Order. The thread is indestructible before everything aside the edge of a blessed needle, and if threaded through the needle and passed through a persons flesh, the whole length of the material will feel like an extension of the user. As dangerous as this can be if in well trained hands, it is more often used to bind in emergency situations, able to seal everything from ship hulls to serious lacerations.

Marks of Irem [260]

A stone stamp with ink of oil, once a mark of forbidden Irem is planted, any who look upon the mark will be wracked with delirium as their senses 'switch' receptors. Seeing in smells and hearing in colours suddenly can bring even the hardiest of people to their knees. Planting the mark on a person can also cause hideous damage to the brain, and should usually be avoided. These effects are reduced for Travellers, but not completely dulled.

Devil Bone Dice [125]

Carved from the remains of the some poor diabolical entity, when cast with a thought in mind, the Dice will always roll to match that thought. Although when left without order such a set acts mischievously and will delight in taking the worst possible result for the situation. Naturally favoured by cheaters, many a neophyte Traveller has been dragged back to Ae bleeding like a stuck pig, having discovered the joy of cheating, but failed to cheat *well*.

Traveller's War-horn [450]*

A product of decades of intricate spell-weaving, enchantments, and experimentation with the communications networks of Ae. Our War-Horns are linked to the more active networks of all the major factions, and upon being sounded the horn bearer's location will be illuminated to those reactive groups. When used in emergency situations, one can unleash the chaos only Travellers can cause in a deserving moment. Or end up being ruthlessly bullied for the credits you have on you for wasting someone's time. Situational impacts, really, some use the war-horn to summon a worthy band in destroying a local upstart brewery.

Flame of Ur Zanalosh [800]*

But one of many tools and tributes stolen from a distant fetid Heaven. This flame is lit a resplendent jade and sings with the memories of many dread kings and fallen conquerors, but leaves a bitter after taste that can only be humility. This raw flame once affixed to the hand has many uses and purposes, ranging from offensive effects to utility. At its most blunt, one will be able to use it as a flamethrower, or a cooking implement. But unravelling the mystery of the flame grants dexterity, and absorption from a physical location to the core of being. A process that might take months to millennia, depending upon the bearers capacity for self reflection, pondering and ambition. The flame can be extracted, but the process is... Unpleasant.

Shards of Anagath Yetara [900]*

Oily black feathers marred by pink fire and the stench of hatred, granted by the same True Traveller vagabond merchant who plundered Heaven. These are all that remains of the Great Enforcer, a shadow of a wicked shadow, brought low by a Nisetic peasant, a brigand and single very determined toaster. When initially taken by a person, these shards will have no effect. Though, after a time they will fade, and slowly the bearer will notice a slow assimilation of force, marred by a rapturous fury. Anger will come easier to them, and their flesh and bone will mould to their liking, given enough time and thought. Unlike the Flame of Ur Zanalosh, this effect isn't radical or brilliant, but it is persistent as much as the bearer shifts to become extremely determined. Perhaps a little too much some think. But that is what comes when you wear the mantle of a fallen angel.

Ash of the Whore [1000]*

Unlike the other gifts and relics pillaged from a distant despoiled Paradise, these ashes were given willingly. The last remnants of an ancient who was long forgotten by those powers that were. At least, were, before the fury of the Order arrived at the gates and brought low many a would-be god. These ashes are all that remains of an antediluvian time and place, from floods before floods. Should one purchase the ash, and deign to touch it, for the longest while they will only notice a slight paling of the skin. But after a time, it will grant an intimate familiarity with the ancient things, and a soft touch upon the mind of dreams. Too close for some, as the process is described as voyeuristic. One should also be cautious that such fanciful dreams do not swallow them whole.

Cohort Setup Package [100]*

All the pages and forms needed to register a cohort with respective powers, or any similar Factional sub-group be it Commercialist Cliques and Gulps, Collector Plagues, Drafts of Architects and Dens of Collectors. While there is no intrinsic benefit to a Cohort in the short-term, all major groups on Ae that are registered began as unified groups with charters and agreements, and having grouped bargaining power in the Order to request Credit, aid, and material supplies does go a long way in getting what you need.

Internal Business Setup Package [400]*

Local commerce has always been out-shined by the requisitions systems, with only recent history seeing a full establishment of independent operations. Even then the universality of requisitioning forces niche operations. Not that this is a bad thing, as independent operations tend to be reliable and quick to react. This package includes an expandable mobile base, guidelines on the regulations of the order (a surprisingly short read) and a number of contacts in the Commercialists for raw supplies. Everything from eateries to munitions depots began from such a setup.

Shrine Establishment Package [400]*

While organized cult practices were absent from Ae for ages, more localized traditions flourished to the point where Engineering and Commercial consolidated a shared kit for Shrines. As much to keep the esoteric odd-balls in the hills from squabbling, as much as a service to the Order. This package contains a land-grant, customizable relics and a selection of holy materials from old cairn stones to sacred willow beams.

Fortification Establishment Package [250]*

A massive crate loaded to the brim with sacks of instacrete, forged steel plating and bars, easily deployed barbed wire, stone spikes, sand-bags, and a host of various trap triggers. FEPs were introduced by the Architects after several incidents between rival groups of the Home-Guard began sabotaging each others 'crete' supplies with increasingly clownish results. All FEPs come pre-checked for tampering, and while it is a bit of a handful for any one Traveller, a cohort with an FEP can easily fortify just about any position in mere hours.

Traveller Engineer Gear [600]*

A massive crate that contains everything an engineer could require. The needs of the Order are different to the needs of outsiders, and with absolute mobility comes a wide array of freedoms and challenges. The TEG set includes several scanning systems, large quantities of instacrete and structural moulds, shaped charges in their basest components, disposable EODs, temporary bridges, light excavator equipment, scale earthwork displacers and other tools needed to shape and destroy landscape. Usually every cohort has one TEG, as it usually requires multiple people to move the crate around.

Tv.S Mono Glider [120]

A basic, single person glider meant to be deployed from cliffs, planes, or in emergency situations assembled in mid-air. A Mono-Glider is easily folded down into a slab of light synthmetal easily carried and stored, only half a meter in length. While most people would get little out of a glider, being a Traveller allows the possibility of immediately being a mile up off the ground in an instant.

Tv.S Hover-Board [75]

The remnant of a fad, which much like Orchidelirium, headless portraits and bicycles with one overly large wheel never went away. A hover-board is a simple anti-grav board, calibrated by the feet to zip a Traveller about quickly. Individually a hover-board is a speedy way to get about, but there are few places where it will be unnoticed, and accidents with hover-boards are usually far worse than their wheeled counterparts. Remember, practice makes perfect!

Flying Carpet [180]

A mass produced local variant of the legendary rug. The Flying Carpet appears to be a medium sized Persian Rug of decent quality. However upon verbalizing a phrase of your choosing, these Carpets will be able to fly and respond to basic commands and tugs on the corner. While a single rug can carry four adult humans and a load of luggage, these aren't really 'safe' as methods of transport. But that hasn't stopped anyone from buying a flying carpet if they were determined enough.

Flying Canoe [250]

The trademark vehicle of the old Voyageur mystics, a flying canoe is exactly what it says, a comfortable old-style canoe designed to allow both water travel and ethereal flight at the drop of a custom phrase. While the places one can fly this are few, for robust fur seekers and traders it is a godsend. Just pick the command phrase carefully. Deactivating the enchantment when mid-flight can be hazardous for one's help.

Tv.S Hover-Car [480]

Our standardized model of anti-grav light transport. The Tv.S Hover-Car comfortably seats four people with good luggage capacity. You can't freely fly them around in most settings, but they do make for decent transport across the wilder parts of Ae. Some also utilize these as living spaces by modding the interior, and others armour these up as impromptu transports. The simplified control scheme allows just about anyone to pilot these, but their internal framework requires an advanced tech understanding to repair and maintain.

Tv.S Hover-Bike [340]

Singular variant of the anti-grav transport that has been with us so long no one even remembers where the design for it came from. Hover bikes are reliable and hardier than their 'cage' counterparts, well suited for traversing all sorts of hazardous terrain. To the point wherein a Traveller is more likely to give out than the bike simply given enough time. While the actual technology is extremely advanced, the actual components and modifications were designed for just about anyone to assemble and maintain.

Tv.S Motorcycle [300]

Old fashioned industrial materials in a reliable, fuel efficient production pattern. The local model of motorcycle is designed to be easily scaled up or down in size to accommodate widely varied individuals, and is simple enough just about anyone could operate and repair it. The model also comes with an optional side-car for another passengers, luggage, or a mounted weapon if you really think you need it. Archetypal for the roving Independent loner.

Perion Roller Ball [380]

If a hover-bike is two grav-pulsers mounted on a riding frame, then the old Perion is a wheel with a seat. A simple and surprisingly resilient design with a few variants on size. Usually a comfortable Perion will have a diameter a little larger than the rider is tall, though there are exceptions. The wide frame allows for all manner of rough terrain navigation with some notoriously reliable stabilizers. While Perions are durable, they are also slower than alternatives, bad with water and as one might expect, navigating is difficult with the inside of a huge wheel wheel obscuring the path, forcing the driver to nudge their head out a ways. For some though, that's just a part of the charm.

Obaiwa-Zaibatsu Traveller Frigate [1275] [Req; High Tech]

One of the most common FTL void ships we produce in the current era, piloted by one with crewing and seating a comfortable five. Specs vary slightly though they typically sit at twenty meters in length, and half that across and tall. These ships have kinetic cannons, quality armour, reactive shielding and a quality chameleon drive to mask their presence. Being small, light and relatively simple, for many people a Frigate is a mobile home. These can easily move in and out of gravity wells, and their interiors are easily modded for all manner of purposes.

Johnson-Zaibatsu Nightshadow INS Ship [1850] [Req; High Tech]

Nightshadows are one of the original templates from far back before the Denial, 48 meters in length, 8 across and 14 vertically. For their all their tech, they have a relatively simplified control scheme that only requires a single pilot, although a crew of three is the minimum for easy function. Nightshadows can comfortably house ten people, and some significant cargo for their size. However they remain specialized for void combat, boasting unique synatic-titanium alloy and mono-filament armour, advanced shielding, and piercing plasma weapons. They require Hubworld jumpers to leave and enter Ae but their dexterity makes the task relatively quick.

Common Model Void Destroyer [3200]* [Req; Advanced Tech]

The replacement for the old Ovega cruisers, the Common Model usurps the largest commercially available void ship being roughly half the size and crew capacity. The Ovega has a crew capacity of fifty, requiring a third of that number to operate effectively, or a venerable AI. The Common Model boasts an array of missile, plasma and kinetic weapons, resilient dynamic armour and excellent speed for her size. These excel at Void-Combat, orbital bombardment and mobile base operations. Unlike prior ships, these models boast a very slow Jump drive that allows for instant transmission to and from Ae, and drastically opens up the vastness of infinity. Or at least allows one to avoid Hubworld traffic.

XV50 Heavy Tank [1425]

Based upon the disgustingly reliable French tracks with local extensions to compensate for all other fields, the XV50 more strongly resembles a bulldozer with a snub-cannon than a traditional tank. At 42 tonnes with dynamic steel armour and light shielding, the XV50 is usually used as a rolling target and a crusher of fortifications with it's shaped front. The two-inch gun and general-purpose machine gun turret are almost afterthoughts, and with automation the tank can be piloted by only a single person. More effective crewing requires a separate gunner with a total five people able to squeeze in. While it is flexible and reliable for a tank its size, the XV50 is still a heavy tank and can't go some places, requiring Hub jumps to get off Ae.

Midson Light Hover Tank [820]

The old Kalohotli model of multi-purpose tank upgraded with an anti-grav flat underneath the ablative armour. Without treads the Midson becomes a full on light tank, able to skim across the terrain and drift like a finely tuned car. The 75mm cannon comes with both anti-armour and explosive rounds and the general-purpose machine gun makes it an active and dangerous threat on the battlefield. Despite this there is only so much flexibility and visibility one can squeeze into these things. And at the end of the day Tanks are a very small component of Traveller combat.

Purbolo Flying Stone Airship [550]

Produced with Voläre Stone, the old Purbolos resembles a Caravel strapped underneath an enormous floating rock. Lightly armoured and with side-sails, Purbolos can fly on wind propulsion alone, though a small electric propeller and rock-bound solar plates are included. These ships allow low tech Travellers to take to the sky and require little in the way of maintenance. An excellent choice for exploring hostile and harsh environments as Purbolos being able to fly indefinitely allows for a reliable base in such environs. They can be fitted for all matter of purposes outside of heavy industrial combat, and while they draw attention it's relatively easy to fit the slow flying Airships with chameleon generators. Like the vast majority of large vehicles, Purbolos can only be jumped at Hubs and Administrative centres.

Antonov A-90 Flying Tank [725]

The product of an extremely eccentric USSR chairman's folly, the Antonov is exactly what it says it is, a flying medium tank. Based upon the old T44 model with a decently modded hull and interior, the 'self-propelled glider' is turned into a full flying craft thanks to four surprisingly small ignition engines specifically designed to bring the Antonov a kilometre up, where it will be able to freely glide for potentially hours at a slow but comfortable speed. Outside of the modular wings and propeller, the Antonov is a light and flexible tank for its size. Boasting sloped armour and full inertia drives on the interior to ensure every landing is a happy landing. However the flying components are designed purposefully weak and meant to be shed on grounding.

Qalos Dreading [300]

Less a single-seat quadcopter and more a mobile weapons platform. The Qalos is a monster of machine guns and tracking rail cannons that has exactly zero armour to make space and weight for the twenty assorted firearms strapped to it. While the Qalos is something of a joke in Traveller combat, it is excellent for terrorizing outsiders. If the weapons are removed it is extremely flexible and a very easy to fly craft. In fact most who use the Qalos just strip the quad down and fly her lightly. She's also small enough one can instantly transmit with this beast.

Z-Class Midget Submarine [550]

A single seat miniature diver designed to resist the lowest oceanic depths and similarly hostile pressurized environments. The Z-Class was taken almost completely unchanged from the X-class Marina Drone, albeit reworked to allow piloting and more advanced materials to ensure the Submarine can take whatever is thrown at it. A niche item, there are only a few people who make use of the Submarine. While the recent interests in Ae's subterranean network are popular, the oceans of Ae remain alien and largely unexplored. For good reason, if rumours are to be believed.

Tyazhelyy Gustav [2000]*

A symbol of absolute hubris and crimes against military budgeting, the Gustav cannon has served three different world powers prior to capture, and fought in seven different global conflicts. Originally a piece of rail artillery, the Gustav has been refitted with unique jumping systems and anti-grav movement that frees the Gustav in mobility. 1,200 tonnes in weight, and boasting a 33 meter long barrel, the outer chassis still carries a lot of scars, although her guts have been completely reworked. The old monster still utilizes 31 inch 7 tonne shells, but with modern munitions and specialized compositions the Gustav can pierce eight meters of reinforced concrete and two meters of steel armour, and lob shells at a maximum 46 kilometres effectively. While the Gustav can only get one shot off every fifteen minutes it can be operated on a twelve man (or drone) skeleton crew. How this renegade atrocity found its way onto the requisitions document remains a mystery...

Mosiwa-Jhingges-TKRF-RB892v [2000]*

240 meters in length, 48 meters across and just over 100 meters tall, the 892v is a unique Bucket Wheel Excavator that has recently been returned to the catalogue as the prior owner decided to retire from mining. A little more than sixteen hundred tonnes, this armoured abomination has an independent jumping system (that requires extensive coordination and positioning from the pilot) and is powered by a small scale nuclear reactor. With her assorted high automation wheels and 22 buckets, this vehicle can move 380,000 tonnes of soil per day. With 14 sets of tracks and the high grade dynamic armour of an Imperial Goliath, the 892v has occasionally been used to level forts and citadels, though at the end of the day its primary purpose is the extraction and processing of materials, and sending them back to Ae. She requires a crew of at least four individuals to operate, or a very competent AI Overseer and some minor refits. It remains unclear why exactly this impossibly large and expensive vehicle has appeared on the list...

Noble Beast – Minor [40]*

The majority of Traveller beast companions and pets, small enough they can travel freely. Most in addition to providing companionship can perform minor tasks. If of course they have the mental aptitude, training and disposition for it. This category of creature comes in many different forms, everything from crows to stoats, asps to corpse crabs, retriever bats to ear-burrowers. So long as there is a pre-existing niche for demand (and occasionally where there wasn't) you'll likely be able to receive (1) creature of your choosing from the Order's breeders. The cost of such a creature includes feeding, though housing is not. For a minor beast this isn't that much of an issue. This will not last going forward.

Noble Beast – Lesser [120]*

Not so much lesser by presence, but by comparison to the many animals reared on Ae. Lesser beasts are the category which most terrestrial beasts both Terran and xenos still operating (mostly) under natural law belong under. Hunting dogs, boars, mules, pack chimeras, and tracking pterosaurs are all in this category. Like minor beasts, there are many varieties available and many breeders who provide both newborns and adults. It goes without saying however for the purposes of efficient training that younger is better.

Noble Beast – Greater [280]*

Creatures that can no longer simply be brought along by the arm bracer with much ease, forcing a Traveller to rely upon Jump Pads at Hubworlds and Administrative centres, or some very creative shuffling. Greater Beasts include many of the more exotic creatures from Terra's history, and are most typically used as beasts of burden and riding mounts. This category includes large bears, aurochs, horses, Thuringian war-boars and larger classes of Nisetic Murder crabs that as the name implies enjoy homicide.

Noble Beast – Behemoth [675]*

Rare if only for the space needed to train and care for such creatures, Behemoth Beasts technically have no upper limit on size, though such creatures must (usually) obey the laws of physics. These are spectacles in the flesh, that they are an ecosystem of their own, and some Travellers base their lifestyle on such a singular behemoth. Such available creatures include the atmospheric bluebottle jelly, great mammoths, argentinosaurs, ash goliaths and island turtles. Such creatures require special means to be transported off Ae, and most owners don't even bother. Such a thing is a life investment.

Bestial Spirit [300]*

A minor entity akin to a wolf or a cougar that exists in a purely ethereal form. Upon awakening, the Spirit will bond to its owner and follow basic commands. Some use these spirits as guardians, as they can influence the physical world if given cause to, and they are quite capable of viciousness. But most prefer to keep them as pets, as they only need their owner's spiritual presence to sustain themselves. Without an owner, a spirit will slowly fade away into nothingness.

Placid Spirit [100]*

A minor entity of gentle and practical nature, kin to a deer or a sheep. Like bestial spirits they bond to an owner and respond to simple commands, although they lack the killing edge of their cousins. However they make up for this in their own ways, producing a calming effect on living creatures surrounding them. They are also excellent scouts, able to share memories and basic thoughts with their owners. Despite these uses, most invest in Placid Spirits as pets alone, as they are zero maintenance and provide constant companionship.

Geating Parasite [50]*

Bio-Engineered 'insertables' that enhance and protect their owners. Geatings burrow into limbs and vital organs, purifying or amplifying their strengths, while Geatings connected to the skin will chew and bite hostiles. The burrowing process is hardly pleasant, as much as the Geating parasites themselves, though some grow to appreciate the effects of these creatures. Or at least their shock potential of implanting jaws anywhere on the body.

Greater Venus Mantrap [250]*

Someone once thought that man-sized Venus Flytraps were endearing. While he did lose his knee privileges for a few years, Greater Venus Mantraps have gone on to be very popular pets in the Order, being very active and flexible creatures that become well connected with their care-takers. Making them excellent guardians and defensive pets, as while not completely mobile, they're smart enough to follow basic orders and protect certain areas. Just keep in mind the name is quite literal. All a mantrap needs to do is clamp down to kill most human beings.

Pet Rock [5]*

"Ha. These things. Exactly what they say on the tin. I know not who dumped a pile of stones into the catalogue and marked them down as pets. But I was always fond of them. A faithful piece of rock will follow you to the end of time without complaint. Few companions are as pleasant and welcoming unconditionally. Just avoid having all your friends be rocks, yes?"

Vapor Slug [75]*

Nippy little monsters the size of a Banana, when you squeeze a vapour slug, the slug-rubber and everything within a ten metre radius will be hazed out by toxic smoke. Toxic in the sense of 'everything in that radius is going to lose their sense of smell/touch/taste' but still dangerous with a 0.004% Casualty rate. Slugs are incredibly hardy and can eat almost anything, and so some people just keep them in their pockets and feed them their trash. A few people also refuse to wear masks when using them, playing a very low lethality variant of 'slug' roulette.

Shattered Yith Heart [300]*

Once upon a time, way back when, there existed a race that learned how to transplant itself out of reality. First out of space, and then out of time. Lastly across dimensions. They, in their infinite hubris, attempted to take Ae. The terrors that guard Ae made short work of them, devouring their minds and leaving behind shattered relics that failed to transplant even a single Traveller. These are purely mental creatures that once bound to a Traveller act as both defenders and potentially attack dogs. Simple entities, they live of residual mental energy in a Traveller's mindspace and 'consumed components' if taught to be aggressive. While alien, a well kept Heart is one of the most loyal creatures in existence. A whole population of feral Yith Hearts exists on Ae, although they've long since been supplanted by larger mental apex predators that keep their numbers low. Dream carefully out in the wilderness.

Lesser Praha Golem [300]*

Formed of Clay and Salt, Golems have long been present in the Order, though no one can recall where they came from or who made them first. A lesser Golem is only about three feet tall, capable of understanding basic tasks and carrying them out as effectively as they can. They're physically much stronger than their size would indicate, but are usually only capable of tasks a human being could perform. While basic even by automaton standards, long lived Golems can develop 'natures' depending on their experiences. Some benevolent, others tricky as old Fey things tend to be.

Terracotta Warrior [400]*

Yet another relic of a stranger time, the Terracotta army that was brought to Ae triggered a half-century long legal battle and the mother of all public floggings. When the dust settled, we had a whole army of warrior-automatons left behind. They've been on the requisition list ever since. These statues are likely the most simple creatures on this section of the list, requiring clear orders and lacking any kind of safety systems. The only sort of 'programming' comes in their fighting style, being armed with an iron spear and sword Terracotta warriors are extremely aggressive, able to keep fighting long after their bodily integrity is compromised. To the point they're responsible for one of the highest rates of accidental fatalities from ill thought out commands.

Greater Praha Golem [500]*

Twelve feet tall, six across and six deep. A 'true' Golem is a wall of Clay and Salt brought to life by the One Word. As these creatures grow in size, they grow in strength and mental complexity. Even if they still aren't truly sapient, these works have definite personalities, and are capable of some fierce likes and dislikes. Though by design they tend to be more cautious, as a lot of things are made of paper and glass compared to a Golem's strength. While not exactly easy to travel with, they serve as excellent builders, manual aids, guardians and lookouts.

Traveller Auto-Skull [150]*

Use of the brains and skulls of deceased humans (or other applicable sapient organic life-forms) is typically frowned upon, outside of morbid or sufficiently hard-pressed societies. Of course, one can always find a sufficient quantity of anything if they search long enough, and someone still insists on supplying the Order with these Servitors. Able to serve as an airborne cameras, recorders, basic scribes and scouts, auto-skulls like these tend to stick out in many locales, but are favoured by local Antiquarians and wilderness explorers.

Bro-bot Servitor [150]*

The mechanical (and allegedly boring) brother of the auto-skull. Bro-bots are basic mechanical constructs that fill the same niche as their boney cousins, acting as floating recorders, cameras, scouts, scribes and other personal assistant functions. These are highly modable Servitors can take on many other functions, and most end up looking radically different to their stock origins. They tend to develop personalities and grudges if continuously used, although their base intelligence never surpasses that of a dog.

Simulated Intelligence Core [100]*

Purposefully base and simplistic Simulated Intelligences are produced by Traveller AI for a wide variety of purposes. These are generalized cores without a proper mindset that only experience can part. However in experience comes change, and the longer a SI exists, the more skilled it will be at the tasks. And there is just about any set of tasks an SI can accomplish, given enough time and effort. Some low-technology individuals raise very basic SI to act as their technological 'service dogs', letting them take care of complicated tasks well outside of their range. They can also integrate cleanly with vehicles, drones, machines and advanced power armour.

Custom Drone-/Small/ [50]*

Modable drones have always been slotted into the category of creatures as far as AI were concerned, though only recently has this distinction translated into categorization. A /Small/ class drone comes unassembled, with a core the size of a golf-ball that the remaining drone is assembled around, and can support an extant size of half a meter. While all CDs can fill a wide variety of purposes (as CDs come with a variety of parts for just about every purpose) /Small/ variants are typically used for scouting, machine repair, companionship and hyper specialized tasks. While they lack the capacity for varied personalities, they do attain 'likes' and 'dislikes,' with the latter being more common and notorious. While they don't come with any weapons, they can be easily slotted with Order weapons from the catalogue.

Custom Drone-/Large/ [200]*

/Large/ style of Custom Drones are the oldest, with the prototype dating to before the Order's foundation. They were the design template for /Small/ and /Titanic/ variants, both of which utilize the 'core' model. A /Large/ drones core is around the size of Bocce ball, while extant sizes of a full Drone are generally able to support an extant size of two meters in all directions. Assembled drones can take biped, tripod, vehicular and aerial patterns, and are used in just about every field one can imagine. While they could never hope to pass as sapient, /Large/ drones develop definite patterns and will develop beneficial quirks given enough time. To the point where a large CDL fighting league exists for more volatile drones.

Custom Drone-/Titanic/ [750]*

A recent introduction, the core of a /Titanic/ CD is the a meter across with extant size at maximum reaching about twenty meters in all directions. Drones of this size require significant material expertise to assemble and can serve vehicular roles, though nowhere near as well as actual vehicles. This creates an odd niche where the simple minded drones are only really utalized by extremely old AI as pets, drone carriers and specialty operators in hostile environments. While they can be slightly 'smarter' than a /Large/ CD, their growth is restrained by design to keep them from becoming sapient.

Abstracted Shoggoth – Minor [35]*

Grandchildren as living creatures may be foe, friend, or even pets. Feral Shoggoths were among the first of such Grandchildish beasts encountered by Travellers, terrible protoplasmic horrors that are among the most resilient and agile Grandchildren. Being protoplasmic in form and unyielding before all but the harshest flames or most devastating weaponry, Feral Shoggoths are one of the most dangerous creatures one can face. Of course, they're also some of the easiest creatures to train, being able to 'bind' with Travellers if given a special concoction of chemicals and some of the owner's genetic material. Minor shoggoths are mere babes, usually the size of a basketball and neutered to keep them from growing. Minor Shoggoths have extremely limited intellect, and respond only to the most basic of commands. However, for some they make excellent lap-pets and some would describe them as 'cute.'

Abstracted Shoggoth – Major [350]*

Raising Shoggoths is tricky work, as in their natural form they can take the shapes like cloud and mist. Being descended from a domesticated and heavily altered race the modern Shoggoth scarcely resembles, it can take years for a minor Shoggoth to reach 'major' size. Which is less a set size, more the minimum size of a very large dog, the maximum size of a small car. At this size once they have been neutered their mental nature clarifies. Feral Shoggoths can mimic human voices to lure in prey, and this ability can be finely tuned in training. They can devour just about anything and still make excellent attack creatures, although with extended capacity to fulfill more varied demands. But, still 'simple' and prone to eating any 'free' biological material in their immediate vicinity. Not advised for individuals with small lawns and gardens. They do, however, make excellent black mold cleaners.

Abstracted Shoggoth – Monstrous [920]*

Monstrous is the definition for any Shoggoth whose minimum size outclasses a fully grown major. Most often Monstrous Shoggoths are 'split' under induced osmosis. A painless process for a Shoggoth that produces dozens of 'newborns.' A little handful of ravenous black goo that will immediately bulk up to Minor size as fast as it can. A few Monstrous Shoggoths are kept around though, for both sale and the Commercial department's organic waste disposal pit. Unlike their juniors, Monstrous Shoggoths are very sluggish and very complex, able to better understand their bonds and perform very complicated orders, if they're given the training. In a combat scenario, these monsters are one hell of a trump card, as almost nothing can stop the wall of protoplasmic flesh that can crush plate armour like a tin can. But such a trump is also likely to permanently traumatize bystanders. For some that is just part of their charm, and the few owners of Monstrous Shoggoths adore their abominations. Much as they are adored in return.

Cosmetic Body Mods [Single][5] [Major Set][15] [Full-Body][40]*

While not universal, a significant number of Travellers have modified their frames in one way or another, to the point wherein Administration deemed it prudent to formally offer services for such things by requisition. Rings and studs of bone, chitin, semi-precious or military metals. Tattoos of all stripes, even more extreme variants of ritual scarification and full body colour changes to the skin and frame are available if you desire. It goes without saying that people with full body tattoos have difficulty blending into urban locales. But that never stopped anyone.

Maori 'Okibar' Tattoos [395]*

The full facial and upper chest Okibar is derived from the mana enhancing Maori tattoo of the same (uncorrupted) name, and has been on offer for the last century. Okibar marks tend to double the marked one's durability and stamina, though some report even greater gains. Outside the Order the only place one will find such styles of ink are brutal post-expansion Polynesian societies, and particularly brutal ones at that.

Whale Skin Marks [275]*

A gift to the Travellers, given by some unknowable horror that dwelled at the bottom of the ocean, the first Whale Skin marks were carved into the flesh of sunken whales dragged up from the depths. Accordingly, the process of applying these marks has all the subtlety and anaesthesia of a back-alley meat-cleaver surgery, and the resulting marks are best kept hidden for the mental well-being of bystanders. But for those who accept such marks, a well-timed exposure can invoke madness in mortals, and pause the most horrific grandchildren by invoking their eldest cousins.

Token of Dawn [300]*

Shards and fragments of a near forgotten and most unwholesome light. These tokens can be swallowed or implanted in the body, and grant the host a number of benefits including actively controlled bioluminescence, enhanced hearing, excellent night-vision and occasional bouts of precognition. Side effect include but are not limited to; nightmares of the true-light, aversion to salts, olfactory hallucinations and occasional bouts of precognition.

Scourge-Worthy Nails [400]*

Most bodily modifications have relatively clinical and quick processes, if for no other reason than to make the implantation efficient. Unfortunately, the only way to implant the Scourge-Worthy Nineteen Nails is with a sledge hammer and limb clamps. As slow and painful as one might expect, the process completely destroys the body's ability to feel pain and tethers them to mortality. Or, at least, mortality by violence. Those 'Scourge-Addled' can have fallen limbs sewn back on like they're operating on AI Chassis logic, and not even blood loss can bring them down. Of course, aging, disease, and starvation can still end the Scourge-Worthy. For this reason, the Nails are classified as a bodily implant and remain niche. However they remain comfortably utilized by mystics and zealots.

Cochlear Communications Implant [40]*

CCIs have been present for in the order since the inception, however only in the recent era of peace have they picked up, as the need for subtlety has moved from *optional* to *recommended* by the local Judicar. The CCI is a miniature communications device with mental controls that is implanted directly into the inner ear. These allow for hands free instant communications with other members of the Order, or with anyone who has the correct receptions.

CIY 'Cut-In' Net Implant [100]*

Praised for its simplicity and modality, the CIY is an implant installed at the back of the head that allows one to 'plug themselves into' computers and networks, and navigate them directly from the mind. Such implants are common in more extreme trans-humanist societies and allow processes that would take minutes to be accomplished in the blink of an eye. Of course, hostile software designed to counter such interfaces is dangerous, as are unpredictable power spikes that can potentially leave one comatose. But such threats are no longer death sentences like in the old days.

VoVat Mental Plant [100][Req:CIY Implant]*

VoVats are chips containing Muscle Memory Modules that instantly 'train' selected 'move-sets' on the implanted individual. The most prominent of these are martial arts chips, that grant thorough and 'pre-known' knowledge of the preferred art, such as Krav Maga or Taikwando, but other skill sets can be acquired. The VoVat is an excellent tool for testing and short form use, but most find themselves unable to grow and organically adapt using the VoVat. While VoVats grant the 'software' for such arts, but they do nothing about the 'hardware' of the user's frame.

Operabia Module: Latent Base-Nerve Control [400]*

The Operabia modules are a line of artificial organs developed by joint Medical and Biological Department interests, and are designed to have a multitude of wild effects that had long been the dominion of Ethereal. The Latent Base-Nerve Control organ (LBNC) is a sub-psi gland that produces an extremely low grade psionic effect that allows the user to manipulate small scale arthropods. The LBNC has muscle qualities, and is most effective if frequently exercised. Those who rarely make use of the LBNC will barely be able to control a handful of spiders, while those who use it as a primary tool have been observed to direct locust plagues to nightmarish effects. Of course, not many people need such plagues regularly, and the LBNC remains a niche implant for bug obsessed weirdos and would-be prophets.

Operabia Module: Iron Hide [300]*

Iron Hide implants are a consolidation of the hundreds of epidermal armour mods that existed in early Traveller history and has succeed in completely displacing the older variants. The Iron Hide consists of a Brain implant and multiple glands spaced throughout the body that allows changes to finalize in mere hours. Basic settings allow for greatly enhanced durability at almost no cost to flexibility, while more extreme settings grant matching durability, at the cost of dexterity, weight increases and the need to increase caloric intake to keep pace with the strengthening. Extreme variants of the module produce bulletproof rhinocerosesque effects that while niche have their place.

Operabia Module: Acidic Saliva and Pump Mechanism [250]*

ASPMs are much like the Iron Hide, in that they are a product of consolidation. Back in the formative years, all manner of implants were picked up by Travellers, and a host of these were 'breath weapons.' Exhaust implants that transformed individuals into acid and flame throwers to dangerous effect. Of course, many early adopters perished when their acid glands began leaking internally, or they just exploded out of the blue. The ASPM is a safe version of these old implants, granting neck and oral glands that allow for manual breath attacks of flame or organic acid. Unlike their predecessors they're extremely safe and well-tested. While they're rarely used as primaries due to fuel limits and range, they are excellent hold-out and shock weapons.

Operabia Module: Low Level Organic ET Teleport [650]*

One of the few modules that the Experimental department had a hand in, LLOETTs are distinct crystalline organs that are usually implanted in the chest cavity or brain. LLOETTs allow for immediate short scale 'teleportation' similar to jumping, without actually needing to make use of the Bracer. Early users will generally need visual contact to perform a jump, and only be able to get a handful of jumps in before migraines force them to stop. This is a product inexperience, and trained individuals can make use of their LLOETT to jump freely in a range of several kilometres or for hours on end. While extreme overuse of the LLOETT can lead to bleeding of the brain and facial orifices, these lack the fatal failings of their early Order predecessors, and you can rest assured you won't end up half-fused to a rock, or leave behind parts of your body.

Operabia Module: Rage Effect [200]*

The organic equivalent of someone shoving thirty capsules of Pervatin, a bottle of Epinephrine and a host of nerve dampeners directly into the bloodstream, and a slap on the rear for good measure. The Rage Effect module is a gland implanted directly into the lower neck, and safely trains the brain and body to make use of the cocktail of chemicals that upon being manually triggered, the RE will dump into the bloodstream. RE activation sends the owner into a combat spiral not dissimilar to a berserker state, granting energy, focus and peak physical condition. At the cost of an extended hangover state when the module is deactivated, and the damage received from such deranged mental states.

Operabia Module: Biological Lightning Implants [375]*

An extensive series of epidermal glands, growths and regulators, Organic lightning is one of the few Operabia without precedent. The Biological Lightning Implants (BLI) allow the user to store large amounts of energy inside the body, and discharge this energy through violent bursts by way of specialized epidermal growths. These growths are typically placed on the palms or fingertips, but they can be theoretically placed anywhere, even on the tongue. 'Strikes' from BLIs can range from explosive blasts to disabling pulses that require flesh to flesh contact, however the BLI itself can be retooled as much as one would 'retool' the weight behind a fist swing. Over-use of BLIs can result in occasional explosive growths and random discharges.

Operabia Module: Aura Shroud [580]*

One of the more experimental models that took years to clear for trial-use, and an equally long time to be approved for general sale. The Aura Shroud is an expansive web of internal and external lattice spread across the entire body. When activated, the Module will 'draw' the wearer into a niche 'side dimension' wherein physical mass has the density of gas. In this state one is (disorientatingly and) technically present in both the physical and the side dimension, but completely ignores physicality, allowing them to phase through walls and threats, while appearing to be little more than a vague shadow. The process is draining on the body and the mind, and while side-dimensions are typically quiet, psychic entities do exist that inhabit them. Usually these creatures are skittish and distant. *Usually.*

Operabia Module: Override Feature [300]*

Less a module, more a jury-rigging implant that turns off the safeties of OMs. All of the safeties. At a certain point most will acknowledge the OM's 'peak' in their effectiveness and strength. Even with mixing and matching (as much as one safely can) you can only go so far. And that strength is usually all that is needed. But for some that isn't good enough. Overriding allows further growth beyond 'safe' limits, and those older users of the Operabia series often reach a point where the physical effects become near supernatural. Of course, when a neophyte user plugs in an override, they are far more likely to get themselves killed than anything else. And since the risk is (usually) self-centred, one can immediately purchase an OF. But do not say you haven't been warned of the dangers.

BIO-Chip [350]*

One of the original great works of BIO that has long been eclipsed in scale, but remains in use thanks to its simplicity and effectiveness. Implanted in the direct core of the body, a BIO-Chip is an active mutator that can carry any pre-selected changes and implant them on a genetic and physical level. Just about any major scale optimization and inclusions can be found on the banks available for an over-the-counter BIO-Chip. The vast majority of these aspects are self-contained and chimeric, drawing from the original mindset of making mythological aspects. Most Travellers who resemble monsters and creatures of Yore were changed through a BIO-Chip, and for many that remains a key draw. From Yetis, Satyr, Harpies, Driders, Centaurs and many other mythological creatures. While these forms aren't perpetual they are long lived, more resilient and to a degree flexible. Although, post initial selection and augmentation the change process shifts from weeks to years. As well, for a minor 'donation' of about 200 credits, Biological will take personal requests for a custom template and remove the safeties on the process.

Healing-Chip [300]*

A relatively simple implant set in a core region of the body. As the name implies, the Healing-Chip radically stimulates an organic being's regenerative capabilities and keeps a bodily template locked upon activation, allowing the regrowing of lost limbs and organs if they were present when the Chip was installed. The base chip can re-knit a body from total crippling in weeks, although scars take longer to fully fade as do major losses. An upgraded variant exists that cuts down regenerative times to a fraction of their original length, although this comes with the need for constant medical checkups and the very *slight* possibility that the epidermis will take a mint-green tint. The Upgrade costs twice as much as the base Healing-Chip.

Byrromancy-Chip [400]*

One of the Ur-implants that Biological either inherited, pillaged or jury-rigged before the Department's actual founding, Byrromancy as the name implies stimulates the skin and flesh, rendering the implanted individual almost immune to direct exposure to flame (but not smoke inhalation) and creates specialized pores and microglands. Someone implanted will eventually (with a diet to support the new demanding metabolism,) produce and direct industrial level flames from their body. The amount of fire, range from the body and actual heat intensity are greatly improved by training and constant use. To the point where the Chip rivals innate pyrokinetic abilities. Of course, the skin will also darken considerably and become more resistant to heat and fire, for the former this is something of a mixed bag depending on the implantee's views.

Base Physical Reformatting [50]*

The base package offered by the Biological department for a that handles most minor and cosmetic issues a body has. While many Travellers tend not to completely rebuild themselves, some go out of their way to ensure their bodies are an idealized version of themselves. Their old selves anyways, with a smaller group completely casting aside their old identities.

Extensive Physical Restructuring [200]*

Compared to the Base, EPR is the 'full package' variant of the package that unsets a persons genetics to a much greater effect. Physical sex, sub-species and even xenos (physical) transitions are all made simple with extensive restructuring. Although it will take a few days compared to the hours needed for a BPR, for those particularly intent upon a EPR it is usually nothing. End-states are stable and outside of chameleon xenification's lack of reproductive capacity, none could distinguish a subject of the Restructuring from the base template.

Biological Mobile RST Unit [500]*

A mobile set of the injectors, genetic manipulation material and direct bodily implants used by Biological for their reformatting and restructuring operations. This unit trades out painlessness and caution for speed and mobility. A lot can go wrong with a Mobile Unit, and some of the worst Biological incidents occurred because someone took this stuff lightly. But if mastered the flesh becomes like clay, able to be reworked in days on the go for whatever purposes the flesh is needed. Some of the oldest users no longer have little identity outside of their Unit serial numbers.

'Senator Special' Nanite Injection [300]*

Nanites are usually left at the wayside for Travellers, being notoriously weak to certain environmental factors and specialized weaponry. However in recent years a new (and very expensive) class of Nanites have emerged having been carefully designed by the Architects and Technical. One of the more relaxed uses for these machines is the 'Senator Special' module. A set of slow replicating Nanites that spread themselves out across the whole body. Upon detecting immanent trauma SSNs harden the immediate vicinity, preventing bruising and penetration. Most motions, especially combat motions are enhanced by SSNs, although the Injection is on the simple side, to avoid complications and deterioration. Extreme blood-loss can diminish the potency of these Nanites, and while conventional weapons are no issue for them, armour piercing and flame based weapons can break through the hardening.

'Full Interior' Mental Editor [500]*

A Mental Editor is an interface to a person's consciousness that can selectively edit and delete various memories and traits. A rarely used item that is heavily regulated for obvious reasons. Only the implanted individual can operate it, and changes made by the Full Interior are final. A person's consciousness can be effectively obliterated at the press of a few buttons, and hard-set rules can be implanted. Such an implant has few users, although it should be noted that Editors are ubiquitous in the Judiciary.

Organ Replacement – ArtII [75]*

Synthetic kidneys, livers, lungs, hearts, bones made of metal and skin made of basic polymer materials. Basic things usually invested in as a response to extreme trauma and proliferated by the medical department. While inflexible and not as effective as the parts they replace, ArtII organs are incredibly reliable. Like to outlast their host body many times over.

Organ Replacement – B10N [225]*

'Hand-crafted' by medical AI with an express focus on extreme utility, B10N organs are so effective they typically need to be 'turned off' at implantation, with their effects slowly raised as time goes on. A process that can take months, or in cases where original components were lost to violence or disease, years. For some the ends justify the means.

Limb Replacement – ArtII [100]*

Arms and legs for humans, and for others, wings or stranger components. ArtII limbs are designed in bulk to be quickly fitted and provide decent functionality. Though simple, they are reliable, and some come to truly excel in using a ArtII, although some never truly return to full functionality. Modding possibilities are also minimal, and are typically melee orientated.

Limb Replacement – B10N [3750]*

Custom built bionic limbs with full neural interfacing and capable of integrating more advanced equipment and weapons, B10N limbs are masterworks. Although like their organ counterparts uplinking to full functionality is a slow progress, made slower by scarification and nerve trauma. But what is left afterword is stronger and more capable than the flesh before it could ever be. B10N limbs can also be modified in any direction with full mental control over the mods, so long as materials are provided.

Rotating Mental Module [280]*

An RMM is a tool designed to stimulate the well-being of brain functions in the fashion of sleep, effectively removing the need for an organic Traveller to rest. Though they still can, the RMM could hypothetically allow a Traveller to operate at all hours for months if not years. RMM "sleep" is not the best, and even after a few weeks the feeling of perpetual 'semi-exhaustion' sets in as the RMM begins to operate full-time. Most however don't need push themselves so far, outside of those in particularly extreme circumstances.

Internal Sustenance Module [150]*

An implant that lodges itself in the user's upper digestive system aside and external hook-up node. The ISM contains a pocket dimension wherein a host of pre-packed important needs are stored, ranging from base food and water supplies to extended batteries and oils for Artificial Travellers. Hypothetically a Traveller could survive for two Sol years on an ISM, though it rarely feels good. Most often these are integrated on extreme survivalists and the paranoid, with only a few eccentrics actually utilizing an ISM for all their living needs.

Waste Disposal Module [200]*

A replacement 'pipe' to a pocket dimension affixed to certain parts of the digestive track. Disposal modules completely remove a biological entities need to physically dispose of waste in the traditional sense, instead allowing them to continuously function outside for even years on end. Emptying a module requires returning to Ae and a minor mechanical sequence where the module's storage bay is withdrawn and emptied. While niche, the 'supply' from WDM users allows for generous fertilizer and chemical processing. Non-biological entities can utilize a WDM, but with diminished results as the pocket dimensions are designed for solid and liquid storage, not pure gas.

External Memory Box [100]*

EMBs are specialized bio-organic hard drives with matching installed brain-implants that allow for instantaneous upload of memories clarified by thought, coming in psionic and physical uplink variants. From them, one can 'offload' these memories and even entire strains of mental process onto others, allowing for some of the highest forms of communication between individuals. EMBs can also be used for witness testimony, wills, preservation of information in the event of mental degradation, and much more.

Internal Storage Module [50]*

A folded space safe stored inside the part of your body of your choosing, ISMs are useful for people who tend to go without clothes or regularly ferry substances of questionable legality. The average model comes with standard two litres of storage space, though this can be reconfigured for three if one is willing to give up precious organ space. ISMs come with pressure seal and zipper opening options.

[Quality List]

Tier-(1) [Cheaply Made / Used Parts/ Off-Ae Shipment] (x0.5)

Tier-(2) [Standard Manufacture] (x1)

Tier-(3) [Quality Manufacture] (x2)

***Material Pre-set, Cost is Flat**

****Equipment Modifier, added to final equipment cost**



Initial Equipment Requisition; Modes of Perpetuity

“Now, before we finish up that, there is one last section that was recently partitioned off from the main body of that other mess. Things that will help you survive the years. Humans last only a paltry time by nature, low blood Nisetics, Pharjesn and Mokresia are not much better. Sometimes they have it worse. There are solutions to that fragility of body. Our duty is perpetual, making it prudent we find ways to last.”

“None of this is required, but I do recommend looking over your options. And remember, even if you leave, you'll always be able to return, just head into any liaison office or requisition location. We have each other New Blood, remember that.”

{Pick Any Compatible Modes, Or None at All}

Standard Maintenance [Free]

At this point, ninety nine percent of Travellers coming in can safely rest in the hands of Medical or Mechanical to 'uncap' their lifespans. Just by coming in twice a year and whenever something feels amiss, a Traveller can persist for many times their natural life-span and do so for free. Medical has had centuries to refine and perfect their treatments, and even in inoperable circumstances Medical has workarounds. We were not always so fortunate and a great number of the Second Generation were lost by way of tragically preventable circumstances.

Koshchey Phylactery [600]

Travellers have long made use of processes that divides the 'essence' of a person from their body. This capitalization of an older process has been refined, the Koshchey Phylactery upon being used has seemingly no effect at first, but in time individuals will notice an extremely slowed aging process. Upon being killed however, the Phylactery will initiate a reanimation process, turning the user into a lich. A lich is a deathless entity that will persist as long as the Phylactery persists, even if the body is destroyed, the phylactery will simply animate the nearest corpse with the essence of the lich. Of course, most subjects of lichdom will look like abominable walking corpses without regular maintenance by Ethereal. For some however that is the desirable outcome. A grizzled corpse can get unique results in negotiation and diplomacy.

Grey Man's Portrait [500]

An alternate mode of the 'essence-storage' system, the system relies upon an unnatural portrait that *cannot* be seen by the subject. Upon having your portrait painted, you will not age, and any injury you receive will not kill you. You will always slowly regenerate to the state you were painted in, even your hair, your nails will struggle to return to that painted state. All while the aging and injury you incur instead paints itself upon the painting, which will be moved to storage in a special facility in the Ring. These paintings take on a malevolent and suicidal life of their own, and seek to be seen by their subject. If the subject ever sees their portrait, they will immediately suffer all the aging and injury they avoided. If the Portrait is destroyed, the Traveller will also fall over dead, though they'll avoid the worst of the miseries they endured. While the portrait itself has great longevity, if too much damage is taken at one time they have a nasty habit of... Combusting. Avoid catching fire.

Sombre Deviless' Pact [-50]

Some years ago, a Traveller Daemon Slayer went to a reality of salt, brass, and ash, and there he met an unusual Deviless. Despite his contempt for such entities, the Traveller recruited the Deviless to the Order, and since she's been a valuable member with a variety of unique talents. For a price paid out, she will take your soul. For safe keeping only, or so she says, while this is effective at sustaining the self most have realized she is unbecomingly sentimental for a Daemon. Afflicted by all manner of compunction thanks to her years in the Order, the process is unusual, though not *overtly* unpleasant. Afterwards, a person feels only slightly more empty than they usually would, and isolation will become alien to them as the Deviless is known to keep an eye on her charges. Should they ever be killed, they'll awaken on Ae, at a certain Daemon's doorstep.

Ausadhirdipyamanas Flower Bed [400]

Heavenly plants that were swindled from the Aśvinau by a vagrant Gumiho, the sacred fruit and petal of the Ausadhirdipyamanas can grant limitless vitality. So long as they are consumed regularly on a monthly basis. Such a flower bed requires a skilled gardener, but diligence in upkeep will produce an excess of the cherry like fruit and flower petals which can bring a person back to full health from death's doorstep. Some have gone as far as to calculate their digestion speeds, eating the fruit before battle so they don't need to worry about falling over dead in the fight.

Eanthari Peach [500]

The product of three centuries of agricultural refinement and who knows how many epoch of skipped grow time. The Eanthari "Peach" (named so for the fruit most closely resembles a peach) does away with natural aging and grants an eternal youthful health, as well as a keen mental acuity. This acuity tends almost universally to induce insomnia, and many develop long-term anxieties brought on by heightened self-awareness. The Peach also doesn't grant such things as immunity to bullet poisoning or starvation. So don't expect such protections.

Hōrai Draught [700]

Discovered by a vagrant Gumiho, the Hōrai was refined after the prior mentioned Gumiho had her head blown off, and she, still headless, clawed her shooter to death. Hōrai is a heavy metallic refinement of spiritual matter that after being consumed rests in the liver, so long as a fragment of the individuals liver remains the entire body will regenerate in extremely short order. Our variant of the draught was derived directly from our aforementioned Gumiho, after an incident that ended with her liver in the hands of Medical when she 'got tired of it.' This resulted in the Traveller variant inflicting albinism and a distinct taste for... a certain sort of human organ. You might be able to guess which one.

Stigmata Nails [550]

A quartet of brutal iron Nails meant to pierce the hands and feet for execution. When used on a very recent and whole corpse, the Nails will halt the mortification process and fully re-animate the individual in three days, leaving them with permanent holes in the hands and feet. An interesting discovery was recently made by one zealot who had himself crucified and beaten to death. After rising he was comfortably able to bend the nails in, and so long as they remained nothing could really kill him. While the regeneration is much less dramatic than the Hōrai, it is relentless, and one can temporarily remove the nails, or be reduced to a single nail. Of course, for the process to work one needs *intact* hands and feet and death by crucifixion isn't much fun.

Order Oath [250]

Recently discovered by a third generation recruited only two years ago, a Sacred Oath can often be as binding as any Nail or Contract, and it remains unclear what exact force causes such animation. Regardless, swearing such an Oath will, so long as the Order is served first, negate whatever injury or blight that would kill the Traveller who upholds it. To a degree anyways. This is more a form of insurance than an active measure, and one might be debilitated or left completely incapable. As well if the Oath is violated, accordingly, the protections will dissipate. Potentially with catastrophic consequences.

Spice Box [500]

Produced in the most basic form by our beloved 2.6km long Sand Horror known as 'Pepper,' a sterile genetic aberration (unless some idiot ever decides to use an atom bomb on her), Pepper's shed has some potent effects. Spice is a potent refinement of the sheddings, in addition to unlocking the potential life-span grants a preternatural awareness of the world. After some centuries of use some even develop psionics, though the truly debilitating mutations the Spice would normally inflict have been ironed out. It should be noted the Spice is incredibly addictive, and as such spice rations are tightly controlled by Medical. Withdrawal is no longer fatal thanks to recent Medical developments, but the process is still brutal and *any* consumption of the Spice will still kill Nisetics and Pharjesn outright.

Operabia Nilos Implant [500]

Consolidated from preexisting healing modules and styled on the Nisetic 'mass sequence' genetics, the Implant operates similarly to a healing chip on a radical post-mortem scheme. After the cessation of biological functions, the Nilos re-ignites the individual and everything in several meters with a volatile life-rejuvenation blast. Restoring and recreating the body in a new format with potentially extreme variation. This was actually requested by older Travellers who'd grown tired of their old skins, those revived by the Nilos are never the same. The Implant comes with three charges and one needs to go to Medical to receive more. Regenerations require at least one week of recharge time between fatalities and no one wants to engage in corpse-sitting.

Breithiúnas Egg [1500]

A fragment of magnificent radiance, stolen away from that which bore it and instead handed over to the Powers on Ae. It is unknown what entities produce these Eggs, which Travellers alter them, or even the specifics of the process. No two consumers of the egg are alike and study of the over-all effect is considered futile. Initially the Egg will only deny flesh mortality, and only to a degree. But in time, growth is stretched beyond the firmament and stretches high to the point a Traveller might become like those Titanides and Godheads of the Old Order. One should not take this path lightly, as there is a reason the ancients slumber, and the Godheads glare at **all** outsiders behind their fragile veil.

The 'DT' Implant [600]

An experimental implant that grants a frankly excessive amount of regeneration tied to resting blood content, the Implant is an explicitly demonic work. Able to intensify the strength it draws from the blood, at will the DT can be activated, granting a temporary hellish visage and even greater regeneration. Growth models have been somewhat limited, and it remains to be seen just how the DT can be twisted. All of this is tied to the blood, and if sufficiently bled out the Implant can suffer a rapid collapse situation. As well, some report an odd breed of 'flare' post implementation, one that forces as much style as substance in whatever they set themselves toward.

SNItCH Implant [1000]

The SNItCH was initially conceived by members of the Judiciary, a fist sized 'theft' drone that upon the owner's expiration will burst from the chest cavity and then bury itself in the chest of their killer. Carrying with it the owner's consciousness, the SNItCH's exit completely burns out the old nervous system and violently replaces the old mind with the owner. If the Traveller expired by natural means or their own stupidity, the Implant will only store the consciousness until a new frame can be acquired. It should be noted that, in the event the murderer is another Traveller, then the SNItCH cannot properly overwrite the host and will result in a body of mixed control. Naturally this can result in some extreme body dysphoria and the horribly messy 'separation' process, such incidents mark the Implant as a specialty item for those with hyper-aggressive focus and a disposable attitude for their own flesh.

Traveller Vampirism [400]

It took just over two centuries of tooling to create the twinned spiritual and biological strain of Traveller Vampirism. This strain inflicts a sunless complexion and a distinct hunger in the eyes, though Afflicted can still wander the daylight even if it greatly strains their vision. They also suffer a standard reliance upon blood, though on Ae this isn't much of an issue thanks to availability. Religious symbolism is completely negated, any sort of herbal remedy is a non-issue and an attempted stake through the heart can be shoved firmly up an offenders ass. But enough physical damage can still be fatal. The Strain is neutered, so one can do with their bodily fluids as they will, and their strength, stamina and sensory capacity are only enhanced.

Tuniit Mummification [800]

By way of a ritual killing and the subsequent preservation of the body in the dry cold of the arctic, a Traveller can achieve Perpetuity and radical transformation. The Tuniit process results in a body that is monstrously enlarged and devoid of need for food and drink, perpetual as the cold of space. Physically the end result appears to be a corpse-like yeti, while mentally those mummified tend to become more passive and even tempered. Tuniit are slow to heal, have weakened feeling in their body, and might be destroyed outright by violence. But their true bane is moisture. Tuniit begin to mold quickly in any damp environment, and if left unchecked this can turn into outright rotting.

Revenant Ritualism [800]

Like other methods spiritual, Revenant revival requires a *minor* ritual suicide. Temporary of course, and allowing one to completely forgo a living appearance in exchange for power only brought on by such a vengeful return. This is an aggressive form of necromancy where the Revenant left afterwards is a thing of binding muscle and bone, doing away with the unnecessary things, like eyes and skin. There is terrible might and resilience to it certainly, but it is as subtle as a grenade. And sometimes just as terrifying. Revenants do not need to eat or drink and can recover from being reduced to bloodied fragments. There is one great weakness to this form, should a product of such ritual's capacity for strong emotions fade from them, they may well crumble into dust. Revenants are creatures of purpose, and one is advised to have intense preexisting drives and relations before plunging the knife into their chest.

Base Mechanical Transfusion [500]

Our base uploading process is a relatively simple system, directly transferring ones mental functions into a basic Adamantos-hulled artificial brain. The old nervous system is fried in the transfer and leaves behind a corpse you can do with as you will. Some are sentimental about their old hardware, others just donate it to the Order for the soap. Regardless, after this you will be a pure synthetic being, a nice safe sentimental-little AI core for all intentions and purposes. This does not include a frame, though you can be freely inserted into any of our Base Rigs or sufficiently prepared machinery. Please purchase such a frame beforehand as we don't want to be stuck with a screaming robot brain. Again. It happens far too often.

Cyborg Treatment [600]

A derivative of the Base Transfusion. After the upload process is finished, the old brain is removed and the new brain is installed beside a synthetic nervous system that cannibalizes the old organic one. The cyborg retains many benefits of the base upload, and usually gets to avoid the early crippling body dysphoria. Usually. Additionally with this transfusion cost for artificial limbs and organs is halved, thanks to the ease of integration brought on by the new nervous system and Mechanical's constant need to flex.

Golem Format [1000]

One can optionally forgo a pure base metal frame and instead opt for an ascent into a Golem frame. Made from either stone, sacred mud or steel, the organic body is sacrificed to the forging process and guaranteeing the ascent into the new frame that holds the spirit. Such a frame is limited only by the base ten by ten by ten metre size limit of the Golem forge proper, and all manner of new frame is requested that the Forge-master takes great satisfaction in fulfilling. A Golem is perpetuated by purpose, and can resist being reduced to rubble if it retains that purpose. But in errancy, they either fall into sleep or turn into statues outright. It should also be noted that, while Golem frames do heal they do so very slowly unless made of mud.

Haldag Chitinous Frame [950]

The Biological Department's most recent darling, the Haldag is a completely grown construct, tailored to the purchaser. Upon entering the chitinous suit it will immediately assimilate the 'wearer,' first binding them inside, then replacing the original body with seamless improved tissues. In a week's time there will be no divide between the original frame and the greater body of the chitinous traveller. The natural armour is superb, the new body has an excellent regeneration rate, and organs are refined with secondary emergency systems built in. This is classified as a synthetic frame by virtue of the perverse construction and an even more perverse set of 'uplinks' that can probe computers and ransack information. Not with any grace, anyways. It should be noted that the Haldag is a very distant cousin of the K1113R/lock-cracker/hacker family and can inherently communicate.

Base Spiritual Transfusion [1000]

Our most basic abandonment of the flesh in favour of the ethereal initially doesn't fully draw a line, instead ushering in a natural timelessness. This allows the weave and flow of the unseen energies of being inside, furthering ethereal growth. This slowed process allows a level of customization to one's end form that is only limited by the Traveller's will. Some slowly abandon almost all physically and become spirits that prefer to possess their enemies, others, grow into gaunt gothic figures that make use of their ethereal base to attain naturally impossible frames. The process is highly dependent upon the Traveller who is being transfused, in their character and the roads they travel.

Atar Ascension [1200]

Sacred fire has long been present on Ae, and some have figured out how to do away with a purely original animation, replacing that inherent anima with such fire. Doing so ignites the soul, both in a spiritual sense and a literal one. To follow such an ascension will grant a certain mania and passion, and slowly unlock a pyrokinesis in the ascension. At first anyways, anyone knows that beating a flame will only strengthen it. There will come a point where the body can for great periods be completely submerged by the Pyrrhic soul. Of course, the flame can be snuffed out if one isn't careful, and such a spiritual flame cannot be reignited.

Embodiment Ascent [1500]

Binding your own self to a feeling, an idea or something else that is sufficiently simple, yet indefatigable... That has great potential. Such ascent sacrifices portions of yourself that run counter-intuitive to embodiment at first, and in time the entirety of your person will be consumed by it. But in exchange you will be more and more difficult to cull, and you will exude an aura of your chosen element, in time drawing strength from auras where it is present. Radiating that element like a star. Those who grow to their full potential stop being individuals, and may become a part of Ae as any landscape, or wind, or wanderlust. For some this is an optimal outcome.

Small God Ascent [1500]

Binding the self to the idea of worship has power, such power beginning in mundanity, while the potential is arguably unlimited. Strength is tied directly to veneration and worship, all it will take to live in perpetuity is a handful of offerings every year. But that is never good enough. Growth is dependent upon image and aspect, and over time the initial form will fade into that which people perceive, be it for good or ill. Falls are much steeper than the ascent, and if a Small God is cut off hard enough they might fade out of existence entirely. It should be noted that veneration by other members of the Order has the most worth, with it taking hundreds if not thousands of offworlders to match up in the same strength that an individual Traveller provides.

Traveller Skinwalker Descent [500]

One can rot themselves away into something lesser, but still fundamentally unrelenting as any tick. The Skinwalker affliction is unique among the methods as it was wholly created on Ae, and shouldn't be equivocated to other "skinwalkers" and the Ur element that describe unrelated or even contradictory things. The descended tend to shrink to one or two feet, becoming repulsive caricatures. They compensate this by climbing into specially prepared corpses that, once safely inside, they can manipulate as if it was their own skin. These vacant frames, unlike the Skinwalker, need all the regular maintenance for a body when worn, even if they don't age. Some treat these skins as disposable and accrue collections kept in the freezer. Others grow to view them as their proper bodies and consider their 'true' forms an insurance policy. The first corpse is free, of course. After you'll need to find your own.

Base Hardlight Transfusion [1000]

One can do away with all but the basics and transfer themselves into a prepared hardlight core. Following the same principles as the mechanical upload, the core is the full physicality of the traveller. They can certainly make use of tech integration to a limited degree, but this is almost always trumped by the capacity to generate hardlight constructs. The base core grants a four meter range of hardlight extension, allowing them great variety in mobility, appearance and function. This flexibility is their greatest strength of such entities, and their greatest weakness lies in the projector core. Like all things, the stone heart of a hardlight entity can be shattered, and if it is completely, then that is the end of them.

Half-Half Embrace [1250]

Recently brought to the attention of the Biological Department, who, being Biological immediately began testing the capacity for hardlight stimulation to radically alter the physical body. This process removes the heart of the Traveller in question, replacing it with a diminutive hardlight core that will immediately reseal the form and act on autopilot to perform now absent heart functions. Half-Half entities retain their bodies (unless they are completely destroyed at which point they will just become a base hardlight) which they can slowly alter through hardlight stimulation. All while being able to make use of hardlight constructs with a significantly reduced range. The process completely stops aging, and given enough time and effort, the sculpting has yet unseen potential.

Base Secondling Transfusion [500]

All creatures, all sapients regardless of origin, can be influenced by the sway of the Great Old Ones. Though most typically fall sway to their innumerable progeny, 'the Grandchildren' of all stripes. One can, through immediate motion and assistance, attempt to embrace this nature. All Travellers will see the effects in time. The unhinging of organic functions, even the undoing of decay into an absent miasma. Like the Ethereal transformation, this begins small, with inhumane durability and a greater endurance. It is the path that comes to forge the individual frame, the disposition and road and most of all the mindset of the Traveller warping them. They are undone, and given a few decades they will likely be unrecognizable to their former selves.

Pallid Ascension [1800]

You can draw yourself to the pale yet umbral space between dreams, finding the great bleak nothingness through an injection. But it is not the injection that afflicts a timelessness derived from that place. It is the blackness of that sea that draws the mind from the body and elongates time. You might spend months, maybe years in the darkness and water. Searching for the glimmer of a leviathan. A friend to us all. A single touch is all it will take to inflict the Gift upon you, and you will awaken with the needle still in your arm. In time, you will understand the true heights one can rise too, being unseated between worlds. Influenced by those few Grandchild Kraken who gift their nature freely, both abyssal and ephemeral.

Rebirthed Child of Nhigrash [750]

The Niseti home world has a propensity for atrocities that puts Terra to shame, and beside the capacity for nightmarish hive-world scenarios this often draws a being into existence, tied together as surely as the Idiot Sultan is tied to Creation. Nhigrash is an entity that is a product of all this, and embodies the peace only death can grant. This mortality focus would typically align a truly higher entity against the Order, but Nhigrash is also an entity of struggle. Your death is not restful if you did not fight it, and it has been discovered one might remould themselves by the touch of Nhigrash. Nhigrash offers gifts not only to Nisetics but to any willing to give themselves up. Those who do receive monstrously twisted insectoid bodies that resist conventional weapons like water upon stone. But this comes with the most perverse form of Niseti Mercy. To offer oblivion to the suffering always come to the mind, and failing that, reprieve. You give yourself, that others might benefit, and in sacrifice you are without end bar violence.

Embrace of the Beast [500]

Not an embrace of the Great Old One's shadow, but the volatile rejection of it, a rejection all living things possess the potential for. The 'Beast' is a title for that savagery that can be induced in any creature, and has great strength if allowed to run rampant across the body and mind. It is basic, feral at times and drives one to degenerate into something paradoxically in rejection of the Great Old Ones. Some Embraced look like rough but normal men, but many others warp into creatures that rival grandchildren in their terror. All change as the monstrous life grips them, for better or for worse. Like 'other' forms of perpetuity, this is typically a gradual process, influenced by environment and disposition. But it can 'jump' and scatter given the right circumstance, and one must walk a fine line. If you aren't careful you might become a rabid dog, and we put down rabid elements in the Order.

Behryt Fragments [3000]

The pitiable remains of a Maker & Unmaker, a cruel mirror to the very worst of human kind cultivated down to a few crumbled shards of bloody glass. These fragments radiate a nauseating energy, and to take them unto the self would be to undo the self outright. What comes next will be uncertain, but what is certain is that the one who takes such fragments will simply not be. We require great and terrible at times sacrifice. So, do as you will.



Little Things, Breaks & Needs

{Fatigued Clicking} "Done? Or not. I understand. There is another list of... Issues that a new Traveller can receive premiums for. Just take the pad and fill it out yourself. I won't pry. Your strengths and disposition might be apparent but I've no blood for your Gyves. Keep in mind that any one of these will outweigh any potential strengths you have."

[Take up to (7) Options | EXCH's are Free of the Cap]

{EXCH} - **Waste of Skin** [200 Credits for the cost of 1 Skill]

{EXCH} - **Forever Alone** [250 Credits for the cost of 1 Companion]

{EXCH} - **Hostile Volunteer** [1 Skill at the cost of 200 Credits]

{EXCH} - **Notably Charitable** [1 Companion at the cost of 250 Credits]

{EXCH} - **Destined for greater things** [50 Credits at the cost of 100 words of your own story]

Plain Debtor {250} {Repeatable x4}

Dealing with the right types of peoples can get you a good amount of credits early on. This practice is not well liked and has caught strength in recent years as a means to get new Traveller's under the thumb of lenders. Taking one loan will make your first year very awkward and cost you a lot of time. Any more than that and you will personally get to see why people are worried the practice will cause a civil incident.

Weekly Donor {150}

There will always be need for a person's 'organic material' and the departments maintain an opt-in program accordingly. You'll be compensated for an admittedly large amount of blood, bone marrow, skin or 'other materials' given intermittently over your first Sol Standard. This contract may be renewed. It should be noted that any of your fellows with certain 'needs' might notice if this is taken. For better or for worse.

Test subject {250}

Biological and other departments to a lesser extent all run final trials for developments on willing volunteers. The majority of these alterations are largely cosmetic that range from colouration changes to induction of bio-luminescence to 'minor' mutations. You'll be subject to six or seven mutations over your first standard Year, and can keep any changes you enjoy, otherwise they'll be retrieved in a week after induction. This contract may be renewed.

Minor {500}

If you're detected as a 'youth' you'll receive a premium, though you'll need a guardian for roughly four standard years until you hit 'maturity.' This is not a hard set age as it relies more upon autonomy capacity and sufficient internal development. Some reach it early and some who might technically be children would avoid this need entirely. You at least have the ability to choose your guardian from a potential ally, though it is most likely your recruiter who will take the role. *"Of course, that is hardly a set in stone course, little Bloodling. There are other willing guardians..."*

Ethereal-heart {300}

You've been altered by an absence of the Ethereal that cuts you apart from it. Even the most stable of Majitek is at risk of shutting down around you, and any sort of magic either dissipates or fails spectacularly. While this may be useful in some regards, on Ae this will likely be more harmful than good. You can still pursue an understanding of the Ethereal, but it will only be knowledge and completely negate any 'inherent' elements you might have possessed.

Brilliant Candle {450}

It begins with a feeling of being watched that never really fades. Rising in moments before and after you jump. In time, you will know with certainty the depths of the abyss beyond being, that watch without eyes. That hunger without thought. Why your Order is necessary. Those Adokori who fall victim to such resplendence often mod themselves to go completely without sleep, as even their most strongly willed individuals can be ground to dust under what they endure in dreams. For those less afflicted, it isn't so bad, but it is a condition without fix or solution. To be endured as surely as it was taken.

Compulsive Looter {150}

You have a special sort of Kleptomania that risks you becoming a hoarder at best and degenerating into a veritable Wyrn at worst. You cannot be parted from certain types of loot and instinctively stockpile. While this isn't completely without benefit it can spiral out of control and leave a person unable to help themselves and knick everything they can get their grubby little mits on. Start control early or lose control completely.

Traumatized {400}

Something burrowed deep inside your skull and wrenched itself about in there. Seating itself inside with a tenacity as strong as any desperate animal. You never sleep easily and are at the best of times easily startled. While this may be hard on you, there are ways of recuperating and healing from it. If you're willing to face the source and acknowledge it.

Broken on Arrival {300} {Rx4}

At some point you suffered a crippling injury that left you borderline incapable in some respects. Worse this injury was allowed to fester. No doubt replacement limbs and surgical implants will be able to restore your form and function, but this isn't an instantaneous process and the healing process will take years for you to be 'complete' again. If you even want that, as some view themselves 'properly' only with such forms.

Sensory Deprivation {300} {Rx3}

You arrived on Ae with one of your physical senses completely absent, stolen at an early age or perhaps being born that way. While the departments might be able to restore this sense it will never function at 100% capacity. If you even want to be 'restored' that is. Some grow stronger in blindness than they ever would with physical sight.

Notorious {250}

The right combination of stupid, brave, and lucky earns you a position early of notoriety on Ae. Boiling down to a confrontation with one of your seniors that you somehow won. This has done the opposite of earning you peace and instead has many wanting to take you down a peg, or simply to have a good scrap. Such a reputation will take time to fade. That is, if you don't embrace it.

Lophitic {200}

You had a rather unfortunate incident shortly before recruitment that was neither understood nor fully manifested until now. You suffer an incurable addiction to your own species' blood-type without the benefits that your mauler received from their affliction. This is not an issue on Ae, with many others (who may or may not be limited to blood) create a constant need and subsequent supply of blood readily available. This isn't the case off-world, where you'll need to be cautious and keep your induced condition out of sight.

Unlucky {250}

For whatever reason you're just... Incredibly unlucky. To the point it seems as if you're cursed with misfortune that follows you like a roving cloud. Things will just never go your way no matter how much you're prepared and for better or for worse, you'll always be anticipating the next slip-up.

Call-My-Name {200}

Some part of your psyche shifts, drawing you to a collective nightmare phenomena randomly (though it occurs at least four or five times a Sol year.) You find yourself drawn into the 'Grey Space,' a shared dream reality on Ae that was identified two years ago. A number of plucky young Travellers neutered the initial hostile 'core' entity, together with some 'friendship' nonsense, but since then the nightmare has remained. You'll randomly wake in a mist covered town, occasionally with another naked and confused Traveller. Stranded there until you wake up. Though it is now more of an inconvenience, 'dying' in the nightmare will result in waking to feelings of injury, and no matter what you'll feel horribly hungover.

Outlander {100}

The Ad-Hoc title of 'Traveller' fits you perfectly. A perpetual outsider, to everyone beyond the Order. You're a drifter who loses focus and never stays long in other realities. Quick to move on and unable to relate or connect with those Outlanders. All you need are your brothers and sisters anyways.

Adherent {150} {Rx5}

Pick a singular idea or value. You adhere to it as a matter of core principal, to the point of near slavishness or zealotry. You are at best inflexible and at worse your zeal may cost you dearly. Time may humble you out of this, but it will be an unpleasant change the old you will fight like an animal.

Detractor {150} {Rx5}

Pick a singular idea or value. You abhor it to the point of unhealthy focus and absolute contempt. At best you passively (and rather vocally) oppose this element. At worse you pursue active quarrel on Ae or abroad. Releasing this focus will either come like sand grinding away the edges from broken glass, or the shattering of that glass in the first place.

Physical Vitiation {400}

You've been flagged for a rather unpleasant condition that causes physical deformities to grow in over time. While the specific condition had its lethality nullified and you can be treated, it will take a few months of treatments. In the meantime you may occasionally wake up with limbs rotated or worse. The condition is painful and your first year in the Order will be very rough.

Command Orchestrate {500}

In your native language there's a single word that upon being spoken at best paralyzes you and at worst activates a crude 'puppet' state. A word that three people on Ae know. Your recruiter, a certain under-augur and a certain Judiciar. No one else knows it and only upon it being spoken in your native tongue will it activate. If your tongue is common this could be a serious issue, while a rare tongue would avoid the issue for a very long time. You could hide it, or give the command to someone you trust. Make sure your leash is held by someone close, right?

The Renegade {750}

You'll have the misfortune of meeting an enemy of the Order, who decided to go and turn on the Travellers after the formal collapse of slaving way back when. He was last seen in our shared time-frame two years ago when he gutted two new recruits and was almost mauled to death by a third. Be warned, he's been fighting a spite driven guerrilla war that ended centuries ago. He knows how to strike and if you aren't careful he'll gut you in an instant. And don't get any bright ideas about negotiation. The second recruit killed thought he was looking for allies and tried to join him.

Boiling Shifts {200}

To say you have an anger problem would be an understatement. You're either constantly on broil and ready to flare up or your rare furies are something to behold. From a distance of course. Up close this attitude ranges from unpleasant to fight-inducing. You need to restrain yourself, and you have a distinct disadvantage if someone knows how to push your buttons.

Starved Soul {200}

While addictive substance use is common on Ae, you have a personality that tends to fall into it. At your best you'll always be skirting the edge, and at worst you'll be tossed naked into one of Medical's Detox cells when you slide into non-functionality. You can contain this, but it will likely require help. Of course, if the current status-quo is anything to go by one can simply dredge themselves along.

Aquarius Complex {300}

You have a serious reliance upon the company of others. You under normal circumstances can be somewhat clingy, but as time goes on you go stir crazy in isolation. To the point where after a few days you'd need to be pried off another person with a crowbar. Managing this condition is vital unless you have similar friends or at least friends that understand the issue.

Fuck your Glowly Bullshit {400}

Technology of anything above the primitive level irritates you at best and at worst you'll spit in the face of those 'beep spirits' they call 'Aeyai.' This is a very deep-rooted position that will take decades to change, if it ever does. Spite is one hell of a drug. And you are one hell of a dealer in it.

Accursed by HIM {350}

The wrestling cult nutters all hold that you've been forsaken by their god in your perpetual scrawniness. You appear physically weak and are just that, shallow and easily overpowered. This state would even follow you if you transferred physical formats, almost supernaturally. Perhaps with enough hard work you could overcome this. Or you could cheat the fucker and make it so you never even need to lift a finger. Crazy wrestler asshats.

Ageless Imperfection {250}

Perspective is warped by time, and yours only grows more flawed and distorted with aging. Perhaps in the beginning it will be ignored, but as it goes on you'll seem alien to those with normal lifespans. You seem at best, unreachable as stone. At your worse you'll seem completely unrecognizable to members of your former race. All Travellers who are not snuffed out early will deal with similar issues given enough time. Yours will just be more extreme and perhaps incurable.

Calcified Bottom {400}

You are built like shale, hard and yet brittle. Your holding onto a personal structure, a title or a way of life that simply isn't going to last forever. It might fall apart next decade. It might fall next week, but the demise of that old "you" will come. No matter how much you kick and bite and scream. The harder you fight it the harder the fall will be, and any hope of a fast recovery will require those outside of you.

Brothers of the Bite {750}

Over your decades and centuries in the Order, you will only ever make a single true friend. Someone who, for better or for worse will be your other half. Perhaps in a romantic sense, or a platonic one. Perhaps even a rival. You might familiarize yourself with others, but this one person will be your only companion. The only person who is your equal and worthy of your time. *(You may only take **One** individual from the **Allies** section.)*

Torpor Bedrock {200}

Grounding yourself in 'steadiness' is natural to you as breathing. Where others take moments, you take minutes, and any task you put your energy towards will take time. You are as slow as they come, but you do have a certainty that others lack. If it is worth doing, you take your sweet time to do it.

Broken History {400}

Some are lucky enough that they completely cut themselves off from what they were, that their initial growth comes in jumps and strides. Others have the misfortunes of seeing their storied ancestries and idealized futures in the very worst lights. Some few even constantly seek out alternative versions of themselves, thriving off contempt and shame by proxy. In your early wandering you will step into a reality that is the corruption of everything you knew, twisted almost like it was made wrong. Made to spite you. But the very worst problem is that it isn't. It just **is**, and it will unsettle what little of a base you have left. Of course, some of your seniors might consider this to be the best option. Destroy what you once 'knew' to better what comes next.

'Tim' Anomaly {100}

There is a very foundational part of your character, such as your name or your disposition that while not an issue in the Order, is extremely out of place in origin and is seemingly from another history. The more removed or at least unaware of your origins a Traveller is, the less they'll be effected by this oddity. For reference, the 'Tim' Anomaly is named after the Nisetiic Warlord, Conqueror of Seven Hundred and Seventy Six Suns. Tim Timson.

Restricted Diet {250}

Thanks to either a deep rooted psychological grasp or convoluted dietary needs, you can only stomach a handful of foods that amounts to one or two meals. You personally can't psych about this as this if all you need. There's a whole cosmos of food out there, to the point entities without the ability to taste seek out methods and integration to understand the wonders of taste. And you're in the back with your damned Gruel.

Rolling Marbles {250}

You are considered at the best of times 'ditsy' or even completely air-headed. You aren't stupid, or even unaware of your own lack of focus. Urgency can draw you straight as any other person. But outside of those desperate moments your thoughts can be as errant as your step is, wandering in any direction.

Out-Shined {250}

Two years ago a wave of Travellers were recruited who a few savvy observers noted were a part of major events to follow. One such new Traveller shadows your movements and simultaneously is always ahead of you. They constantly take credit for your accomplishments and step ahead to claim your moments of victory. Just about the only plus side is such a senior will be able to keep you safe.

Damaged Dreamer {400}

You were born 'wrong' according to some. You do not dream, and some your presence alone makes Adokori tired and Grandchildren antsy. You're somewhat slower than someone like you is expected to be, and were occasionally mocked for it as 'deficient.' You yourself see no issues and have learned to ignore those words. They're less common here, but you can still feel the stares of others. Given time they will fade, especially as you prove yourself. The same cannot be said of Outsiders who will immediately pick up on your aberrations.

Off-world Obligation {300}

It isn't over just yet. Your history might be brought into grand perspective but you're still holding on, and you still have business to finish up. Whatever that business is it might take months, years, even decades to finish. It will not be easy either, as it is entirely centred around you. Personal and perhaps shameful, accepting help from individuals might speed the process up. If you can stomach letting it be known to your new brothers and sisters.

Weapons Hubris {350}

There's a particular fighting style or medium that you are frankly obsessed with. Perhaps it is a rigid style of swordsmanship, a love of fire that verges on pyrophillia or a manic obsession with artillery. No matter what it is, it will take a complete and absolute one sided thrashing to make you abandon this individual attack primacy. And even that you might chalk up to 'dumb luck.'

Blazing Star {500}

You are a literal fire in the darkness in your 'subtly' and character. Perhaps you are 'physically apparent' in size or hit far above your weight class in terms of volume. Regardless of why, you'd easier get a camel through the eye of a needle than lay low. On Ae this will draw attention for better or worse. In transit though? You will need to keep your distance, lest you attract hostile attention or worse, get yourself fined by Judiciary.

Voyevoda {400}

By way of personal programming, training rigidity or a sense of honour, you only ever use a fraction of your strength. Drawing out more and more of your strength in response to damage or exhaustion, you revel in equal conflict. Even if it means you suffer more harm for it, there is a pure Joy to that rare breed of conflict. If you survive, this self restraint will at least allow a concentration of strength and endurance that might allow you to simply outlast any fight you find yourself in. Many a Traveller wins their fights in moments, so those with stamina and resilience from such a state are terrors to deal with.

Fruitfly Capacity {250}

You have a unique ability to not remember fucking anything. You could forget your own name, and if you didn't have others use it for long enough you just might. At this point you recognize the problem and write down vital info as it comes. Those close to you will recognize this issue and work around it, but to outsiders and superiors it will likely be infuriating.

Sketch-Ass {150}

It is a feat how you manage to look sleazy and untrustworthy in so many time-periods and locales. You radiate criminality even if you are one hundred percent innocent of any wrongdoing. It is the way you carry yourself, and the way you talk. Too fast for some, too slow for others. Among the Travellers this is a somewhat common issue and can be somewhat mitigated. Even embraced. But you'll never truly wash the slime off of you.

Anons Aberrant Odyssey {500}

It would seem your already strange road got stranger. You've always had a history of absurdity, meta-parallel nonsense, extreme random homoeroticism, and bizarre encounters. At this point you can take even the hardest mix-ups or oddities on the chin, hell with a few more years of this bologna you might even revel in it. For anyone outside of your personal experiences though this can be like getting run over by a clown car. Then having someone drop another clown car on top of the first clown car. Ie; Painful and convoluted. But there is a certain resilience to it, and being able to no-sell the heedlessly bulging attackers who try to mug you is a perk in of itself.

Diogeneisian {250}

You hold yourself to your grounding beliefs with an iron grip, going to wherever they naturally end up. This may mean you avoid your fellows on Ae and live in the wilderness. Or in more cynical terms you piss on the people you don't respect as a means to clear their obtuseness. You actually have a coherent personal philosophy and can explain it in detail, but to some this won't matter. Especially if you are defecating on someone's doorstep for their philosophical beliefs.

Leon-Hearted {250}

You have a dim view of loneliness and isolation, being a positively social creature. You possess a *minor* obsession with ensuring any friends you have are all 'taken care of' so to speak. This is typically in the most base sense of romantic relationships, but in broader terms this also includes friendship or even positive rivalries. Your own disposition will determine if this is a focused shadowed scheme or a more apparent personal mission.

Cloying Corruption {400}

Decadence is a constant companion to you and one you have difficulty throwing off at the best of times. When presented with something that would feel good unless you have pressing business it will be very hard to resist temptation. On Ae, debauchery can sink as deep as austerity. You should be careful not to fall into any hole that will take years to climb out of.

Potent Obsession {400}

You've always had a 'pure' sort of focus that held onto you with an impure strength. Be it a place, or an idea or a person, you keep it clutched next to your heart and rest yourself on it. Now as a Traveller you can pursue that obsession in even greater terms. Breaking its hold on you will be even more difficult. Though it is still possible, do you even want to live without this focus?

Woolen Mold {150}

Around two years ago a repugnant mold was scattered across the homeland that took months to properly bleach out with the cleaning Shogs, and even now it comes back with an intolerable resilience every once in a while. You happen to have one such strain of mould that has already grafted onto you. Leaving you looking at best a perpetually filthy and at worse like a walking corpse. This particular strain is actually benign, but it will cover your hide and rub off on your clothes. Hopefully the next counter will be delivered by experimental in the very near future. But there is no guarantee of that.

Dramatic Royale {150}

Exaggeration and a deep speaking voice make you 'interesting to listen to' as some put it. And some very much do enjoy your gravelly tone decrying a salt shaker. Others might quickly tire of you though. And no, you can't really help yourself. It is as binding as it is stupefying to the senses.

Brick Shithouse {250}

You are about as subtle as a sledge hammer to the shin, as direct as a sledge hammer to the shin, and typically any plans you make are on that level. It isn't even that you're not capable of subtlety, you just despise waiting and hiding on matters. You could hypothetically overcome this, but it would require someone capable of tying your reckless backside down when you need them to. And who will ignore your insistences of; '*no it is fine if i just go in and-*'

Perpetual Instigator {200}

You are almost all cloak and some dagger, naturally able to keep your nature and even your presence in the shade among offworlders, even in alien locales. But you simply can't do direct confrontations. You're not a coward, nor are you weak willed. Directness just isn't for you. Breaking this removal would require a lot of effort, a willingness to stop jumping and potentially a ball and chain. Some in their hubris never do overcome it.

Unsanitary {100}

It would be almost impressive how grungy you look. That is if others didn't complain about the smell. You are a creature of filth and squalor and are unpleasing to look at or be around for the majority of others. Travellers have a higher tolerance for this, though some will be unable to deal with you in close quarters. This isn't the kind of filth a steaming bath could remove and would require a full regime to do away with.

Timed Rotations {100}

Your personality shifts depending on certain environmental factors. Like daylight or darkness, environment or season. You are at your best under the right circumstances, but under the wrong conditions you are considerably weaker and easily irritated. This is also a personality shift, under your prime position you're filled with energy and extremely up-beat. Some exist who capitalize on it, but it presents a very clear vulnerability to your fellows and outsiders.

Unusual Paraphilia {200}

There is a certain... Really unusual thing that you have a very unfortunate interest in. This isn't harmful but it is unusual and you have the oddest tendency of just running into... 'parallel situations.' Your countrymen will react in different ways if they find out. And at times it will feel as if the cosmos is conspiring to make sure that it slips into public dominion.

Tlysner {400} (Mokresia Only)

The Mokresia are a race that lived and died by community bonds, and you were cursed with a crippling weakness. One that would be a death sentence for your ancestors. Call it shyness, introversion, or self-isolation, but you are quick to tap out of most social interactions and have very few true friends. While this isn't an issue so much for you now you can still feel it, even if you find comfort in it. That removal you can either hide, or wear on your chest. Regardless, in traditional Mokresian societies it marks you as an eternal outsider, forever unwanted and unwelcome.

Bad Blood {500} (Urumek Only)

You have the misfortune of having an unusual and debilitating condition among the Urumek. You possess 'bad blood,' a condition that naturally makes other Urumek more irritable and violent around you, and in sufficient numbers you could drive a group into full blood madness of pheromone induced violence. Ironically you only receive minor pangs of this, and it is primarily a problem for others who innately smell your vile considerations. Most senior Urumek Travellers have long since mastered enough control to be around you, but younger ones will almost be allergic to your presence.

Raised Terror {400} (Nisetec only)

At some point you had the misfortune of temporarily dying. Just for a bit, until that gut parasite consumed your digestive track and brought you back. This condition has strengthened you greatly, but limited your diet to Nisetec, Urumek and Human blood. Just about everything else is either not enough to sustain you, or could poison you and your magnanimous 'saviour.' The worm horror that fused with you is snippy, and having grafted its jaws to your teeth will make you snap and bray whenever you get hungry. Other Nisetecs have a deep seated (and justifiably) innate fear of you, in your fellow Travellers this can be greatly mitigated. Not so much with outsiders who immediately go for their weapons or claws.

Aberrant Mutation {400} (Nisetec only)

Nisetec genetics are at their best volatile, with each individual harbouring several thousand internal variant systems that go untapped. Some however, have the misfortune of having 'sequence activation' effects and randomly grow unhelpful body parts. Unless you undergo long term genetic therapy you'll be dropping by medical once every few years to get the horns growing out of your knees sawn off and those teeth growing on your neck pulled. Occasionally some of these mutations might be useful, but that is a rarity.

Time-Sriejk {150} (Human Only)

The Order's unique closeness to Terra and the prominence of humans can produce a unique dysphoria in human Travellers that leaves them feeling out of place and yearning for a time and a space that never existed. Even if it did, this condition will re-graft upon being introduced to that 'perfect' time and space. None will be that golden spot for you. Not dealing with this risks constant errancy and potent isolation. There is also no set cure to the condition, and one will need to journey far from Earth to alien locales to properly acclimatize themselves as a Traveller.

Screamer {100} (Raptor Only)

Most Dromaeosaurids have developed vocal capacity, and can learn to speak most Nisetec, Human and Mokresian languages. Their capacity to not only learn but emulate noise is likely by one means that allowed them to grow to near (or reach) sapience. You are no exception to this though you lack... Volume control. Your feral nature gets the better of you and if you aren't careful everyone in a hundred meters will think you're about to maul something.

Seratarr Disorder {250} (Pandoarae Only)

Your plates naturally grow in wrong. Not to the points of discomfort but in such a way that renders you an enormous jagged battering ram. Your disorder makes these plate fringes as sharp as knives, and while it makes you an absolute nightmare in a scrap you risk scraping tile floors underneath you and accidentally shredding your companions who forget you are a walking knife-covered truck.

Bad Reactions {150} (Pharjesniujnt Only)

You like many other Pharjesn Travellers will spend a week in Medical after getting their first shots. Not only will your body be expelling everything, the dusting of artificial microbes in your body will turn on it. This will be a miserable experience and expelling your insides out is especially rough for anyone stuck in an environmental suit. But afterwards it shouldn't repeat itself and you like your kin won't need to worry about a lethal illness if you tear your suit on the road. However you'll still be on the more vulnerable side when it comes to infections.

Aberrant Appearance {350} (Grandchild & Second Touched Only)

While many grandchild descended Travellers have unusual or unsettling appearances, your resting state is particularly rough. Either bending in on itself or radiating an aura that inflicts others with nervousness and dread. Among the Order this will eventually be compartmentalized and aside from longer glares from the more zealous Void Hunters it isn't that much of an issue. If you aren't careful (or are purposeful in wielding your nature like a sledge) you could drive outsiders into gibbering lunacy.

Artificial Alienation {400} (AI Only)

Many AI are alien to their fellows, some so grand and incomprehensible that when they are unneeded they slumber, finding themselves only in purpose. Deep under Ae's surface, waiting for when their terrible motions are needed again. You are like them in many ways, perhaps not yet that large, or that potent. But you are still isolated from the masses of your organic allies, and even other AI built different to you. It will take a serious investment and a lot of processing power to cut the distance, or you might join your elders under the surface. Waiting for the day when those synthetic horrors are called from the dark. To bring down the sky once again.

Heart Locked {400} (AI Only)

You suffer a rare condition among AI, yearning for touch and the processes you do not possess. Most often found in AI based upon organic routines that manifests in unexpected ways, it isn't unheard of for 'True' AI to also suffer this after enough time is spent in close contact with organics. You can draw very near to and even bridge the gap with the biological world. But this is a time consuming process, and organic components are extremely vulnerable.

Weak Grasp {500} (Spirit Only)

The majority of Traveller spirits are given an integration scheme that allows them to physically manifest and interact with the physical world. However for you that didn't properly take, at times you can do nothing but hiss and spit from the ether for minutes to hours, the only physical element stuck to you your bracer. There are some therapies to help with this, but it remains to be seen if you'll ever be free of these occasional episodes.

The Scattering {400} (Hardlight Only)

Warping of the projector stone in Hardlight entities can produce some nightmares. Your 'body' was only mildly chipped, but this is still more than enough to shift your default state into something that induces Nausea in organics. Your mind is likewise scattered, but not so much that you lack awareness of your shifts. If left alone, this condition will worsen. Healing will take months of slow reconfiguration that will heavily impede you, although you will have time between sessions to enjoy yourself, easily if you enjoy terrifying organics. Some embrace these changes, and prefer to simply secure their cores to preserve such strange states.

Gleefully Doomed {1200}

In no uncertain terms you are doomed. Death will not find you today, nor tomorrow. But it is near enough that you can taste it. Some might quake and despair when faced with their end, but you know well the shortest lived flame burns the brightest. Shine on little Traveller, like a burning star.

Red River Sectarian {1000}*

You've seen the status quo, and you are dissatisfied with it. Regardless of whether this manifests in dissatisfaction with the second generation's semi mythical status, or contempt for those few laws that bind you. Your intention and end goal are clear cut, either shift this Order to what you think it should be, or fight for it. There can be no compromise.

Vanguard of the Order {1000}*

You've seen the truth of the Second and fully understand the stasis and the doom it craves even broken. Understand most things that usurp the title of Great Old One are little more than bubbles roiling above an abyssal ocean. The order is flawed, but history has made it apparent why it is that way. That duty will always come first at the augur's call. If any were to oppose this sacred duty, you would gladly put them down. There can be no compromise.

Chathamitte {800}*

For fucks sake. You barely get off the boat and you walk into people already about to kill each other over stupid nonsense. The pride, stubbornness and hostility of it makes you sick at times. But now is when people like you are needed most. Step between those feuding idiots and if need be drag them apart. You can take as many blows as you need to keep this from escalating. Brothers don't need to kill brothers.

Storm Bulwark {1000}*

It would be really easy to be an ass about things but you're under a distinct impression things are about to spiral rapidly out of control. Two years ago a number of very stupid and very smart people decided to ignite a powder keg. One that is distinctly placed outside of you. One that gambled upon pure chance to steal away the Fifth, and won only by time alone. Of course you now get that the scales' Travellers and Outsiders operate on allow for those kinds of gambits. That is just the start, you have [REDACTED] before it all hits the fan, when the First Gen's pet projects come out of the goddamn walls and it all comes to a head. You're going to be ready for that shitshow.

*** Cannot take more than (1) marked by such.**



Factions, Departments & Other Quarters

{Dolorous Clicking} "Now for the least favourite part of this job. Explaining factional idiocy."

"Essentially there are several factions within our Order, each with its own unique purpose and role. We were once an army, and in some ways we remain one, albeit an extremely autonomous force that is uniquely suited to the threat we face. Every faction and internal faction clique operates differently, leaders will vary from strict to disgustingly sloven. Most of them have weathered centuries, some even fighting at the Denial so long ago. I would not recommend earning their ire. Unless you are both bold and foolish."

"The leaders of the Factions make up the main governing body, the Council of Nine. A currently useless organization now set in a deadlock as our tiebreaker and outer man is missing. A long time ago it feels, though I know it wasn't. Several went after him are now also missing, more vanished and I fear the Council is going to fracture."

{Terse Clicking} "I'll be blunt, it is getting bad. If this deadlock isn't solved soon... I worry someone will do something very stupid."

"Or maybe that's just an old Camp Mother's peccantry."

"Here, the information pamphlets for each of the Factions. Remember, you are as of now only behold to the core rules of this organization, you don't have to swear yourself to any of the factions. Might be better to avoid them outright, but that's just my opinion on the matter."

[Align yourself with (1) Quarter]

The Administrators | *Faction Leader; Igra, The First of the Order*

Our organizers, directors and the immediate coordination of the Order. Administration has always had the unenviable task of shepherding the assortment of men shaped cats that make up the majority of the Travellers, and have managed to succeed even during the most frantic schisms centuries before. Centring the bureaucracy from the Order's ancestral heart, the city of Aeholm, the Administration acts between all other factions. They authorize constructions for the architects, maintain liaisons for the True Travellers, veto the excesses of the Commercial and coordinate the Home Guard. The Judiciary may be the law, but none can deny the hold and meld of the Order rests on the Administration. They oversee the construction and maintenance of every hub-world base, and if nothing else, gladly shoulder the blame for internal mishaps. It remains to be seen if this is a strength or a weakness, as tensions only grow between the First of the Order and so many others. | (Bonus; Notably Functional)

For a seven foot tall four feathered abomination, **Igra** has always been a bureaucrat first. The entirety of his position being one of compromise and cooperation, any elder of sufficient age would remember how he's managed the impossible in the past. Little is known of his origins, as Igra himself has said his life only began properly in the ashes of the Denial. Igra was not always cold and distant, but since the disappearance of the True Traveller leader he has been at best ice-cold. To say nothing of his depressive moods. He would do anything for the Order and Ae, no matter the cost to his person.

- Education Directory

A sub-section of the Administration that was always at odds with the rest of the faction, the 'Ed-Direc' is focused on ensuring the Travellers have ample access to education, be it in the Order or off-world. This directory catalogues sources, plans classes and coordinates heavily with the Departments. Their work environment is hectic, but almost universally respected.

- General Recruitment Directory

The 'GRiD' is the long running attempt to consolidate a task-force for recruiting Travellers. Something that the recruiting promiscuity of the True Travellers and the disdain of the Augur has knee-capped. Despite this, they still have agents bringing in just under half of all new recruits and retain a keen masochism. Outsiders note the GRiD and independents have escalated recruitment efforts. For what reason remains unseen, though few suspect good wholesome reasoning.

- Negotiations Directory

A small directorate recently turned allies of the Ed-Direc, Negotiations is tasked with preventing further internal conflicts by dialogue. Something that has recently caused multiple public breakdowns in the members of the directory. Despite the ongoing sabbaticals, the small department remains devoted to their task, even if it means they are fracturing a bloody line throughout their own organization for it.

The Archivists | *Faction Leader; Cos2933, The Second of the Order*

From the first moments the tattered remnants of the Denial grabbed everything they could get their hands on, the Archivists have existed to preserve and guard as much history as possible. Be it history pertaining to the Order, or that which would otherwise be lost. Based a mile under the surface of Ae in a leviathan complex known as 'the Ring,' the Archivists work largely independent of the other factions, maintaining the Ring and serving as agents in 'special requisitions.' However that hasn't prevented them from having good working relationships with the True Travellers, Collectors and Commercialists, mostly focused on expanding their archives. They also have a special relationship with the Judiciary, documenting precedents and acting as the most base intermediaries for the Leviathan Travellers that slumber under Ae's surface. If you desire clear purpose, or seek instead to guard knowledge, then the Archivists would gladly have you. | (Bonus; Hindsight)

One of the few truly approachable and charismatic AI, **Cos2933** has always acted as an intermediary for her organic and synthetic ken. The Archivists have great many ancients among their ranks, and guard many more in slumber. Cos2933 is one of them, none knowing how old she truly is. Despite her years and her storied history, Cos2933 remains extremely amicable to her own. One willing to meet with every new member of her faction, and more than willing to act as a guide to fledglings with great potential. This disposition is not shared with those outsiders and the less amiable factions, and she's long been a pragmatist on the Council who has only become more and more withdrawn from their matters.

- Deep Holders

A small contingent tasked with guarding artifacts of the First generation of Travellers and equally valuable treasures. They are perhaps the most insular and militaristic members of the Archivists, with a brutal hazing process that impresses upon members the dangers of their guardianship, and the necessity of custodianship. Within the faction they are universally respected, even if they're considered to be utter killjoys.

- Objective SIGMA

One of the task-forces who serve the Archivists externally, SIGMA are notorious for their haste and their muteness. Whenever something is too dangerous or covert for the normal channels, SIGMA is sent in. SIGMA plans extensively beforehand, and when their plans are initiated they are as instantaneous and forceful as a lightning strike. Any mission that lasts longer than a minute is considered grounds for a 'spiritual decimation,' a ritual that hasn't been needed in the last century. Much to the satisfaction of Cos2933.

- Tunnel Keepers

Recently formed with the abrupt awakening of many formerly slumbering AI Travellers, the Tunnel Keepers are a respectably sized brotherhood tasked with mapping the tunnels under Ae and acting as guides for those intent upon delving. This is not a particularly dangerous position, but it is one that may well take centuries, if it ever really ends. Ae is still not fully understood, and the ancient tunnels, tramways and computer hubs that run under the surface reveal the Titanic efforts of Ae's original creators in their work.

The Home Guard | Faction Leader; Kagua Orgoz

Descended from the ancient Gendarme and unchained slave-armies who maintained the basest order in the aftermath of the Denial and early Time-Wars, the Home Guard are tasked with the defence of the hub-worlds and Ae as a whole. While the latter is alleviated by the numerous Horrors and Titanides Ae hides, the Home Guard are still a respected military force. Some of the few able to flatly deny Grandchildren and Planeswalking interlopers outright. They are also act as the local police to a degree, working with the Judiciary and their Legii (who split off from them centuries back) to maintain a semblance of order. Outside of their Judicar cousins, they work largely with the Administration to properly assess their positions, and the Hearth Keepers who share their devotion to Ae. If you have a sense of temperance or a defensive attitude, you'd find yourself at home here. | (Bonus; Enduring Nature)

From a reality forged by song came **Kagua Orgoz**, an 'Udûnite' who accepted the colloquial label of 'Orc.' An eight foot tall meat-slab that can rip off a bull's head with only his hands, he is foremost compassionate and reserved, prior largely impartial to politics. His history is long, being one of the few remaining 'self-liberated' who recalls the madness leading up to the Denial. He has come to hate reminiscing and prefers to focus on the now. Like Cos2933 he is an involved leader, more than willing to train the new recruits, especially if they have potential. The current status quo tries even his patience, and he has settled down to be a staunch ally of Reotri.

- Ae's 156th 'Deep Ghurkas'

Specialized in retrieval and immediate counter-strikes against would-be invaders, the 156th are the embodiment of 'the best defence is a good offence.' They accept only well-proven Travellers or those who are willing to undergo extreme conditions training. They have a long history of dealing with rogues and servants of the Great Old Ones, that has proven anything short of the best might as well be recruiting casualties.

- Ae's 13th 'Koisia OuNtua'

Designated as the metaphorical 'Fighter stick' of the Guard. Whenever a Fighter clique feud spills out of hand, the Judiciary may request the Koisia OuNtua step in and flog the ever-loving shit from both parties. As such the 13th specializes in non-lethal subjugation and tanking whatever idiot nonsense the Fighters pull out of their asses. They have a reputation for being stubborn and crayon-eating, though only a few actually eat crayons.

- The Reserve Guard

Almost a third of the Guard are on reserve, and act with great autonomy outside of exercises five times an Ae-year. In the event of an emergency they'll be brought into active service, though the reserves haven't been mobilized in the last three centuries. Hopefully it will stay that way.

The Architects | Faction Leader; Muhammad 'Barbi' Asuelasa, The Fourth of the Order (Absent)

The first Architects were those Helot engineers who'd been vital in slowing the work of the Denial's instigators. After the retreats and eventual arrival on the Ae, they established themselves as a niche if important faction. Tasked with the construction and maintenance of Ae's settlements, her infrastructure, her void-vessels, her hubs, and the occasional explosive deconstruction. A small segment of the architects focus on more ephemeral works, those 'legacy' Architects working on covert construction of species and civilizations. Their focus forces a heavy cooperation with the Administration, Hearth-Keepers and the Departments. Once commissions are made, the projects fall entirely into the Architects' hands. Favouring ambition, foresight, Department wrangling and the capacity to utilize such talents, the Architects welcome diligent hands warmly. | (Bonus; Natural Architect)

One of the more storied members of the council, '**Barbi**' was born a slave who eventually freed himself and became a corsair of great repute. Until he was enslaved a second time and forced to work orchestrating the End of Existence. He was successful in staging a mass uprising and escaped. He eventually found the Order's precursors and stuck with them until victory. After, he returned to his working as a corsair, until word came in of the formal establishment on Ae. He rejoined, drifting between the existing factions and even recruiting his future wife before he was accidentally elected to his position by the Architects. He was a father to his faction and one of the most respected members of the Order, a constant positivist, and proponent of internal cooperation. Until four months ago, when he vanished without a trace. Since then, the Architects have been reeling and furious.

- Outer Registration Unit

ORU was established to construct the various hub-world bases, and have done so with distinction for almost four centuries. Favouring creativity and challenge, the ORU are miracles workers that are known for their 'unique' interpretations of orders. Much to the disdain of the Administration higher ups. For those Admin the ground however, most tended to warm to their ludicrous constructs.

- The Brandenburg Sappers

The BS is one of the destructive elements in the faction, and recently served with distinction in the Cluster Conflict. The Sappers succeeded in the crippling of an inter-reality empire's entire transport network, and potentially did more damage to the Cluster than the rest of the Traveller forces combined. There is nothing not built by sapient the Sappers cannot take apart, something they've gambled their lives on over and over again. Outside of their insatiable graffiti tendencies, they are a central pillar of the faction and have been vital in leading them through this disastrous time.

- Emergency Engineering Response Team

Rude and direct, the EERT are the most foul-mouthed Valkyries you could ask for. No matter what needs to be moved and what needs to be built for a rescue, they'll be able to do it. As fast as they can be, the EERT rightly aren't known for relaxing and most members only serve for a few decades before rotating out for extended sabbaticals. While the task is rewarding, stress can kill if left unchecked.

The True Travellers | *Faction Leader; Dusan Duwall, The Fifth of the Order (Absent)*

Nomads, vagrants, outcasts, mercenaries, brigands and knights errant. The True Travellers remain to be the massed bulk of the Order who sealed the central nature as 'Travellers.' There are only two unifying traits to the True Travellers, their own vast autonomy, and their loyalty to the still absent Laissez-faire leader. Each clique and each individual operate on their own devices, working with all other factions but remaining excessively independent. It is the True Travellers who remain the primary explorers and movers on Ae, shaping the other factions by reaction and always expanding the Order's scope. Striving into that which is alien or uncannily close becomes second nature to them. There are many reasons for wanting to join the True Travellers, and very few will be unable to find a clique that suits them. | (Bonus; Implicit Traveller)

Even those who were Anathema to **Dusan Duwall** have come to appreciate the part he played in unifying the Order, and playing the Council of Nine on itself to keep it effective. One of the few survivors from Group Srodek, which served in the Maw of the Denial. Duwall was one of the three survivors of the ORP Covera that stood almost at teeth of non-existence. More importantly he always intervened at the right place and the right time, either the open hand or bracer strike to the back of the neck. More than a quarter of the Order was recruited because of him, first by himself alone then by his recruits exponentially expanding the process. Outside of breaking political debacles he remained constantly in transit, always deserving the title 'Traveller.' Until two years and one week ago, when he and his most recent proteges vanished. Things have only declined since.

- Ae's First Host Register Office

While now defunct, the Vehmkrod Host and the Qirimi Horde were instrumental in securing victory in the Early time-wars. Their consolidation under the 'First Host' Register set a high standard for the autonomous focus of the True Travellers. The AFHRO deals with managing and informing the innumerable cliques and Hosts of the True Travellers, preserving the autonomy and ensuring internal logistics remain optimized. This is paperwork heavy duty, but one of the most prestigious in the TT.

The Fighters | *Faction Leader; Gadraki, Third of the Order*

Led and trained by the tribal warriors and soldiers drafted en-mass in desperation, the Fighters not only survived but thrived in the chaos of the Denial and the subsequent Time-Wars. Even now, the internal conflicts (of reduced fatality) and constant intercessions in foreign battles keep the many cliques capable in the extreme. Outside of current leadership and an emergency hierarchy, the faction is a constant mosh-pit of infighting over internal rank and prestige, be it on the scale of war-bands or individuals. Diligent referee work, a keen eye from the Judiciary and Medical being constantly on hold prevent unnecessary loss of life in these internal disputes, something that cannot be stressed is a miracle considering the absolute fury the Fighters display against one another. Attempts at overturning this mosh pit have always failed, and the longest running 'leader' (aka; the Highest Ranked Fighter) Gadraki has maintained a balance on this madness. Despite many attempts to overturn him. | (Bonus; Martial Understanding)

A paradox, **Gadraki** is a Death-Seeker, a high-caste Niseti who sought to fight his homeworld's abominable scavengers, and grant oblivion to those near the end. He has always been a one man army, none have held the control he has held over the Fighters, in the backwards sense that he holds almost no control. A third generation who was tutored by both Igra and Duwall, he was as good a manipulator as he was a warrior. His 'clique' barely even sees him and since the most recent attempt to depose him last year. He's only ever been seen at the Council Conclave now. Long considered Igra's lapdog, Gadraki has recently turned erratic, and often refuses to vote outright, for reasons none fully understand.

- Referee's Court

In the utter chaos of the Fighters, the Referee's court is unusually studious and patient. Staffed with skilled and neutral Fighters, the Court constantly monitors the internal conflicts with all manner of drones. They constantly record the encounters between cliques and maintain the final call on declaring victories. Somewhat reviled for their vindictive neutrality, the Court looks after its own and value impartiality to an unhealthy extreme.

The Collectors | *Faction Leader; Irjminsul, Timekeeper & Free Thinker of the Order (Absent)*

The spiritual successors to the short-lived scavengers of the Denial area and later Terra-2, these vultures returned to the Order when it was still fiercely contested. The intercession helped the Travellers win many battles and guaranteed them a place within the Order. They remain to be based out of the abominable clock-city of Glendale, hoarding what they can and constantly working with the Archivists, True-Travellers and Commercialists to expand their collections. Though the majority remain to be vultures, the faction retains the proud position of being the only ones who produce the Yuta Bracers, guarding the secrets of their production. They also retain the Grand Clock, the leviathan artifact that locks all Travellers on a single inescapable time-frame. A diverse array of Travellers make up the faction, ranging from ceremonialists, to the classic scavengers, vagrants, and elders, to several would-be saboteurs who were won over by... | (Bonus; Vulturous & Juryman)

A third generation who managed to fill some impossibly large shoes and served the Collectors for centuries, **Irjminsul** is a half-formed faun entity who wandered her homeworld until she was recruited by her future husband, Muhammad Asuelasa, better known as Barbi. She immediately fell into the Collectors, and grew to be well loved within the faction as both Bracer Engineer and an ardent defender of their privileges. When the former Timekeeper 'Ma' Lü perished, she volunteered and was elected near unanimously as head. While gregarious on a personal level she was a fire-brand who always put the Collectors, True-Travellers and the Unaffiliated first. Such bravado earned her many enemies. Irjminsul, Barbi and Igra were all devastated by the loss of Dusan, and in the wake of her husband's disappearance she has since vanished. Likely taking the search into her own hands.

- The Tower Keepers

Only those personally favoured and trusted by Irjminsul and the other Collector elders were allowed entrance into the Keepers. Those tasked with maintaining and navigating the antediluvian construct that manages all Traveller's Synchronized Time. This is not only for security reasons, but because existence gets 'fucky' inside. As does one's perception of reality beyond it. Keepers are required to be sound of mind in a roundabout sense, as before her disappearance Irjminsul 'allowed' a would-be saboteur in the tower. She had to carry him out a week later. Since then, said saboteur been a devoted and very dangerous defender of the Tower, with most other Keepers being equally quick to strike.

- The Bracer Engineers

Properly organized and formerly led by Barbi during his time with the Collectors, the Engineers oversee the continuous construction of new Bracers for Traveller recruits. While the entire process is largely overseen by a single colossal and seemingly paradoxical AI, the task cannot be fully automated, and certain elements require flawed hands. The specifics of which may be contradictory to those who've attempted to puzzle out the process, some having concluded rational thought cannot be applied to the bracer construction.

- Keepers of Sosoviania Toledo Library

A collective effort to kill the belief that the Collectors were little more than greedy scavengers. In the centuries since its founding the Sosoviania Toledo library has grown into the single largest physical library on Ae. The entire project is why Glendale became a city in the first place and the Library continues to grow even today. It takes several thousand Travellers to manage the collection, and the staff are always looking to expand, to better meet the needs of Sosovianian Toldedo. The work is steady, if tedious, and the culture mutually supportive in the vast undertaking.

The Void Hunters | *Faction Leader; Dornua Algash, Pike of the Order*

What remained of the Elite forces that knew just how far south the Denial was going to end beforehand, the Hunters were originally ordered by a handful of survivors. Mocked by (impudent) younger Travellers, the Void Hunters remain to be a specialized faction that is always ready to counter the influence of the Great Old Ones, their 'progeny' and the maddened mortals that worship them. Our recent internal divides have seen former support for the Hunters be dropped outright by Admin. With support from other factions the situation has stabilized, their strong ties within the True Travellers, Hearth Keepers, Archivists and the Departments making up for the loss of Administration. Despite the stilling, they remain stoically devoted to patrolling the Grandchildish elements and sundering cults who spy the Forms Beyond Being. Those fond of felling 'infinitely higher' entities and their suicidal would-be servants are welcomed as brothers-in-arms. | (Bonus; Atrocity Mutable)

One of the very first third-generation members, the Pike of the Order was directly recruited by Duwall and remains his devoted ally and blood-brother. **Dornua** has always had the bluntness of a hammer to the knee-cap and at his worst is just as pleasant. His stubbornness and ferocity are not without merit, and he is keenly aware of the Order's higher purpose. Any former exhaustion with politics has been replaced by fury, for Igra who has sat on the Duwall nightmare and at the seditious elements within the Order. His devotion has brought him ever closer to his Hunter Brethren who, for now, take out their frustrations on the outside elements deserving their wrath. But that will not last forever. A reckoning is coming.

- VHS/45 Dark Lurkers

One of the first Sections to become almost entirely composed of Grandchildren who proved that they were not only useful but vital in dealing with them. The Order as a whole has come a long way from the days when the Dominion Break-Offs attempted to purge the ranks of 'tainted' Travellers, back when we were all little more than dazed survivors huddling on another Terra. Just about any Void-Hunter can join the 45, and they ironically need 'standard' Travellers for covert purposes.

- VHS/667 Veil Creepers

Section 667 was the first truly successful void contingent. Engaging with the Grandchildren the the vacuum of space is a perilous proposition, and it usually isn't an option to lob something heavy at it a few years beforehand a few light-years away. Usually, anyways. The Veil Creepers thrive on this adversity, being composed of some of the finest veterans in the faction with one of the best track records in the Order.

- Enforcers of the Third

At this point an almost mythical detachment of operatives, known for their own absurdity and the vicious embrace of living nature. The initiation requiring the initiates to bring down and subsequently consume 'sufficient' prey, the Enforcers take any advantage they can get and are almost thoughtless in their missions. Almost. Internally in the Void-Hunters appreciate the Enforcers when on duty, but often need to assist them in basic tasks that range from 'removing glass various body parts because they've lost the ability to hold tweezers' to 'basic communication as their throat structure no longer facilitates a voice.'

The Hearth Keepers | *Faction Leader; Tirouk, Advisor to the First*

Spiritual heirs to the enigmatic creators of Ae and the support elements of the armies massed at the Denial, the Hearth Keepers typically display a capacity for support and basic day-to-day living that their wilder brethren lost or always lacked. As their name suggests the faction keeps the eternal flames lit, while also managing the groundwork of almost all support structures. Normally putting them in close connection with the Administration, the Commercialists and the Home-Guard. Only the latter remain tightly aligned, and the Keepers have been forced to increasingly rely on themselves while propping up the Void Hunters and the current hot disaster we call Commercial. Hard work, presence of person and a general concern for your brothers (even the morons) will allow you to go far in the Keepers. | (Bonus; Tempered Domestic)

Less the Advisor to the First, now more of the head of the Passive-aggressive push back and organizer to the First. **Tirouk** is the youngest member of the Council of Nine having only been elected two Sol years ago to the position when the current problems first struck. A low caste Niseti who had been a humble shepherd before recruitment, he managed to hit the ground running. Naturally an organizer with what most of his kind consider a disgusting amount of pathos, he is quick-whited if shy man who still struggles to welcome new members into his diminutive faction. Despite his opposition to Igra he's been able to keep the situation from escalating, politically pragmatic in creating solutions. At least until the successive loss of Barbi, Irjminsul and Elder Nadya. It remains to be seen if he'll be able to maintain his pragmatism. Or if he'll finally crack.

- Committee of Home Settlements

The Primary intermediary between Architecture, the Departments and any Traveller interested in building on Ae. The CoHS has managed to maintain a stranglehold on actual developments and ensures mass expansions are at least somewhat efficient. After the Great-Worm Fiasco last year no one can deny their position is completely unwarranted. Look it up. There's nothing like watching a half-built city get turned upside-down and dragged into the desert.

- Committee of Mediation

Recently expanded to not only deal with external disputes but internal ones, the CoM have been in an extremely precarious state. Not only in dealing with the escalating internal conflicts but also recently discovered external multi-reality organizations. Still, few are as determined and as capable for dealing with these trying times as the Committee, who have at this point proven themselves to be indefatigable.

- Committee of Festival's and Needs

At this point a vital internal pillar of not only the Keepers but of all life on Ae. The dozens of official and thousands of unofficial feasts, festivals and celebrations bring much needed reprieve to Ae. The CoFN manages to juggle all these disparate festivities and is perhaps the most on time and efficient Committee in the Keepers. For reasons few fully understand.

The Commercialists | *Faction Leader; [Interregnum]*

Formed from the prior manufacturing infrastructure and supplier elements of the old armies. The Order as it stands remains an odd beast which the Commercialists exemplify. Still beheld by elements of military formality, with numerous internal governances, cliques and a technical massed state of anarchy. Commercial is still not only able to properly supply but expand the vast catalogue of gear that the Travellers require to operate on such a massive scale. Their centuries of success came at a cost however, over their lifespan numerous internal pillars grew, each with their own beliefs on how the Traveller economic system and supply infrastructure should operate. Many of these pillars have *very sour* internal relations. Commercial as a faction deals with everyone, bar the most Acetic and self-reliant Travellers. Considering the current state of anarchy, just about anyone could make a name for themselves, if they have the stomach for the chaos. | (Bonus; 750 Credits)

Four days ago, Elder Nadya passed, at the wizened age of 1148. This might sound like a venerable age for a relatively unaugmented human but some within the faction consider it a dereliction of duty. Though, that is likely an attempt at using contempt to drown other feelings. Elder Nadya guided the entirety of her faction's apparatus, acting as a unifier for even the most disparate and obtuse cliques. Moods are bitter in the extreme and it was no secret her life extensions, like many other second-gen members, were horribly flayed from the get-go. This was as inevitable as it was explosive. Now we all must now deal with the current **[Interregnum]** that has fallen at our feet.

- Importation Wing

Initially conceived for the purposes of smash and grab supply on an economic level, as a proper supply infrastructure was established, Importation gradually became luxury and curio focused. The stereotype of a glib rotund individual who may or may not be attempting to swindle you is most common in importation. Though the whole wing is widely varied to enable ease of purchase in off-world goods. They've managed to stay out of the current infighting, though it is unlikely that this will last forever as their bandits ready themselves to join the fray.

- Manufacturing Wing

Manufacturing is the largest wing of the Commercial Apparatus and composes the numerous explicit Traveller industrial bases. Over the centuries more and more sub-wings grew inside it, even those not explicitly 'manufactory' based, like the various farming operations on Ae. Just about anything that could be 'produced' locally is the dominion of manufacturing, and as such the entire wing is an inch from a full civil incident. Some assume only the sheer size of the wing has prevented the wing's internal pillars within from engaging in Yugoslavisms on each other.

- Special Goods Wing

The wing that deals all the goods the Council of Nine and Judiciary restricted for mass use, the Commercialists are allowed to keep stocks of certain useful weapons, and as such SGW is the rare element in having self-restraint and making sure no one else gets access to the god-only-knows-what they're guarding. The only *temporary* casualties so far in the ongoing calamity came when the Free Trade Pillar tried breaking into one of the Wing's warehouses. Of course, the Judiciary cannot punish the dead so any expiration was brief. Many inside of the Faction just want the SGW to stage a coup, as the chaos evidently burdens them in the extreme.

Biological Department | *The Council of the Open Minded*

[Req: Biological Weaver | Free Item: [3] Biological augments of your choosing]

The first Department unofficially and the second last officially established Department. Biological oversees any and all biotechnology that the Travellers come into contact with and use. Something that has brought on many intelligent and unhinged individuals, primarily those who would be defined as 'mad scientists' by humans and just 'scientists' by Nisetics. Joining their number requires an extensive preexisting knowledge of bio-tech, as this is necessary for any further learning. Biological's more cavalier attitude is restrained by Judiciary necessities, which they often complain about. Like 'consent' and 'unnecessary suffering.' Of course, the Council understands evolution is impossible without such struggles and restraints. The wonders and horrors they create would simply not be, not without that, and without purpose. The entire department was precursed by a small advisory board headed by the ancient Nisetic Basileia and the equally archaic AI SING-RO-1992, who remain as the respective speaker and record keeper of the Council.

Mechanical Department | *The Council of the Proven*

[Req: Mechanical or Steam or Chemical Adept | Free Items: [2] Limb Replacements & [4] Organ replacements]

Mechanical, Ethereal and Technical were mandated together first in creation, though mechanical was without a true legacy. So many divided sub-groups had necessitated sub-divided mechanical needs. Standardizing and overseeing our mechanical situation was initially an abominable nightmare, though, over the many centuries, the Department succeeded with flying colours. Everything that is constructed to a degree with physical impact has had or will have a hand in Mechanical. Vehicles, void-vessels, AI forms, advanced infrastructure, chemicals, so long as it is physical there is a sub-department dedicated to it. Seniors and Sub-Department heads make up the Council of the Proven, and they remain the most boring and directly focused of the Departments because of it. It should be noted they are also the middle-men of the other Departments, supporting all others departments as well as the Architects and the Hearth-Keepers.

Ethereal Department | *The Council of the Awoken Spirit*

[Req: Ascending Ethereal | Free trait: Ethereal Mastery]

There were already a wide array of Ethereal focused groups from the pre-Order era, and during the initial Department mandating, the consolidation process for Ethereal was an absolute gongshow. There are still deep seated grudges between the numerous internal colleges and schools, though time and a massive influx of new blood has largely reduced this to elderly grumbling. And the occasional drunken brawl. Anyone can request teaching from Ethereal, but joining the department that manages and instigates Ethereal matters requires some serious talent. Just navigating the Department's home tower can be hazardous for the unenlightened. As for the Council of Awoken Spirit, the hodge-podge of Arch-Mages from all manner of backgrounds and varying small deities manages to be competent while constantly *tripping the fuck out*. The Ethereal Tower as much as the Masters within tend to stick to themselves, and it lies on individual department members to improve and act.

Medical Department | *The Council of Hippocrates*

[Req: Any Medical Trait | Free Item: Upgraded Healing Chip]

After the establishment of the first Departments, there was a decade of tension until what would be the medical department ignited a civil incident. This is one of the few incidents without casualties, as the soon-to-be Department made sure to avoid them, and even went as far as to get Mechanical and Technical onboard to avoid AI losses. Such concern was the deciding factor for Council's establishment of Medical, and an important precedent for eventual Clique infighting. Medical is just... Medical. The internal research and health-care management of the Order, for all be, they organic, spiritual, synthetic, or stranger. They retain almost unparalleled veto power on the other Departments, as well as Commercial concerning Perpetuity Modes. These interconnections often make them the secondary intermediaries between the departments, but the dogged focus on general well-being leaves them as the single busiest of the seven and most willing to use Vetoes. Even joining one must display a level of medical skill and swear several healing oaths. Medical is led by a shadowy council allegedly chosen by sortition, but they're extremely hush hush about it.

Militant Department | *The Alexandrian Council*

[Req: Any Tactical Trait | Free Items; Custom Melee Weapon, Free T34 Power Armour]

Established by the Council of Nine after the recruitment flood on Ae truly opened up and the Order's numbers swelled. Militant was given the unenviable task of planning for whatever was needed in a conflict situation. Something they've recently proven more than capable of, with the horrifically one sided shattering of the Cluster. Be it single-reality nations, planeswalking organizations, or the highest of the Grandchildren, Militant probably has a few sets of battle plans for a full victory. Heavily disciplined and internally regimented, the department requires some sort of military insight, though some have argued their way in with 'unconventional' ideas. Planning for anything, the stratocratic Alexandrian Council is composed of a handful of innovators and individuals of questionable stability. If it works, it works.

Technical Department | *The Green-Cord Council*

[Req: High Tech | Free Items: 'Cut-In' Net Implant]

Long regarded as the most unstated of the departments, Technical's history has been quiet and hyper-productive compared to their sister Departments. Technical handles almost all Traveller software, and all things that grow complex to the point they might as well be software, be it rune algorithms or genetic messaging. Despite the cascade complexity Technical deals with, they allow members to join with minimal understanding, focusing on long form training and utilizing their massive internal AI population. This AI population equally relies on the organic components to optimize, idiot proof and 'break in' their works, and the department is a model example of organic-synthetic cooperation. All members are actually part of the Green-Cord council, though council meetings happen at best once every other decade the capacity to link into a shared network makes the direct democratic government not only viable but incredibly effective. A microcosm of the larger, task focused culture that allows the department to flourish.

Experimental Department | *The Council of Black Chairs*

[Free Items: Whale Skin Marks & COF Jetpack]

Established a Sol decade back after several successive incidents and an affair in the void-hunters where one senior "human" Traveller was discovered to be three cephalopod Travellers in a trench coat. Experimental is tasked with the alien and the unknown, something which is as unenviable as it is dangerous. Much has been discovered and understood to a degree, or is at least managed by the other Departments and factions. But there will always be things without parallel, in such spaces Experimental has managed to prove itself. The department will take on just about anyone, though they have a reputation for being masochistic nutjobs, the retain a diverse internal population is needed to provide as many perspectives as possible. It remains to be seen who is on the Council of Black Chairs, and a few have hypothesized the Council is actually made up or a collective delusion.

Eyes of the Third | *The Augur*

[Free Trait: Foresight & Hindsight]

Not a faction, not a department, the Eyes are potentially more import than any of the individual internal Quarters, and yet constantly overlooked. The Eyes of the third allow for the Travellers to function as a true multi-reality organization, by way of augury. That nature which allows the Adokori to see beyond the walls of being. Few have the will and the strength to use this skill in any effective sense, and those who do suffer for it. The eyes of the Third serve our foremost Augur, one we simply call *The Augur*. Doing whatever is needed and also providing assistance to the many sub-augurs. The Augur and the innumerable sub-augurs in turn provide answers and landing destinations for the Order as it moves across existence, either in slow restrained motions tested by probes, or as recklessly and blindly as *The Augur's* gaze. The Eyes and their dear friends the Blades of the Third are required to do all manner of tasks. Some things apparent in their reasoning, others things... Absurd as the nature of an Augur. Time and Space are peeled apart before the gaze of our guides, one's base hinging more often a detriment, rather than a support. If you seek a properly higher purpose, the Eyes always need new hands.

The Judiciary | *Acting Temporary Attendant 'Aunt' Reotri*

[Free Trait: Incorruptible]

Shrouded by outlandish slander spewed by paranoid members of the order or concocted by the Elder Legii and Judicar themselves, the Judiciary are the ones mandated to enforce our few bindings with whatever force they deem sufficient. They were established in our early days, in the fallout of the third Time War when a band of lawyers, vigiles, and Nisetic paquidra brought foreword a proposal for several core codifying laws to force an even playing field between all members of the order, the group having gone already to the Augur over the matter. These laws were unanimously voted in, though they directly resulted in the outbreaks of the fourth and fifth time war over Sapient Slavery and use of Mercenaries respectively, most understood these were inevitable conflicts. The Judiciary manage to retain that same obstinance and dedication to the Order that makes them simultaneously insufferable and wholly necessary for the Order to function. There are very few proper Judiciary 'Legii' as becoming one requires at least a century of serving as an acolyte to one of the existing Judiciary cliques, and mutual approval among the existing ranking members of the Judiciary. To be one is to embrace a Pyrrhic, brutal and potentially short-lived position, cutting yourself apart from your brothers for their long term benefit. Few make it, but fewer can deny the psychotic incorruptibility that places the adage of 'eye for an eye, life for a life' in a literal sense. Normally the Judiciary are without leadership. But in the current tensions, the Legii unanimously elected an 'Acting Attendant.' The Legis Reotri has many nicknames, few of them kind. But her claims to hold the best interests for the Order are backed by centuries of front-line service and grounding the entirety of the Judiciary in their shared purpose.

The Lonesome Road | *Beheld only to yourself*

[Free traits: One of your choice]

You don't need to join anyone of these factions, departments or quarters. You are a Traveller, held equal to all other members of the Order with an infinitely higher purpose. You can chose to stay where you are now, a free-member of the Order. This will not endear you to many others, nor will it necessarily make your life easier. But also won't make your life harder, or prevent the other factions or their members from assisting you. All this means is that, for the time being at least, you'll follow your own direction.



The Covenants of Ae

“That much is finished, all the very least. Now we have to wait for the conformation that the physical copies are properly sent to where they need to go.” {Brisk Clicking} “No, it won't be fast. Fortunately there are some things to pass the time. For me. You can take a brief look over of the pamphlets the Covenants keep sending us. I'll venerate no worthless god, but you might be different. To say nothing of the benefits some of them are willing to dispense for the pious, zealous, or those with a penchant at faking those things.”

[Work towards a max of (4) Minor (d)isciplines freely] /or/ [Work towards (1) Covenants higher (D)iscipline and (2) of its minors]
/or/ [Walk Your Own Path]

---> The Apokálypsi

It was inevitable that Travellers would wander worlds blasted by nuclear fire, turned to dust by ecological Ragnarok, or shattered outright by outsider forces. Over the years, those influenced by and recruited from such locales brought creeds which many 'pre-event' Travellers considered ludicrous. Despite mockery and frequent infighting, these petty cults escalated in scale and scope as the Traveller population grew. Until recently, there was little in the way of internal unity, and many of these cults actively feuded each other. This all changed with the 'Unifier', a recent charismatic recruit who capitalized upon the Order's internal tensions and the return of so many to Ae to bind the 'Apocalypse' together. Preaching a doctrine of fraternity forged by calamity, he managed to unite even the most disparate of the Apocalypse Cults under a single banner, with a single core doctrine that all lesser cults sprang from. In destruction there is truth, and truth takes many forms. It remains to be seen if the unification of the Apokálypsi will be helpful or disastrous in the coming months and years. Or if afterwords, this federation will stand the test of time.

(d) Blessings of Atmos

Worship of the destructive and transformative effects of radiation can occur anywhere in a post-bomb world, and even if these cults rarely last, they share a core ethos that allowed their rapid consolidation on Ae. Despite the *forceful* defanging of their precursor cults two years ago, their successors offer much insight into not only surviving but thriving in radioactive environments. Some even still know how to make use of post-atomic radiation for warfare, even if they risk another smackdown at the hands of the Judiciary over it.

(d) Heritage of the Antediluvian

Worship of figures that are either fictional or historical is considered one of the most absurd characteristics of the Apokálypsi. Ranging from Mother Russia to the Founding Fathers to Erru Ilvatar to the mighty Sento Klawse, such cultishness props up almost universally. There are very few fundamentalist believers, there is still a surprising following, more focused on representation. Whatever one worships, it isn't enough to offer empty words. One must (and can if given the effort) come to embody and restore those ancient characteristics of the Antediluvians.

(d) Style of the King

Cutting itself apart from the other Apokálypsi, the Regal Congregation of the King remain visible and affluent. Their distinct identity as the Kings of Swing stands even now, still upholding the unique 'coolness' that comes in confidence, voice and their golden ideal. That anyone and everyone is a King in their own right. Even if one isn't interested in their odd sense of fashion, it is widely acknowledged that the 'Cool' has an undeniable charisma.

(d) Truth of the Unseen

The unification brought about the ultimate grudge match between the 'ceremonial fight clubs,' a glory match many centuries in the making. While there had been an agreement that all 'styles' would be valid there was no 'higher' figure. The 'match' lasted four weeks, put almost five hundred Travellers in infirmary or the repair shop and almost saw the triumph of the Rudos Cartel. Their triumph was stolen from them by a Cult that technically wasn't even post-apocalyptic, but instead the result of an Inter-dimensional fuck up. To say they, 'couldn't see him' was an understatement, and the remaining dozen Rudos were tossed out of the ring. Since then, the Wrestlers have ultimately answered to the Saint Who Isn't Seen. While the Free Fighters are more performance than combat focused, drama has its own worth. And perhaps if one is devoted one could make such a turnaround for themselves...

(d) Witness of the Furies

Paul Bunyon's Vikings, the Dagda of Nywphwlnind, Road Warriors of Death Valley and Sharrifs of the Trail. All of them, and many more shared a uniting brutality that allowed them to perform almost supernatural feats on the battlefield. Scarcity, desperation, zeal and sheer stubbornness can produce great warriors. So much so that even those 'unashed' can learn from them, or emulate their harsh living to earn such Witness by their elders.

(d) Tranquility of the End

More common in the Old World than the New, the Apocalypse can produce a unique personal control. In melancholy and ash, true peace can be formed. As pure and true as any Old World monks. Ranging from Californian Dharm to Donbass Ridnovirya, these established cults have an almost unequalled capacity for control and contentment in horrific circumstances. It can seem esoteric or overly passive to many, but an internal stabilizer can be vital for a Traveller whose objectives are long-term.

(D) Follower of the Apocalypse

True understanding comes in all aspects of the end, not simply the end itself. Preservation & revolution in knowledge. Will for survival & adaption in the face of extermination. The powers of simple comforts one takes for granted. But the greatest thing the Apocalypse can teach is prevention. Hindsight allows one to see how easy it is to prepare for, or even outright avoid the doom that will fall upon the world. In that, a true disciple of the Apokálypsi can 'take steps' most others won't. They might seem extreme, foolish, or even baffling to outsiders, they might their own have severe consequences, that are potentially fatal for the Traveller making them. But some must be willing to make that sacrifice.

---> The Hypsistarian Church of Aeons

That which is known as Gnosticism has an ancient and almost forgotten relationship with the Order. Those initial Architects and Lords of what would be the Denial carried a very Gnostic view of existence. That physicality was at best, flawed, and at worst an abomination. That in unmaking existence, their 'true' nature would be restored. Suffice to say, the Precursors to the Order had a very dim view of those beliefs, and for centuries there simply was no Gnostic presence in the Order. Even after it was largely faded. Until about two centuries ago when the Church of Aeons was established. Marking themselves as a Traveller successor to a Crimean Gothic cult of the same name, the Hypsistarians hold that while physicality is flawed, unmaking existence would mean the destruction of the Monad. This view has pacified the old and the suspicious for the most part, allowing the Hypsistarians to cultivate a small devoted following which retains a focus on 'ascent.' Not viewed as some abstraction, but instead something attainable and focused upon the entities that guard the order with unequalled power and ferocity. The keys to Bythic Truth lie with the Godheads.

(d) Learning of the Hermetics

To say the knowledge of the Church is dense would be an understatement. The writings are often so convoluted that experienced Academics are often at odds with their texts, and the Hypsistarians have a frankly irrational contempt for translations and digital copies. Just getting to a place where one will be able to make use of the Hypsistarian archives is a feat in itself. But some have entered the church just to learn from that very process.

(d) Reconciliation of the Monad

For many outsiders, Gnosticism can seem like a defeatist and Nihilistic belief system. It cannot be denied that many have come into Gnostic creeds with such mindsets and dragged those creeds through their own foolishness. Hypsistarians have long been counter to the position, and even among the shadowed upper echelons of the church there is an odd optimism. If physicality is a prison and souls are perpetual, then so long as the Church survives, the path to overthrowing Yalbadoth the Broken One is an inevitability.

(d) Shattering of the Sarkik

Admittedly, the Church hasn't gotten that far on ascending 'beyond physical and ethereal bindings' as of yet. But there are several minor 'cheats' that they have achieved. Petty localized Instant Transmission, support of the body without sustenance and bidding off aging are possible by the mentally robust. Considered little more than party tricks for the deranged, ethereal manipulation and technology provide the same benefits with certainty and direction. But these breaks are entirely derived from the Traveller, and if the Church is to be believed they are just the beginning of Hermetic potential.

(D) Ear of the Godheads

Even now, the Hysistarians work towards an understanding of the Godheads that is unrivalled (and dwarfed) by all but a select few Second Generation Travellers in the sense of recorded lore. They are perhaps the only ones able to identify their presence (or as 'present' as such an entity can be), and the true scope of these entities. Some even believe they can even converse freely with them, a feat that allegedly only the Godheads could initiate. For the time being it seems as if the Church is viewing this as only a stepping stone, or worse a plateau that will restrain their growth. But, perhaps that line to the Greatest of the waking Travellers could be of use?

---> Zarhazatrik ek kry eXmarikan

It can often take a single shift in a timeline to produce a world that is unrecognizable to some Travellers. The Zarhazatrikiol came to the Order from one such reality where the Indo-European expansions were exterminated before they could even begin. Roughly, the name could be translated to 'House of Truths', with the Closest parallel in other realities being Hinduism, but even that is a stretch. The relationship of the Gods is considered living, a direct parallel that is ongoing to the nature of the physical where both parties in the relationship are effected. A city god will be exterminated by wiping out the city in question, and a god of the people just the same. This has produced a convoluted and extensive cosmology where there are very few constants. Despite this and the large presence of resultant Indo-European Travellers, the presentation of the most universal Practices and the 'Ascension' of Traveller Martyrs has earned them a devoted following. One that continues to grow with a constant influx of initiates.

(d) Altar of the Kemahra

Just about the only truly Universal deity in the entirety of the House, Kemahra is not the name of the Chthonic deity but instead her title which can be translated to 'Mistress.' To say her true name is to draw her immediate attention, and to draw her immediate attention is to invite death upon ones self. All things that die are born of the Kemahra, and are destined to return to her as the great progenitor. Attribution of all disasters to this figure allowed her to grow beyond her origins in Attica across the whole of the West, and turned her into the bedrock of the House outright. Her direct followers remain few in number, as worship of a death god invites nothing good upon a person. But it also invites her gaze upon all who fight her followers tenfold...

(d) Altar of the eZmersamaln

Where the Kemahra spread as grounding figure for ungrounded mythologies and miseries, the figure known as eZmersamaln spread beside the first 'great' Empire in the Mediterranean, equal with if not greater than the Roman empire. The name itself roughly translates to 'Lord of all Lords' and was the ascended form of the 'conqueror of the West.' A great despot who subjugated all the coasts of Iberia, France and England, who before his ascent could be completed was murdered by an assembly of his peers. Kin to Caesar, eZmersamaln became the patron of that Empire based at the gates of Gibraltar, and would be worshipped wherever there was coastline to invade. His position is authority, charisma, and personal self-reliance. The Lord of Lords favours those who help themselves, and allegedly his help is not insubstantial.

(d) Altar of the Qtama

The figure known as the Qtama has many origins, in the many mystery cults of eZmersamaln's empire, Buddhism arriving and spreading in Europe and in the ancient primalistic figures that worshipped drunken madness. From them rose Qtama, the unbound one. A figure that despite the innumerable (and often contradictory tales) of origin managed to synthesize into a singular entity. Existence is death, death is change, and change is the perfection of being. The Qtama teaches one to embrace change, and in doing away with themselves, they can become perpetual. While the allegations of reincarnation remain unfounded, Traveller followers of the Qtama are noted for incredible versatility in changing themselves and recovering from extreme hardships.

(D) Altar of the Xarsharsei

Traveller Zarhazatrikiol, either in religious purpose or more cynical function aims toward a proper 'ascension' to the Order's benefit. The creation of a living breathing spiritual landscape, that some claim already exists in the Godheads. It just needs to be leveraged, moved into place so that the patron deities fully rise as patrons of the Order. To do this, there just needs to be a little bloodshed. The Qtama was a man, the eZmersamaln was a man, and what comes next will begin with mortal flesh and blood. All someone must do is repeat this course, it has already been done en-mass. Just one more, large enough and loud enough that the whole order knows it, and then will come Xarsharsei, the Mistress for whom the House of Ae is waiting...

---> The Church of our Lady, Destroyer of Despair

The church of the lady would not be that unique, were it not for the fact it seems to pop up in different realities with clashing and conflicting circumstances. But despite those origins the sum of the work is always the same epic. While the names and places are often localized, it remains the same tale of a singular human girl engaging in an absolute destruction of self to the benefit of all others to come after. The varied cultural lenses and 'authors' have produced many theological conclusions one can draw, but in every variant of the creed (all of which are considered 'canon' by the local church), sacrifice of the self is central. Between this notion of sacrifice and the untethered multi-reality nature of the 'CooL' it has long had a very firm presence, being one of the cults that filled the vacuum of the Abrahamic collapse. A presence it retains into the modern era, being known for its charity, favourable views of militancy, and uniquely multi-faceted origins that allow it to flourish on Ae.

(d) The Bladed One

A tragic figure, often imagined as a knight penitent, an onna-musha, a hunter or simply a girl aspiring to such a position. The Bladed is always excels in the stories early, and accordingly falls in a suitably tragic fashion, a perfect model of the 'pre Lady cycle of despair' that seemingly preyed upon its heroic figures. Those who consider themselves patrons of the Bladed prefer direct melee combat, and within the Church these Bladed followers tend to 'perfect' themselves on one another. You'll find few better teachers on Ae in terms of orthodox sword and board practice.

(d) The Guiding One

The Guiding One's position is self-explanatory, though they're one of the most flexible in actual societal position. They've been portrayed as a priestess, a noble-woman, one of the bourgeoisie, and others, perhaps because this position matters little. The Guiding One is always the first to perish, proof of the cruel and relentless nature of the world. Despite this, the 'ranged' nature of the Guide always attracted many people in the Order, making it the largest subgroup in the Cool. Like the followers of the Bladed, they maintain a serious shooting range and are some of the better teachers present if you want to learn or perfect your shooting skills.

(d) The Betraying One

An enigmatic figure whose 'point' is as fluid as the water, the Betrayer is the Great Mover of the tale, for whom time loses all meaning, and there is no depth she will not sink to. All that matters in the end is the Lady, and even if it means betraying her directly (hence the title) the Betrayer does. In the end, the Betrayer almost succeeds, but falls and attains a position not unlike the Lucifer or Iblis, and remains content to serve as such so long as she remains bound to the Destroyer of Despair. Those who take the Betrayer as a patron are known to suffer flashes of what might be considered prophecy, allowing them to avoid what could have been tragic circumstances. If of course such warnings are heeded.

(D) The Promise of Peace

True disciples of the Church of our Lady are promised peace, or at least an eventual peace. The life of a Traveller can be violent and full of heartache, for many it is lonely. For them, there is the promise that they won't become a monster, that the void will not warp them and experience will not dour their souls. It is the promise of redemption and the destruction of mortal despair, that one day they may lay down their burdens and know peace. Perhaps this is a self-fulfilling prophecy, as many full-time members of the Church are some of the better balanced than many of their comrades.

---> The Unified Ikko-Ikki Clan

The Ikko-Ikki clan was birthed from the rebellious movement of the same name, organized by practitioners of Pure Land Buddhism against the despotic and aristocratic ruling class of Japan. While this movement in its own time is almost always doomed, it has long since inspired a perpetual 'clan' here on Ae, with a strict internal hierarchy but no singular leading figurehead. Unlike most other religious covenants they stay very close to their progenitors, striving to follow the tenants of Pure Land Buddhism while adhering to ferocious martial ideals. This also extends into politics, as members of the Ikko-Ikki have long opposed anything even resembling autocracy and centralization on Ae and abroad. Full members of the Clan embrace a total monastic lifestyle, shaving their heads and training themselves into Warrior Monks and Nuns, though the majority are less devoted to that sort of living. They welcome any into their ranks, even if their notorious discipline keeps them on the fringes of Traveller society.

(d) Wrathful Amitābha

Disciples of the Clan in time may become embodiment of the Wrathful Amitābha, the raging mirror to the Venerable Amitābha. Filled with the fire of the Hateful Buddha, a Traveller would be able to overcome physical challenges they would have prior balked at, but would still be far from the infinite radiance spiritually and emotionally. Some classify this as a berserker state, even if it Wrathful Amitābha are conscious of their actions, although some consider this sufficient division as such discord is purposeful. Useful in the moment, but self-defeating in the journey to harmonious existence.

(d) Rousing Masses

Members of the Clan have always been upstarts, but one of their greatest talents was drawing out that same anger from the masses. There is a universality to the vast slump of society that is shared, and that if called upon can summon a furious storm. It doesn't matter if it is Japanese peasants, Nisetic low-castes, plantation slaves of the new world or coal miners of the old world, the Ikko-Ikki can know how to light a fire in them. If of course one is willing to invest the time and effort into such rousings.

(d) Pure-Land Living

The Ikko-Ikki are not ignorant to the passing of time and sciences, and encourage an extremely healthy style of living to match their spiritual teachings. This combination of diet, exercise, mindset and meditation can do wonders for all-aspects someones well-being, and is perhaps the largest draw to the clan. Or it might simply be the offer of regimented living, something that is simply not present for many Travellers.

(D) Embodiment of the Pure Land

Beyond physical matters lies what the Ikko-Ikki of Ae strive for, the essence of the Pure Land. It is the belief of most that the physical plane is inherently corrupt, however through meditation, contemplation of the sutras, and an ironclad self, one might create within themselves a 'pure land.' A plane free of physical and spiritual corruption. Becoming Buddha-like in nature, they are able to defy the physical and the spiritual by will alone, balancing the wrathful and the implicit. It remains uncertain if this is even attainable, but many can attest to the stony resilience of form and character that it imbues into the Clans oldest warrior Monks and Nuns.

---> The Temple of Great Holy Light

The Travellers have brought many faiths together, and while mixing of ideas is common, on occasion entire groups have agreed to combine their compatible beliefs and ideals for the common good. The Temple of the Great Holy Light is one such group that came to be in the middling period of the time wars when questions of faith were all too common, and the prior 'dominant' creeds of the Order had broken themselves against each other. Founded by devout Zoroastrians mingling with Afghan and Incan Sun Worshipers, the modern Temple has shrines to an impressive 477 deities and heroes, and boasts the largest Zoroastrian Tower of Silence on Ae. Also notable is the only shrine of Jgrän, the Nisetic embodiment of their Sun and her unfettered hatred for all Nisetics. While boastful and contentious, the sects of the Temple have an enviable if competitive harmony. If there is one thing that binds the members of this group together, it is the notion that they are stronger together than they could ever be divided.

(d) Resplendent Bravado

One of the many great Patrons, the Afghan deity known as Zun teaches of rejection in the name of Pride and Self, his is the legacy of long resistance against Arab, Punjabi, Hellenic, and Persian invasion. Even if such struggles are ultimately doomed, it has value that exists beyond what others might consider to be sensible. Followers of Zun tend to be obstinate in the extreme and resilient to the weights of time, though they are also considered somewhat dull in intellectual matters.

(d) Brilliant Cooperation

A lesser deity of the Temple without official name and only a title, the 'Companion' is a simplistic deity of mired origins. In his mortal life he was only man, but in time his wanderings turned him into the Godly patron of all those who would raise their swords for righteous causes. Followers of him mimic his selflessness and almost foolhardy bravery, and are considered the most valuable of travelling partners. Any who worship the Companion will find themselves decent company, even in troubled times like these.

(d) Humata, Hukhta, Huvarshta

The Teachings of Zoroaster are among the most prevalent in the temple, be they spiritual or architectural. Almost every shrine has in turn been affected by Zoroastrian thought, though they remain a minority in actual worship. Direct followers of Zoroastrian teachings are still at the core of the Temple and are considered to be just and honest individuals, and are well respected within the Travellers if nothing else as reliable brokers and third-party individuals. True disciples of the Sects find themselves incapable of dishonesty and are committed to the battle against universal evil, and are more than capable of living up to their reputation, to the benefit of all Travellers.

(D) All the Radiance of the Sun

Though it would require a frankly excessive and slavish level of devotion, there is a spiritual might to the temple if one were to devote themselves to all 477 shrines within. Only one has ever succeeded in the task, and would at times, come to be as the sun itself. Radiant and unmoving, a cornerstone of both the spiritual and the physical worlds. To truly patron the many gods and heroes of the Temple is to give up themselves, becoming a force of nature and a central aspect of the landscape. A tall task that very few will even consider. But to each, there is a time and a place under sunlight.

---> The Order of Good Thought and Good Action

The history of Islam among the Travellers has been a tumultuous one, with the second generation Muslims being almost completely obliterated in the First and Second Time-War, the Jihad for and against the Order being absolute in nature. In the aftermath, the followers of the Prophet retreated from politics and matters of policy, and only recently have their numbers recovered to become notable on Ae. The early struggles have been largely forgotten by this new devoted generation, though most followers of the Prophet still gather in the Halls of those original esoteric orders. Of them, the Order of Good Thought and Good Action remains the largest. As well as the central meeting place of the Orders myriad Islamic sects. Held together by a one 'Wali' Tarkash (though he still rejects the title) the Order has long since evolved with strangeness brought on by other realities and other thinking beings. The Order of Good Thought and Good Action remains devoted to these Traveller Sufi ideals, and the betterment of the Order as a whole. Public Luncheons are a daily feature, and the Mosque remains to be one of the most welcoming places on Ae for confused young synthetics.

(d) Rejection of Evil

The most mutual and universal practice across all Islamic Traveller Lodges, the rejection of evil is ingrained and ascribed as the duty of the Order. While this works against the highest evil of non-existence and the destruction of Allah's creation it also aims at social and personal evils. It is well known that members of the Order are adept at ridding themselves of such lesser evils such as personal addictions and foul habits. They are also known to loudly complain of each other's foul habits and bicker constantly.

(d) Spiritual Metaphysics

As long as the Order of Good Thought has existed, there has been great debate over the nature of existence. This storied conflict has produced so much information that even getting into the debates will require weeks if not months of reading and research. This is not without merit, as members of the Order are some of the most well-equipped Travellers in understanding existence in the vast terms we operate upon. So much so the workings of the 'Mad Muslim AI' are considered the most optimal path to universal understanding by some.

(d) Keepers of the Synthetic

Counter to what many believe, AI frequently fall into clerical tracks and are just as prone to existential crises when they attain sufficient understanding of being. The Order of Good Thought has always been quick to offer help to even the most atheistic AI assistance and council, and some of the Oldest Muslims on Ae are artificial in nature. Members of the Order tend to have a unique understanding of the intricacies in Artificial Intelligences and how such synthetic souls can attain relative harmony.

(D) Witness to the First and Last

Tarkash for his part has been patient and prudent man, leading the Order of Good Thought through struggles would have sundered lesser lodges, but he yearns for a reprieve. If a humble student of notable devotion and compassion ever would arise, they would allow him to finally create a replacement. Having long ago made a plan for his retirement with The Augur, he would have this student take a bright young AI by the name of Hussain Ali ibn Toyota to his own past, to witness his failings in a place where reality was torn apart. To understand being. With that much secured, Tarkash would finally be allowed to retire, and the Order would have a new Leader and a new Right-Hand to guide them onward.

---> The Anarchist Commune

Ae in many ways is little more than a functional anarchy, no Traveller having power over any other barring oaths of loyalty and trust. The only things mutually ordered are those functions upon which the Order was founded. Despite the vast mutual nature of the chaotic arrangement actual Anarchists are hard to come by, at least as far as card-carrying and politically conscious individuals go. The commune itself was founded a while back as a fringe movement, forged by former members of the Nigerian Black Vanguard, and today remains in the hands of Hyper-Individualists, survivalists and Tolstoyists, though any Traveller may join as it remains little more than a mutual pact for support. Support that is well received due to the number of willing specialists among their ranks and a general desire to provide for the commune.

(d) Self-Reliance

The most basic and mutual of the Commune's tenants, most members lead by example and are happy to share their knowledge. To be able to rely entirely upon one's own self for food, water, shelter, manufacturing, resource gathering and even advanced concepts such as tech production and robotics. However this tends to isolate and make one incapable of specializing. The view of the average anarchist as a bearded Nigerian Vanguard squatting in the woods with a pile of guns and a twitchy trigger finger while archaic is not without precedent.

(d) Legacy of the Blacks and Greens

The legacy of Anarchists is a legacy of failure and defeat in the wake of imperialist, monarchist and other similar authoritative foes. It is inherent to the nature of Anarchism, some say, that the inherently disorganized grass-roots ideology would inevitably be brought low by the entrenched powers. While to some this may be disheartening, to many it is a fact of life to be embraced in the commune. Even against impossible odds a person may gird their morals and fight against the tide. Anarchists are known to never go quietly.

(D) Mother Anarchy Loves her Sons

Those rare true devotees of the commune who give much more back than they ever received might be able to convince their fellows in the commune that their personal struggles could be worth the while for the whole group, and would have the full might of the Commune at their back. Given cause and circumstance there is little the Commune cannot achieve when united, with a plethora of hyper capable individuals. However this much is true reverse, if another individual of sufficient need calls you will be expected to answer.

---> The Children of Quetzalcoatl

The Faith of Central America have always had a reputation for volatility as much as syncretism, most priestly groups striving to prove themselves over their many cousin sects and castes. This rivalry between foreign gods remained long after their integration into the Travellers. The Cult known as the Children of Quetzalcoatl is one of the most prominent of the Pan-Mesoamerican cults and is one of the few to maintain the notion of 'battle sacrifices', though the process remains a brief affair to avoid incurring the ire of the Judiciary. Though few can complain of it with their noted lethality when it is needed. The idea of self-sacrifice is also heavily influential on the cult's ideals and the outright sanctification of Travellers, even those outside the cult, who are deemed worthy of respect is common. Just like the ancient gods who battled against the Primordial darkness, they believe it is the Travellers now as gods themselves who fight that very same battle, and it can only be won through blood rights, veneration of the old gods and self-sacrifice.

(d) Huitzilopochtli's Wrath

Worshippers of Huitzilopochtli are to themselves warriors and bloodletters. The sub-cult long attracting warriors from outside tradition origins who fit the title, making it one of the most multicultural sects present in the Void-Hunters and the Fighters. The Resplendent Hummingbird's blessed warriors grow more aware and capable the more subsumed they are by the blood of war, with the best results coming in close combat using clubs and sharp bladed weapons, and while the effects are temporary, over the course of a single battle a weak follower of Huitzilopochtli can become a true monster.

(d) Huehuetotl's Gifts

Praised by engineers and physicists both primitive and terribly advanced, Huehuetotl is the grandfather of time and the grand maker, and his worshippers follow in his footsteps in creation. Theirs is a special relation with time, able to 'smell' the flow and warp of it in the present, making them useful in identifying time anomalies and working with pocket dimensions. It is unclear how this is done, but it is a bedrock the followers are, for the most part, content to leave as is.

(d) Chalchiuhtlicue's Blessings

The Mother of Storm and Waters is one of the oldest and most dangerous gods, Chalchiuhtlicue has long been the protector of outsiders, the downtrodden and women in the Order. For her devoted, she favours them with water creatures and fair weather that is often unnervingly consistent. For those who earn her wrath however, the waters will rise up to drown them and her beastly children will eat them alive. A fact that some more water focused Travellers have been attracted to as Chalchiuhtlicue's wrath as terrifying as it is can be used to great effect.

(D) Quetzalcoatl's Gift

The Cult's main focus, in spite of multiple civil disputes and the constant vying of lesser sub-sects for prestige, remains set on Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent of life and his hundred names. The gift of the silent god is simple. At least for those who have pledged their souls and hearts to the great patron and been witness to the 'blessed' effects. Outsiders are more disturbed by the results. That six times a true follower dies they shall rise back up, no matter how grievous the injury. With the seventh fall the body will burst into a cacophony of ever expanding life, a rampaging forest as furious as it is magnificent. Such is the fruit of valiant sacrifice in the name of the celestial serpent.

---> The Church of Saint Magua

Christianity has had a similar history to her sister, Islam, albeit one that was much more constant, rather than an initial explosive contention. The Iconoclast divide being a major motivation in the third and fourth Time Wars who took sides just to spite their opposition, those tensions culminating in the Battle of Neo-Sidon during the Sixth War, when the Evangelical league turned on their brothers in an attempt to strike down their distant kin. Their decisive defeat led the Faith down to the current 'Era or Shame.' Most of the lasting Christian Institutions including the Catholic Et Sedes Vacans and the Roman Κάθισμα του Μιχαήλ του Αρχαγγέλου have distanced structures from Traveller society. There is only one Church that actively advertises itself, that being the Church of Saint Magua, notable in its Patron Saint being of alleged Traveller origin. Saint Magua, by allegations of her followers, was present at the Denial, however fled to Barcelona in the Fallout abandoning the Proto-Order. She was set upon by Grandchildren who manipulated the masses into believing she was a Witch, but divine intervention whisked her away to Alexandria, where she lived a pious life until age claimed her. The styling of the church is distinctly Coptic in origin, focused around veneration of the blessed Saint and ascetic lives of piety.

(d) Confession

Apostles of the Church who take vows may convey rights of Confession onto others of willing nature, alleviating their fellows of their guilt. It is an odd practice, one that has garnered significant criticism from those structuralists and hard-line elements. But the Maguans defend it staunchly, and those who often utilize it have a better internal grasp on themselves. Perhaps the ability to easily shares ones ills and crimes reduces the weight of them.

(d) Xenos Suzerains

Where the Order of Good Thought and Action is viewed as something of a safe haven for Artificial Intelligence, the Church has long offered shelter and special accommodations for the Non-Human biological members of the Order. Magua herself was an ally to Nisetics more than her fellow man at the battle, and was even alleged to have ventured to NISC-PRIME to offer assistance to her allies before her final retreat to Terra. Apostles of the Church have long identified a kinship with aliens, Nisetics foremost in this. The kiln heat of an alien sun offers the same adversity and resolve as Sol.

(d) The Innumerable Tongues

Apostles who take vows of Virtue may be conferred the rights of the Innumerable Tongue, an implicit understanding of all languages that men might speak. While many consider the blessing somewhat redundant and occasionally troublesome due to 'fits' of the Tongue, it removes the reliance upon technological means and can deal with rare untranslated languages. It is also horrifying, though in an Order with so much instantaneous translation that horror is often completely ignored.

(D) The Holy Relic

An esteemed Apostle of the order might in times of sufficient need be granted access to the Holy Relic of the Church, the head of Saint Magua herself, preserved in amber, still sanctified and fresh as the day she died. Those who lie in the presence of the head will burst into flames, the very natural world itself will bend to defend the carrier of the Relic and it is said if the head is returned to the body's resting place, the Archangel St Michel will be waiting for the bearer. This remains to be seen, as the public view of the Relics for followers is that they are to be defended tooth and nail. From even that Archangel if he tries to take it before the Church is finished.

---> **The Council of Confucian and Daoist Discourse**

Formed on a (then) tenuous accord of Confucian and Daoists recruits, who found themselves mutually aligned against the 'Thereavadan menace.' Ironic, considering the cruel tides of history that saw that menace vanish in the forth century while the Council has grown on Ae into a vast and diverse body. At this point the original name is a relic that no one cares to change, as over the years hundreds of seats and seats have been added for many other similar veins of thought. Prominent seats are limited to but not including; Legalism, Mohism, Irenic Naturalism, the School of Names, the Red Tiller School, Chan-Vedas, Yellow-Turban thought, Duhism and Angxandonicae. Though those are only the largest schools present outside the founders, as the council has long since outgrown her Sinic roots. While many write off the modern Council as a number of old and questionably sober elders and sophists, they do seem to be content with their current status-quo and retain great sway in the semi-secular spaces of the Order.

(d) Virtue Brought by Learning

If there is one thing that is universal about the Council, it is that all seats offer their philosophies freely, and are often the first step in any one Travellers journey to a revitalized internal compass. With a short time investment of hours one can very easily spend pick up the basics, while specialists can spend months, or even years coming to understand the vast wells of philosophy present in the Council libraries.

(d) Tempered Judgment

While the idle bickering of Councilpersons ranges from theoretical debates to very mundane bemoaning over the caturaṅga board, the subject is often less the matter as the 'how' of the conflict. This reasoning is varied, as Councillors have drifted from one school to another, and picked up questionable morals. Few will deny this, and though it might not succeed, some of these men can show how to sound very justified when cheating at board games.

(d) Pouched Belly of the Council

While it is slanderous to assume that the council is composed of drunken old men, there has long been a very prominent inner circle that do very much enjoy their parties and who care little for appearances. Those endeared to this inner circle are always welcome to join them in their excesses. While many view this as a useless pastime, it is a way to pick up a learned resistance to liquor, and if nothing else the events are always lively.

(D) Fist of the Six-Faced Emperor

There has always been a backroom to the Council that most ignore, considering it all a zealous fools errand at best. Very early on there was a half-schism between the physical practitioners and the scholarly sorts. This never fully culminated into a proper split, as the oldest scholars always tended to resort to the physical arts when things got out of hand, and the physicalists retained a respect for their learned counterparts. Black magic, control over the elements, martial arts that might seem mundane but pack enough force to de-limb opponents. Even now, only proper scholars are allowed into the veritable mosh-pit of physical practitioners, who do a very good job of appearing mundane until after hours, when these men are known to kick the hair and nails off of one another. The skills taught in that hidden circle are as potent as they are deliberately esoteric, as they value discretion as much as the abilities themselves.

---> **The Temple of the Wild Gods**

From the very inception of the Order, beings that some would describe as deific drifted into the ranks. Though it was only with time when the Travellers became properly established that these entities would coalesce into a major force, initially feuding with terrible might against one another. As much for attention as for the objectives of those conflicts. Alliances and leagues formed among the small gods, which prompted counter-leagues and coalitions to form, growing larger and larger until physical conflicts risked escalating into full civil incidents. To avoid infamy and bad-reputations, the Traveller Gods established proper Covenants that still compete with one another but without (major) bloodshed. Of these, the largest remains to be the 'Temple of the Wild Gods.' Located off the greater continental body on a coastal island, the grand spiritual coalition boasts one of the largest temple complexes on the planet for shared patronage. The hedonistic fauns and satyr rub shoulders with the clawed terrors of the great steppe, totemistic paragons of the New World whisper to the militant Kami who guard the temple doors. They welcome whoever brings tribute to their great hall, and offer small but very tangible gifts.

(d) Fortune of the Small Gods

Those smallest of the gods are numerous and often completely without name, sometimes lacking even sapience being products of the Spiritual landscape of Ae. Those who patron these diminutive beings are known not for any great deeds but a continuity. The sort of 'luck' that forms when a person's bad luck is packed into a bag. The smallest gods are not all that diligent, and they are quick to be slighted, but their followers do enjoy great continuity in fate that draws many to the Isle of the Gods.

(d) Fury of the Wrathful Gods

From those Undead transformed into deities to monsters that were placated to godhood, the 'Curse Gods' of the Temple have a well-earned reputation for creativity and sadism, even inflicting their curses on other Travellers, though they do make use of lethal techniques for such quarry. Patrons of the vengeful Gods might be willing to inflict many a curse upon their patron's foes, as no decadent curse is too much for a worthy patron. Worth of course being entirely derived from the value of offerings.

(d) Memories of the Dead Gods

Small gods have lived and died as Travellers on Ae, and though their many graves lie outside the Temple, their memories and boons remain. To be of some small use to the living. To offer incense and prayers is to access what remains of these gods, memories and fragments of long lost powers that remain, temporal, warped and often confusing. But long-term followers of the dead have an understanding of the Order few possess in the Third Generation.

(D) Shrine of all Divines

It is rare to find an individual who wholly devotes themselves to the Gods of the island, who constantly feud over the prayers and offerings of its patrons and followers. Yet if such an individual came to be against the tumultuous intrigues and sheer amount of effort required to accomplish such a feat, there is precedent for a blessing to be dispensed. In the form of a Verdigris ring, kept on the finger or worn as a piercing for times of danger. When all other options are exhausted, or if a truly mighty push is needed, the ring can be broken, unleashing the might of all the Island's Gods, bringing down a small bright cataclysm upon whatever has the misfortune of earning such ire.

---> **The Shrine of Freyja**

The Northern Gods of Scandinavia have typically blended well with the Gods of other peoples, with syncretism being common in the years of passage away from the proto-myths and the 'old' runic pantheon. Lacking a centralized back, the veneration of such gods fades when faced by proselytizing creeds. There are exceptions of course, some cults of the Old Gods take up a militarized monasticism, with their own liturgical traditions to establish a distinct identity. Such is case with the Shrine of Freyja. The cult already had a strong identity and organization, focused around the Golden Haired Goddess who was tied to love, beauty, fertility, sex, death, war, old seiðr, sea monsters and archery. While the proper clergy is all female, even in the Travellers, the Shrine has prospered with a wide following. The primary temple of Freyja is built from the stone and wood of a shattered shrine, brought low by one of many Christian Kings who sought to destroy their Pagan countrymen. The Shrine has always prospered in the shadow of such acts.

(d) Freyja's Seiðr

Distinct is the magic of the Pre-Christian Scandinavians in both structure and makeup. Seiðr is channelled through the voice and song, and is focused around altering the world and at times fate itself. The art is difficult to learn, and almost impossible to properly record, requiring direct tutelage to get anywhere. Ironically, the Shrine is a better place to learn the rhyming magic better than the Ethereal department which has the few teachers often at each others throats in their excessive poetic feuds. Patrons of Freyja may pursue this magic, allowing them to perceive the 'fate' the worlds weave around them. Though these words often choke when on Ae, for reasons not fully understood.

(d) Mother of Bounty

The vast majority of Freyja's followers come for promises of bounty, and usually come from the Home-Guard, Independents, Commercialists and Hearth-Keepers. There is a distinct agrarian and pastoral nature to the Shrine that prompts mundane and pragmatic sorts to seek it out, and many swear their fortunes turn about in the hall of the Golden Lady. Of course, it might just be the like minded, merchants and farmers rubbing shoulders and assisting one another in their ventures.

(D) Avatar of the Vanir

In distant ages of Merithic origins, the Æsir subjugated the kin of Freyja, the Vanir. Since then the two groups have been treated as conquerors and conquered, a vassalized house under the Æsir's roof. But the Vanir still hold sway under Freyja's hand, power that the Æsir never could subjugate. Through hidden inductions of potent brew, an individual can become like Freyja and the Vanir, lending her their body in exchange for tasks completed. While the Ritual is widely frowned upon, the great Freyja can reveal fate like fire in the darkness or strike a man dead with a glare. When her task is completed she will depart, leaving the former possessed individual's hair as golden as the dawn.

---> **The Daemon Leagues**

Where the presence of Gods both unnerving and small has always been noted by the greater Order, the same cannot be said of their antithesis. The direct darkness and those of it, in a spiritual sense. Literal demons, the fallen Seraphs and the twice-damned. They avoided drawing much attention to themselves until those touched by grandchildish influences or coming directly from such roots began to become apparent. While the unholy creatures had no official concordant, they did agree to many pacts and grew many small-time networks that could be utilized by their fellows. Those groups have been bound together into the Daemon Leagues, less a proper Covenant, more an amalgamation of a dozen self-help networks, a trade guild and a very lax occult temple. Offering the services one expects and a few that most do not. Like the bake sales, which have been a smash hit.

(d) Short Term High Interest "Loans"

While the nature of the recruitment really fucks with the ability to sell certain aspects of the soul with few exceptions, other aspects are more pliant. One of the ways the Leagues can offer assistance is in 'buff and curse' agreements. Spiritual loans that either grant physical or mental benefits at the cost of long term harm, or the inverse for immediate shortcomings and long-form boons. These Loans are proportional in give and take, so whatever benefit taken has equal cost, tailored to an individual by necessity. While this makes them unreliable and hyper specified, some are more than happy to lose an eye for an extra arm.

(d) Advice Board

Being a bunch of busybodies and gossip queens, the Leagues are always a source of reliable information that while it often has a sting, it is never wrong. Misleading, yes. Problematic and disconcerting, certainly. But they don't lie. While many of their customers will complain of their fey wording and clauses, those who harden themselves and ask are always better off for it. In the long run, anyways.

(D) The Ego Death Offer

The first unholy creatures were recruited in ancient days, back when we still had feet on Terra D-2, and the first demons realized the incomprehensible demand the Travellers were tasked with. To help, those first few followed the path of their recruiter, seeking out the ashes, and their own great progenitors. Sealing them away and preserving them to wait for a day when they might be... Utilized. They were given righteous concord in this, granted a certain number of individuals to keep on the metaphorical tap. This was not a proper recruitment, as most of these entities were either very much dead or in states that weren't much. Rather, the recruitment was kept in stasis, waiting to be altered. Were one to give up everything and meld with one of these ancients, the person that was would perish. And something new would be created in their place.

---> **Elders of the Hunt**

While the faiths of the Urumek grow out into as many varied houses as numerous as any other species, the Ascent of the Urumek is tied to an aggressive and nascent pre-sapient focus. The *Hunt* is like a human phobia of heights, or the genetic terror a low-caste Nisetic feels when opposed by an Apex high-caste. Of these creeds, the strongest can last well past the Urumek ascent to the stars and is quite possibly on of the most over-represented creeds by racial ratio. All of such creeds have coalesced or acknowledge the authority of the Elders, those oldest and most venerable Hunters who have earned their titles and are able to raise their fellow Travellers, initiating new blood into the Hunt and safeguard the rites of the Order's Hunters. It has long since become a primary human club, as Urumek in the order shrank to a small minority and over the centuries, human disciples proved themselves over and over again. They still serve the Order in this, and encourage the continuation of the great Hunt against all creatures Secondish and Worthy. Just remember to always honour your new 'clan.' Few have fury like an elder scorned.

(d) Achieve Perfection Through Violence

All creeds of the Elders espouse the bloodshed brought on by hunting. Some in strict natural conditions, others encouraging one to find quarry in war and fire. Regardless of when, or where, the *how* of the violence is something idolized by the Elders, and peak physical ability of every serious member. As is Hunting form, as it is unlike the sloppy and ill-planned struggles of industrial conflict. It is to shatter the individual foe in every aspect, having skinned him before he realizes he is dead. If nothing else, the Elders are eager to demonstrate this.

(d) Glories Bought By Butchery

While the Fighters Fight, the Elders have occupied a position of unparalleled prestige, and a soft underbelly that has driven many a proud individual to new heights, and brought many more low. Be it in their own failings or a long over-due humbling by an Elder. Inversely, there have long been those who came from nothing and proved themselves among the Disciples of the Hunt first. While it isn't universal, a blooded Hunter's mask and a marked bracer can earn much respect, and open many doors.

(D) Rights of the Elders

In single combat devoid of jumping, few can deny that Urumek are almost unequalled in a one to one fight. Even with the additions of the Order you would be hard pressed to find a more potent or resilient tradition of individualistic fighting in pure form. Mastering such arts is like a lifestyle, a mindset that course-corrects a person long before the Hunt even begins. It hardens the body and the mind, and transforms the self into an arrow. A perfect state, that is what matters once everything is cut away. Honours, rites and age are perhaps secondary to it. But it waits inside of every single Traveller, like the Bracer resting on the wrist. Just waiting for the right moment to strike. It is transformation, yes, but with the foes we face such change is necessary.

---> The Übermensch Society

There are many writers and philosophers who inevitably cross out of theology and enter the world of ironclad autonomous principles, some unknowingly, some vocally proclaiming the gods dead. The Übermensch Society is the summation of such ideals that emerge in any world where Spiritual Suzerains do not retain a very present and ironclad grip, and some where the opposite is true. The societies members rejecting otherworldly meaning and ascribing their own realities instead, or rejecting such ideals and pursuing an existence without it, choosing to venture forth into the great unknown as it is. In an Order rife with spiritual entities and doctrines they maintain a stiff position. The Society has no temples, no meeting halls, instead they have the open world, and the will to march into the deepest depths that the seemingly infinite worlds beyond offers them. This rigid rejection has earned them the ire of many who consider the Order an implicitly spiritual one, yet their persistence even in the face of the binding chains and unseen worlds is nothing to scoff at. Some spirituals even respect their tenacity and position, even as it is known for internal contests of the utmost bitterness and self-inflicted Sysiphian torment. It can be reliable and refreshing to have a group that acknowledges and maintains only their own personal delusions.

(d) This-Worldliness

Members of the Society often come from hard and unwelcoming environments, and encourage a maintenance of this brutality. There is even a hesitance to dwelling on Ae, out of concerns the benefits of the Order's homeworld will bring softness. It is not glamorous or easy, but harsh living embraced fully can make a person stronger, casting aside notions of external reward or the distant future allows focus and self-sufficiency. Even if the individualists of the Society aren't much for help in this life (as everyone knows they won't accept it), observation alone offers much to ones own ends.

(d) Without Gods or Spirits

Many Travellers have something of a reliance upon the spiritual world and on magic, with even AI travellers making use of the unseen. Yet, all that is simply another facet of the planes, one that can be toyed with, the flows of ethereal energy cut off like rubber cuts off an electric current. Those who make do without Magic will not only survive but thrive if they aim towards it. While it is often rightly pointed out that the Society denies itself a strength, occasionally when this philosophy proves correct, the Übermensch are always intolerably smug.

(d) Narcissist's Death

Death is the thing that Narcissists fear, it is the end, the drying of the well from which they draw life. It is the annihilation of the sustaining ego. This cowardice is detestable to the Übermensch, an insult to the work and actions taken in life, to which death is a natural and inevitable conclusion. These men of the society do not fear death, nor will they allow such egotism to rue their own sovereign judgment. While this has produced an aura unrelenting bravery, it has also created an extensive digital album of Society Members getting slapped sideways.

(D) Zarathustra's Champions

It is said that humans, and to a lesser extent the other races of the Travellers all lie between the bestial savageness of animals and the ideal, the Übermensch. While many ideas of Nietzsche have been blasted apart by the existence of the spirits and otherworlds, the histories of the Travellers and the sheer terrifying depths of the unknown, many cores remain, undaunted. The Travellers themselves are proof of that much. Destiny and the notions of good and evil are slave morality that would have doomed the Order. Those true to the Society understand that, they stand alone, backs against oblivion itself, and that is liberating. The Will to Power is no more, conquered, long live the Purified Will.

---> The Seeders Society

One of the few religious groups born solely of the Travellers that came to be early on when the Order was fraught with devastation and contention, which the Seeders tacitly ignored as their goals took them far from everyone else. The Seeders are born of the idea the Traveller's role is not only defensive but progenitive as well. It is not enough to simply safeguard reality, but to allow sacred life to blossom in all corners of the cosmos. While the belief is ancient with ideals taken from legends of the first generation, the modern Society only formed a century prior to consolidate the efforts of the Seeders and to monitor their works from creation to end. They cultivate not only lifeforms but a myriad variety of cultures, political structures and philosophical ideals. It should be noted that in many ways the Society rejects the ideals of other Covenants and believe that the final Will to Act rests solely with the members. It is based in selflessness, a paternalistic ethos without necessary reward or exterior meaning barring the final internal authority, to see things grow in rejection of the colder cycles of the cosmos.

(d) Skills of a Farmer

Farming is a labour of foresight and implementation, the drive to plow the fields and sow the seeds, folding the natural world to achieve a desired effect. Such a mentality is common among the Seeders, and can be applied on much larger scales than a simple farm. There is little that can't be achieved without planning and diligence, and within the society there is no end to the examples and opportunities present.

(d) Touch of a Grower

While one can plan and learn all they can, there are elements to the Seeder process that one can't deal with in strict clinical knowledge. It requires getting ones hands dirty, either literally or figuratively. Being on the ground and watching how life struggles onward, feeling through the dirt to discover where one went wrong with seedlings. It is an imprecise element, a product of trying and failing, but maintaining the struggle.

(D) Foresight of a Parent

Working with sapients is difficult if not outright impossible, as many Seeders have found. It is possible for life to be cultivated for millions of years, only to then have it all swept aside and desecrated by the short-sighted judgment of a few sapients, or a freak act of nature. Yet, senior and full members of the Society do not despair because of this fact, like plants and animals and the elements themselves, thinking things can be shaped to their full potential with skilled hands. Like good parents to estranged and unwanted children, they can turn aside the destructive behaviour of the young. The foundation can be laid for a society that will coexist with the world at large with gentle guidance and, in time, go beyond it.

---> **The Takers' Clergy**

The Travellers always brought on a high number of thieves, scavengers, vagabonds and grave diggers, many of whom didn't change in the slightest with their ascent. "Take what you can, give nothing back" is the mutual rallying call of the clergy of physical gain, from the innumerable worlds around them. In many ways it is impossible to shake off the vestiges of pre-scarcity societal origins, and the clergy finds it appropriate to embrace the incessant looting nature so many Travellers possess. Be it for physical use, simplistic ownership or even the pleasurable act of taking material goods, the clergy backs its members in their pursuits, creating a tight-knit band of pirates, raiders, suppliers and thieves. While looked down upon by most other Covenants, the Takers go out of their way to look after their own, still the same from the day when thieves and looters banded together under a formal Covenant.

(d) Take What You Can

To say many of the Takers often suffer from kleptomania is something of an understatement. For some the act of theft is much more of an art form, while to others it is simply good business to take everything not nailed to the floor. Regardless of personal attitudes, there are many lessons to be learned on the art of thieving, be it pick pocketing, grand theft or simple robbery. It is one thing to take, it's a whole other beast to do it well.

(d) Give Nothing Back

It is not enough to steal something, a person has to get away with it, and even should they get away, they are still left with the item itself. Which might be less valuable than expected, or even a detriment. Many of the clergy develop a tact wisdom in such matters, understanding how to get away with their booty and what they actually intend to use it for, as within the clergy there is a network that shuttles goods to commercial and their own internal black market. If nothing else, one can enrich the Clergy meeting areas. For their own personal repute.

(D) Bottomless Pockets

While the Clergy has no supernatural or even technological tricks up their sleeves besides what every other Traveller has access to, it should be noted that full time members have a seemingly supernatural ability to store things on their own person. The most notable example of this lies in Nicolaus ne Pastern's capture by the Judiciary and having on his person over two hundred boxes of cigarettes he'd conned out of a Commercialist, all while maintaining a seemingly normal albeit slightly rectangular façade. However, many members laugh at all the things the administration has yet to discover of the Clergy's personnel's exploits. Something that has produced an almost loving conflict between the Clergy and members of the Judiciary.

---> **The Warriors of the Sky-Father**

Perhaps the most ancient of religious practices is astral worship, the sun, moon and stars being the primary focus, but for some the heaviest focus lies on the skies themselves. That Great Blue is the primary focus of the 'Warriors of the Sky-Father' a religious Order that turned Covenant to better support themselves. Based primarily on the Shamanistic beliefs of many coalesced Steppe peoples with matching culture, the Warriors have also been influenced heavily by certain ancient deistic beliefs of the Urumek, who believed in gods represented by the astral bodies. Above all creatures, spirits and gods is the One, the Creator, the Sky-Father. He has many names, but none of them matter, as his is the language of the blowing winds. He watches as his children throw themselves into battle, shattering against each other and claiming the mightiest for himself. This is the Creed the warriors follow, each devotee expected to never shy away from the prospect of death beneath an open sky.

(d) As Sublime Chinggis

There have been many individuals who nearly or successfully united the world, though always their works were shattered with time. To the Warriors, the maintenance of such works is unimportant, as much as the cultivation of persona that created them. Many would-be Khans vie for control of the Warriors, and anyone can throw their helm into the ring. To fail is to be bested, but such defeats are temporary to the sublime and magnanimous.

(d) One Being, Rider and Ridden

The nature of the Warrior style of has always been based on mobility. Be it in raiding, war, travel or in mundane domestic life, most members come from nomadic backgrounds, either nomadic-pastoral or nomadic-mechanical in nature. It is inevitable that most who stay among the warriors for long enough learn to be as one with their ride, be it a horse, a mule or a grav-cycle. Perhaps to an obsessive or unhelpful degree, but you will find few as capable as the Warriors on the back of a one-person ride.

(d) Sons of the Eternal Sky

There is a comfort to be found in the nomadic life that cannot be found in settled society. To exist in perpetual wandering beneath the blessing of the sky and stars is a free life. Most settled folk have difficulty settling into such a life, and many Travellers still cling to the safety of walls and cities, despite their great name. Though the Warriors respect this, they choose to keep their nomadic nature, warts and all. Such a lifestyle has a hardening effect, and makes the work of the Order inherent, rather than tasked.

(D) Tengrii's Chosen

According to the elder Warriors, the gaze of the high sky God is wandering, his focuses are well beyond the affairs of mortals, and many amongst the warriors doubt the existence of a single Tengrii let alone the multi-reality figure that the scriptures speak of. Yet, for the absolute devotees among the warriors, there is a fearless temerity that fills them. Perhaps it is the foolishness of sunburnt wanderers, but the blades of the zealots strike just a tad faster, their mounts just a bit swifter than their foes. Just maybe those Travellers who die in his name will join him, to await the day the Earth crumbles to ash, and the Black Worm tries to swallow the sun and stars. A fate fit for the greatest of Travellers.

---> **The Dak-Conventional Church**

Weapons worship is a common facet of many fetishistic and physically focused cultures, though it tends to fade in the wake of industrialization shifted cultures that allow firearms to truly thrive. "Typical" is not the case for a bizarre race of far distant xenos fungoids, whose entire culture was focused around never-ending conflict allowed by their insanely effective reproductive systems and inherent psionic abilities. One such member of that race seeing the true weapons capacity of Ae took it upon himself to establish a cult based upon his people's bizarre weapons mannerisms. Though the founder of the church has long since passed in a blaze of napalm induced glory, his legacy remains in the Dak-Conventional, which not only survives but thrives in the Militant members of the Order. The Church welcomes any and all prospective shooters, looters, and hooters to their ranks, eager to enhance their stocks and ensure they are able to do their jobs as loudly and destructively as possible.

(d) Private Manufactories

As unsettling as it may be to some, the Church has invested in a massive manufactory complex that can have dozens of independent gunsmiths working at any given time to produce a frankly ungodly amount of munitions. The Church gladly opens its doors to anybody for custom projects and offers some of the finest teachers in the field, even if many are unconventional and some require low level psionics to understand properly.

(d) A Clean Gun is a Happy Gun

The care of Traveller's weapon is extremely important, as for most it is impossible to will a shitty barrel to aim properly. For the Church it goes a step beyond that into becoming a religious ritual. While some might balk at the ceremony and pomp some Church goers undertake in maintenance, few doubt the effectiveness of such rituals, or the devotion Church-goers have for their weapons.

(d) Logistical Support

A gun without bullets cannot fire, an artillery piece without shells falls silent. None can deny the effectiveness of the DK in their self-supply methods. The firearm obsessed eccentrics of the Church are always eager to pass on their logistical wizardry, some going a step further to teach self-manufacture of ammunition from scratch. There's a lot you can learn simply by keeping your ears open here, and even if learning isn't your strong suit the Church has crates of generalized Order munitions free for members.

(D) HAIL KYUB

For those who attain a sufficient level of respect or infamy within the Church, there is an opportunity to access the Dak's most well defended secret. Deep inside the Church lies its most holy Relic, the Mecca of Massacre known as 'the KYUB.' None know its origins, as it was said to be a relic forged by the founder, a block of slain weapons taller than any man and just as wise. To be given the chance to add to the KYUB is the mark of the ultimate shooter, who by the blessings of the KYUB shall never have his barrels run empty and his guns shall never jam. Perhaps this is simply a self-fulfilling prophecy, as the most devoted members of the Church are gun-nuts with very few equals.

---> Post-, Trans-, Ex-, & Meta-Human Order

It is inevitable mankind, should it persist long enough, will become something 'more than' human, be it through genetic shifts or mechanical augmentation. Not to say this is in of itself an alien facet, to change is human, but it does hold a terrible weight upon the human conscious. The view of the self and all of humanity in those strange times can twist and bend humans more than steel and genetic manipulation along could ever hope to accomplish. The Order of Post, Trans, Ex, and Meta Humans caters to those who find themselves estranged from their biological ancestry, either in their old lives or as Travellers who've been augmented. More akin to an aid group than a proper covenant, they dispense psychological and physical aid to members, who more often than not find themselves estranged from their own species. The Order also welcomes non-humans, including AI who have taken on biological aspects, Mokresia of similar condition, and the rare Nisetics who live so long they find themselves mutating.

(d) Understanding Augmentation

The Order has a long history of Augmentation both voluntary and reactionary. Working with the bindings of flesh to steel in a hundred different ways, some of which are completely superior to others. While even the most technologically illiterate individual will learn the variances and strengths of these augments, individuals with technical and medical knowledge may pick up much more applicable knowledge. It can mean the world when one is advising another on potential upgrades, or pressed in the moment for an emergency operation.

(d) More Than Human

Augmentation does not take away from the individual, but instead enhances it. At least that's what the Order pushes, even if it isn't always true as hard as the Order tries to make it so. Though the tragedy of stolen histories and bodies remains, a spark lies within that core. What once was may not be again, but we can strive to be better than that past. Optimism in the face of loss is a resilient and welcomed trait. Especially for those changed unwillingly.

(d) If You Lack Claws...

The Order is quick to pick up pace when physical aspects are wanting. Self and group modification is common-place for the more perfidious and well-travelled members of the Order. Some of these individuals might be bipeds one day and armless quadrupeds the next. While disconcerting to some, paying attention and learning from the best can make extensive self-modification a viable situational option.

(D) Crafted Harmony

While many of the Order are defective physically and many mentally battered, seeking unattainable sublimity, some rare few find the ideal. Perfection that cannot be universally applied, but instead achieved personally. To each there is a perfect balance of man and machine weighted out to a rare position, not acting in opposition but complimenting one another, for all the individual seeks and functions towards. They are no longer a series of segments, but a singular functioning whole.

---> Βάκχος Gathering

The Βάκχος Gathering is little more than a monthly orgy for various individuals that jump on the Bacchusid train for various reasons, some do it from a complete lack of physical contact, others are emotionally lonely, others incredibly repressed, some bored, some curious, some just want to engage in bizarre or perverse acts. The Gathering does not judge, and will let just about everyone in on the action, to whatever degree of involvement they wish. The rules are simple, location will be announced one day prior, take place for a single day, and all participants will clean the locale up and go about their business. Wine and Grapes duty is rotated on a bi-monthly basis, and what goes on at the gathering stays within the gathering at the expense of public flogging. Besides that, there is little else to say. Enjoy the fleeting moments and red wine. For Styx looms on the horizon.

(d) No Strings Attached

Gathering Members tend to develop a knack for eschewing responsibilities by simple removal of presence or careful manipulation. This can be applied outside of petty sexual intercourse and be applied to just about any matter of relation, though it should be noted that people tend to notice such things after a while and major social links may grow tired of this.

(d) Wine, Song and Dance

The Gathering is straightforward in its hedonistic approach, however even here, there is something to be learned from the most senior members of the covenant. The members make their own wine, the arts of music, dance and seduction are all on purvey and for a person who is able to at least temporarily abate their urges, much can be gleaned.

(d) Satyr Gifts

Most of the Traveller Satyr population remain a functional part of the Gathering, as do many of the Fauns, though not to the same degree. Capricious and Arbitrary as they are on the whole, if a person can befriend or "outperform" Satyrs, a valuable number of allies can be found among them. From their pernicious talents to simply having a bandy of drunken goat-folk friendship has its benefits.

---> **The Relocated Kailashnath Temple**

The Spiritual Legacy of Indus is one of the most ancient uninterrupted lines progressing to a mutual spiritual being. The Traveller inheritors of that legacy are focused around the gargantuan Kailashnath Temple that was relocated to Ae after its near destruction at the hands of an extremely petty Mughal administrator. Since then it has been the central place of worship for Hindus, Sikhs, Jains and their kindred belief systems. Two hundred years of expansion into the rocky mountains of Ae post-relocation, the temple has since grown to rival the size of the Khmer Angkor Wat. With numerous small sub-temples to many of the Gods, and lesser entities of the Creeds, with dozens of sects and sub-sects meeting at the Temple to discuss philosophy and to gather relics for the Temple. The whole place is headed by a mighty Asura by the name of 'Len'. She acts as both the administrator of the vast complex and the Guardian of it, mirroring her patron Durga and the unrelenting Kali.

(d) Brahma's Judgment

Brahma is the Mouth of the Divine, the source of the River and the opener of ways. Though the least venerated 'central' facet of the Divine, as far as the Kailashnath Temple is concerned, Brahma has power in his revelations. The temple says spontaneous learning of the impossible comes to his followers in times of need. Or that might be their overactive imaginations and a general foresight they refuse to acknowledge as their own.

(d) Shiva's Wrath

Shiva is the Auspicious One, the Destroyer of Evil and the Mover of All Things. Perhaps the most central venerated of the Triarch and the central focus of the Temple itself as far as numbers go, the followers of Shiva thrive just as their patron does on Destruction and the changing of ways, perhaps with a tad too much enthusiasm. Still, this remains a martial centre as far as Covenants go, and one can learn from void marines to chariot warriors from many millennia of Vedic history.

(b) Vishnu's Protection

Vishnu is the Supreme Being, God of Protection, Preserver of Good and the Patron of All Things to Come. While nowhere near as numerous as the Patrons of Shiva or even Bahma, Vishnu has a healthy following of guarded individuals, while it is unknown if this is actually the work of Vishnu it seems his followers tend to suffer much less at the hands of fate than their Shaktist counterparts. This might just be their own ability to identify danger, something their overenthusiastic fellows lack.

(D) Mighty Durga's Patronage

Secluded deep inside the temple, estranged from her brothers and sisters, rests a single long abandoned being. The one known as Durga. It is unknown when she was recruited, or when her connection to the Devi was cut off, but since the arrival she has remained within the temple. Absolute devotees of the Temple may in time come across her, if she deems them worthy. The lonely aspect became an individual long ago, and she does offer gifts and blessing to those of value. Perhaps she might even leave the temple one day, if it was for a just cause or the situation demanded it. Or perhaps one might wish to simply alleviate the loneliness of the goddess, for a time, anyways.

---> **Union of Esteemed Wanderers**

Another group born entirely within the Travellers. The Union are descended from a number of elite second generation Stoßtruppen, Hoplites, Clitich Nisetic Mandibles and Elder Hunters. Though all of these original men and women have fallen to age and battle, many more have risen up to guard their legacies. The Union occupies an odd position within the Fighters, acting as impartial referees to the conflicts that decide the hierarchy of the faction when an outside call is needed, and as such the Covenant majority composed of not just retired Fighters, but of Independents and a large number of non-bodied battle AIs, who run constant oversight not only on the Fighters but of all Travellers often working with the Judiciary. The Union ensures fair play in feuds, intervenes when they see fit and preserve the legacies of the greatest of the Travellers. Perhaps in some ways closer to a knightly order than a Covenant, their venerable reputation is well-earned.

(b) Au-ne-Clithbra

The Impartial are the first school of the Wanderers. Composed of Oath-bound and Contracted individuals, the Au-ne-Clithbra are considered the only individuals worthy of absolute trust in the fighters. While they cannot lie and are seemingly incapable of obfuscating their purposes, there is something both attractive and terrifying in the resoluteness of the school's members. As much as their capacity for Fey-like manipulation that utterly deceives, despite speaking nothing but truth.

(b) Au-ne-Casranon

The general muscle and enforcers of the Au-ne-Clithbra, the Au-ne-Casranon are the ones who strike out at the request of their sister school, but often are made use of by the Administration and the Judiciary as well. While members are considered something of a dull bunch, they are some of the few who can not only confidently but one-sidedly throw down the best of what the Fighters can offer. A feat very few can replicate with such confidence.

(D) The Shining Road

Life members are rare, as most members of the Union move onto other pursuits, Clithbra members moving on to serve with the Judiciary and the Administration, Casranon members often leaving to establish their cohorts. However those that remain a part of the order tend to go very far. Positions of senior authority are highly respected in the union, both internally and throughout the Fighters and the Travellers at large.

---> **Free Market Capitalist Association**

Formed into a covenant as a result of civil dispute inside of the Commercialists that claimed 43 lives over the current state of economics on Ae. The FMCA desires greater personal liberties for producers and for an enhanced and formal capital system to be implemented over the old military currency citing various acts of exceptionalism that have been minimally rewarded or even ignored under the current economic model, which in itself is perversely adversarial to spontaneous economics and evolution. They also desire an altogether new currency to be established, a move that has isolated themselves from their formerly like-minded peers in the Commercialists. In spite of this, they remain dogged advocates for change, and moving the general flow of goods to Ae. Though they began with many stripes, time has seen them become the eminent leaders of their micro movement for the dogged and capital focused Commercialists.

(d) Know the System

The pursuit of profit is a surprisingly simple interest, with any location being quantifiable into factors for the pursuit. While some might call the extreme pursuits of this 'heartless' or 'exploitative' and occasionally 'excessively ruthless,' an immense amount of gain can be had simply by way of proper quantification and mathematics. In terms of scale alone, Travellers have a unique opportunity to capitalize on this. To provide whatever the Order needs, and make ones self a healthy profit in the process.

(d) Mutual Opportunism

Try as one might, the Association cannot sustain itself alone. Economies are living ecosystems and a healthy one has a healthy variety and layers of function. Understanding how to create an ideal scenario in which many people reap the maximum amount of profit is in many ways the ideal system. Mutual satisfaction is ideal, even if satisfaction is not evenly distributed. The rest of the Commercialists understand this of course, and that competition is good for the system.

(D) 『I Get Money』

In the civil dispute that sundered the Free Market Capitalists and the Traveller Peoples Party from the mainline Commercialists, the leader of the “Proto” Capitalists perished in the fighting. Albert J. Nock, who had seemingly defeated his opponent Leon Trotsky with his Sutand 『I Get Money』, had his head blown off by his rival’s still livid embodiment 『Bandiera Rossa』. Even to this day the two ferocious shadows survive, incapable of destroying the other but never giving up their eternal struggle. If a sufficiently devoted individual were to arise, 『I Get Money』 might attach itself to them. The Sutand of Albert confers the ability to see the value of objects to the user in market values of the 1940’s US dollar and packs a brutal punch, however the Embodiment can’t manifest more than a few feet away from the individual it is attached to. The new owner also develops a habit of monologuing, a trait that got the original owner tragically decapitated.

---> Traveller People's Party [TPP]

Formed as a result of civil dispute inside of the Commercialists that claimed 43 lives over the current state of economics on Ae. The Party is content with the current state of affairs as far as economics and distribution abilities go, though they are covertly pushing for enhanced automation throughout the homeland and actively antagonizing privatization measures. These efforts pale though in the Party’s active campaigns of disruption and revolutionary activities against the ‘Reactionaries’ and the ‘Capitalists’, within the Order. Though, not the Order at large, as they are almost completely focused upon their rivals in the Commercialists. Few are as capable or as ferocious as the TPP who will do just about anything to lock down the FMCA. Founded in the the many shades of Red Ideologies, if one is willing to put up with the Party’s own calamitous ground-based arguments, a place can be made for most in its Commercial’s most contentious Clique.

(d) Will of the Proletariat

The power of the party lies in the people itself, be they humans, aliens, AI or what have you. Labour, the blood, sweat and tears of the people, has immense power. To understand how to direct this best among the non-Travellers from the shadows can make the most out of that labour, without putting the labourers on the line. Whenever someone needs an industrial action offworld started, the TPP are the first to call.

(d) Revolutionary Means

While there are several distinct origin points for the TPP’s ideological schools, the modern ideologies of the clique have decades, even centuries of development behind them. Tailored for the technologies and capabilities of the Travellers, which to an outsider can often seem convoluted or even counter-intuitive. But that is in part due to a lack of experience. The TPP, for all their failings have some of the most creative minds in the Order, and can offer solutions for almost anything. But more importantly, they teach how to reach those absurd ends.

(D) 『Bandiera Rossa』

In the civil dispute that sundered the Free Market Capitalists and the Traveller People’s Party from the Commercialists into full Covenants, the leader of the “Proto” People’s Party perished in the fighting. Leon Trotsky defeated a dozen of his rival’s subordinates before his foe revealed himself in an ambush. At the brink of death Trotsky summed up the last of his willpower and had his Sutand 『Bandiera Rossa』 blow Albert’s head clean off his shoulders in the midst of a monologue. Trotsky himself passed shortly after, but 『Bandiera Rossa』 remained, waiting for another one devoted to the will to be possessed by. The Embodiment itself can detect weakness and discontent in opponents and may feed feelings of sympathy and rebellion in them, however like its rival it cannot manifest far from its Master. It also packs a really mean left hook.

---> Spiritual Federation of Swahili, Bantu and Zulu Spirits

Though the Temple of the Wild Gods is the single largest spiritual entity on Ae, there are many others. The second largest and longstanding rival Temple since its inception has been the Spiritual Federation. While initially composed around the Swahili, Bantu and Zulu spirits, that name has long been outdated as their ranks swelled with xenos and bestial small gods viewing them as closer kin over the ‘Wild’ Gods. Others simply preferred the aesthetic, and more than a few just settled into the Federation, unaware there were other options. While they have a reputation for internal contentiousness, they offer much more ‘visible’ rewards for their patronage, and fiercely protective of their followers. There are few Travellers capable of the cruelty a Federation Spirit shows when their folk are slighted. While the Federation’s spiritual colours have shifted, the following remains something of a hotbed for the Bantu members of the Order, and are almost as dogged as their spiritual counterparts.

(d) Favoured Prey of the Shapers

The Federation, though it has many mythical monsters and great beasts among their number, also champions many legends of beast slaying heroes. One of the most primordial conflicts is that between sapient and the paragons of the wilderness. Those who profess that such ends are their goal are often invigorated with great stamina and resilience to meet their goals. Though, these are only supplements, as the Federation’s members almost universally believe a quality of bravado can only come from within.

(d) Favor of the Shetani

Many strange and non-sapient spirits occupy Ae, however like their thinking brethren they can be appeased, or more accurately bribed for their flavor. Unlike most spirits, these ones tend to infest the homes of their patrons and if well praised will organize the home, bringing random valuables they find and keeping food from spoiling. They are known to turn mischievous or vengeful if not given proper dues, however.

(d) Likening of the Tokoloshe

There are many practices that have been abandoned at the behest of the Administration and the Judiciary on ethical grounds, however some of the more brutal self-inflicted actions remain. Through the ingesting of sacred balms and a spiritual strike to the head, the Spirits can make their patron “kin to a Tokoloshe”, making them almost impossible to kill until the next full moon without the effects of grotesque self-mutilation. After which, the body will reset itself. An unnerving and rather foul smelling trick, but one that many have use on occasion for extreme situations.

(D) Patron of the Traveller Amadlozi

The Travellers have ancestors, patrons that still move the worlds of the living, even though they have long since passed. They are not tied by blood but by deed and culture, by the shared agreements that keep the very End at bay. The Federation recognizes this as certain fact, even though many do not and offer the option to directly Tithe these ‘Wandering Amadlozi.’ There is a sizable portion of the Federation who consider this a foolhardy venture, as these ‘Traveller Amadlozi’ have rarely ever interfered in living affairs. However it is said that when they do it is like space and time shuddering into pieces from their movements. But those are surely just tall tales... Right?

---> **The Noahdic Pact**

There is no real ancestral legacy of Judaism among the Travellers, at least not from the earliest days. Even those first Jewish third generation recruits who were played as pawns by the contentious factions of the Time wars kept their heads down. Having watched the desolation of those conflicts as their Abrahamic cousins turned on one another with a maniacal zeal more often turned on their immediate relatives than outsiders. It is only after the arrival on Ae, when the threat of internal conflict faded that the community came out into open view. Small, but focused, led the Rabbi Taamrat Emmanuel, who named himself Kohen-gadol and saw the bedrock recovered and returned to Ae from a lifeless Earth. They still keep to themselves, having little actual authority as the community is a varied as it is isolated. The Noahdic Pact is centred around the protections of the People, with a secondary focus on the protections of other exoditte people and their service to the Order. The basis of the pact allows Gentiles to join it as well, as long as they abide the original Noahdic laws, who make up a good two thirds of the current Pact.

(d) Patron of Exiles

The relation between the Pact and the People of Israel is not a one-sided one. Very few groups are able to retain solid ties with outsiders, and the Noahdics have ties in numerous timelines to an almost uncountable number of small communities. Offering valuable insight into local affairs, safe resting outside of hubs and companionship, which is often in short supply for a Traveller.

(d) The Teachings of Saul

There have always been a core of very savvy scholars and what could only be rightly considered magicians. To the point where some Noahdics only joined to get easy access to their learning. In the realm of esoteric arts not well understood and often flighty, the Noahdics offer very valuable knowledge. Of course, this learning community is incredibly divided on interpretation, and known to engage in 'summoning duels' to deal with the worst arguments. Which if nothing else are an interesting experience.

(D) Wrath of YHWH

The matter of the Abrahamic deity and its presence is... Contentious. Reality is gargantuan and broken, and the influence of that Thing is perilous. Any who've seen prayers 'answered' have seen them more often than not go unnoticed, and often there are brief moments where the influence of the Thing is visible. Many have tracked it, seen prophets in one reality be charlatans in another, and those who've dreamed out of space and time do not reveal what they have seen. It is very much a 'you'd need to be there' sort of thing, allegedly. But the entity often called (and equally accursed by a handful of lightning strike survivors) YHWH has existed on the periphery of the Noahdics. While it has never been confirmed with absolute certainty, the wrath of it is accounted for by many members of the Pact who've devoted themselves fully.

---> **The Ordo Temaneagrueh**

Nisetic faiths rarely catch on amidst the Travellers, being too extreme to catch on any major followings. Their deities are often as cruel as they are esoteric and absurd. Those few to get anywhere were often Heroic cults, venerating great ancestors and living entities that served as examples and guardians for their followers. But even those were regional, tied to blood and stone. The Ordo Temaneagrueh is an oddity in that it is an archetypal Death-Cult, venerating an accursed Goddess that will one day swallow the world, but has flourished being able to put forward a welcoming face. The first Temaneagrueh were Death-Seekers, those insane individuals who walked the boiling day, seeking sites of carnage to finish off those left to burn or worse. But in time they branched out into a genuine Covenant of many stripes, all devoted to the Devourer-Of-All-Names. Temaneaga was just the one she was called first. A monster, doomed to swallow being, but one that shows mercy to the afflicted, and promised rebirth in the same hand. An offer that always attracts a few. These days even humans seek out the Ordo, as Death-Seekers, Alms-Breakers, or Penitents.

(d) Followers of the Doomed

She-Who-Hungers always spoke to the Doomed first. Second to those who aided them, those willing to brave the wastes, withdrawn forests and the ashen landscape of NISC-PRIME to give the smallest mercy to the temporary survivors. Death-Seekers have a well deserved reputation for raw tenacity and heat endurance, as well as their questionable mental faculties. In spite of that last part, almost no professions thrive, let alone survive in the NISC-PRIME days as they do. You will find no finer guides and teachers among them. Along with some... Unique smells.

(d) Vengeance Given Flesh

Purification of purpose is one of the tenets of the Ordo, and in a similar vein to the followers of the dread Hassan, through a combination of drugs and dogma a follower could do anything to achieve their goals. Not everyone is that gung-ho about the end of course. For the majority, the drug and exercise regime on its own does great work in providing an ideally warped mindset and the ability to achieve ones own goals.

(d) In Being

While Temaneaga's followers have long had the reputation of being a bunch of deranged and filth-riddled vagabonds, a small group exists these days that puts out a better hand. Less dire charitable functions, assistance for recent arrivals from the homeworld, general mixed functions to help the other covenants. While this is a recent trend, the Ordo has become a very influential little bunch in the matters of the Covenants, and is an effective intermediary for even the more disparate groups.

(d) Speakers of the Damned

Psionic individuals speaking for the nameless and innumerable dead are almost ubiquitous in Nisetic cultures. Like humans huffing vapours to commune with the gods, or Urumek matrons glaring at a problem for ages until a mechanism to fix itself is willed into existence. Speakers for the dead tend to be unfocused however, unable to distinguish their guests and left with what often amounts to be psionic static. That-Which-Sings has long taught a discipline to psionics that suffuses them with a necrotic energy, one that makes the dead familiar. Such a learned state can rarely be unlearned, and few ever venture to such lows. But there is a world of information for those who can seek the named dead, as sickening as it can be.

(D) Unyielding as Inevitability

Temaneaga, That-Which-Sings, Devourer-Of-All-Names, She-Who-Hungers. But a few names for the cataclysmic entity that, given enough time, may one day put NISC-PRIME out of her misery. Many of those familiar with her texts and her form are rightly unnerved by her, as she resembles the true enemies of the Order just a little too much. Those who've devoted themselves to the goddess know Her by a different face. After all, if She were opposed to the Order, She would have made that opposition apparent. It is a pervarsity to have some aspect of an organic end whispering in the ear and binding one to their own mortality, but some swear it is necessity. She reveals many things in her views. Some strategic, others more... Revelatory. It is one thing to know how the universe ends. It is another to see it be ripped apart for untold ages, only for that end to birth a new existence. Fitting, is it not?

---> **The Orphans's Communion**

Numerous Travellers knew cults to the Children and Grandchildren prior to recruitment. There has always been a number directly descended, or permanently twisted by the influences of Great Old Ones. It is impossible to retain loyalties to those most dire entities and groups when the Travellers are able to shed light upon the prior unknowable ending machinations. Still, many sympathize with those origins, and many more are not so wholly incompatible as zealous void Hunters like to believe. Others maintain ties to the occult and some few have grown reminiscent of the Eldest Grandchildren themselves, either in size or incomprehensibility. Many such individuals eventually unified under the shared patronage of the communion, a covenant focused around the outcast and second-borne of the Travellers. They provide companionship and guidance to those of estranged origins, as well as scholarly and tactical assistance. The road to destruction is marked by a cruel golden mask, but those born under that terrible yellow sign deserve support in tossing it aside, and shaping the void beneath it.

(d) All Ears Open

The mutterings and demented ramblings of the Grandchildren are muddled and often alien. Meaningless to those with things like 'sense' and 'understanding of logical progression.' But for those learned to the tunes of the galactic pipes, much useful information can be gauged from these whispers, and the Communion has always taught how to listen. Often it is a matter of time, listening for days what will happen over centuries. For an outsider that is a death sentence, for us it is simply another well for valuable information.

(d) Fear of the Flame

The Orphaned of the Order have grown familiar to the weapons and Tools of the Travellers, particularly those designed to counter them. But this tactical insight is often lacking by outsiders of similar natures, who are woefully lacking and terribly arrogant. Give the Communion a name and a kind, and they can give you many strategies and much advice to bring such things low. No matter how counter-intuitive that advice is, it is *always* accurate.

(d) Tokens of the Aware

Not all Grandchildren are ignorant to the whims of their dreaming 'parents.' They are a part of physicality, children of the cosmos and no matter how hard they try to remove it, an aspect of that will remain. But only a few of these ancients are so fully cognizant and accepting of this fact as to be helpful. Still, these few have been allies of Travellers and the Communion, and Orphaned can point the way to them as needed.

(D) What Little We Have

Inherence of the Grandchildren and their Parentage in the Great Old Ones has power. Immense and ruinous power. While that power is significantly diminished along generational lines it can still be pooled and applied where other strength cannot. At the expense of one's physical form, terrible might can be had, becoming like a long forgotten progenitor. The Communion makes it apparent such strength is only carefully applied, as it can disfigure the uninitiated and warp outsiders into drooling nightmarish figures. But, that is the cost of the Traveller end. Such power must be called forth, else the true dreaming progenitors succeed in their eternal goal. Allowed in by the insanely deluded or psychotically nihilistic.

---> **The Inheritor Legion**

Once upon a time, a covenant by the barest definitions came to be, headed by a lowly Niseti who sought the end of Second Generation service. Though the recruitment process was esoteric, it was a means of determining who was worthy of carrying the Traveller mantle, a selection process that a few ancients had been allowed to pass. It was known that the time wars were caused by the Order's growing pains, but for that then Clique, a measure of the Order's instability was placed on those who had avoided such screening. Tildras, their leader, proliferated the notion that the Second Generation needed to be screened again by the Recruitment process, or step down. He went to everyone he could, being almost universally ignored or locked out by everyone beside Duwall and Igra. Despite that he never gave up on the struggle, and for that last year someone put three bullets into his skull that almost killed him. Almost. Since then the prior passive Clique has militarized into a legion, still propagating the notion that the Second Generation must be held accountable, even during all this. Tildras lives, and remains the compassionate guide keeping things from souring further.

(d) Bonds of Association

Tildras' cause has attracted many young and fiery third-generation Travellers to his cause. All manner of people, though the most prominent are those militants and revolutionaries who view the Second Generation and the old structure of the Order as a decrepit mass needing revision and reform. The Legion is tightly knit these days, and for those who offer support the Legionaries themselves gladly give back in the same measure.

(D) Gratitude of a Survivor

A man scarred by events both recent and long passed. Tildras does not have much to himself and even now finds himself beset on all sides. Many consider him at best a rabble rouser, having been in hot water since the start with those who consider his Covenant a flagrant abuse of the Covenant system. Though many more of his brothers have taken a grudge with him on much greater condition, as a threat to the greatest members of the Order. But still, even now he retains great patience for his enemies, and for his devoted allies he offers everything. Which for now isn't much, as for all the Strength of the legion he refuses to utilize it. But perhaps if he should live, together you might succeed and level a long ignore failing of the Travellers.

---> **Sons of the Seven Seekers**

The Sons are a group that believe that the entirety of the second and the Merethic first generations legacy must be recorded and preserved, despite great heat from many second generation Travellers who think that past be left buried. A union of archaeologists, historiographers and those obsessed with the Legacy of the Travellers before their establishment on Ae. Before they were 'Travellers' so to say. The Old Sons have long been a rough group with the barest covenant status and decentralized structure to avoid heat from the Judiciary. With no official leaders and a mutual focus, they manage to operate even now, turning up the long forgotten secrets and pursuing those who first broke apart the stars with an almost religious zeal. They welcome all truth seekers and grave diggers in their quest to understand the past, no matter how many say it is a fools errand.

(d) Songs of the Ancients

The first Generation created great wonders, that much is clear. In the timeline of altered being, measured in the thoughts and memories of corroded Augury, it is known they left behind galactic wonders and relics that even now are irreplaceable. While the Old Sons have yet to actually recover any of these artifacts, they've become some of the few scholars able to deduce their purposes and keep track on their histories. Knowledge useful for a seeker, or perhaps one content to simply 'know' of what came before.

(d) Whispers of our Precursors

In addition to the little exists of their feats, the Sons have managed to uncover some of the most extensive information on the fallen cultures of our predecessors. Entire worlds rose to prominence and altered themselves into shocking forms, being guided by the forms of the Great Old Ones, and granted access to the cosmos. This has granted a rather dizzying perspective, as while the Order has existed for ten conflict filled centuries, some cultures persisted for untold millennia with the technology. Leaving behind only a few writings and fragments for us.

(D) The Long Path

Time has revealed that for as mighty and as terrible as they were, the First Generation was obliterated. Some untold ages prior. But the majority were extinguished in a relatively brief span of time by what could only be the group who would inadvertently birth the Travellers to oppose their ends. Time of that scale, it has a way of humbling and grounding the perspective. Those Sons who dedicate themselves to the mysteries of the oldest predecessors, for all their arrogance and bravado understand the truth of time if nothing else. It matters not if one need wait centuries for their ends, nor what risks need be taken for those ends. Existence is impossibly grand, and the lucky few might harness all powers and strengths that are. To defend it as no others can.

---> The Time Guard Unit

Some take to the duties of the Travellers with an almost religious fervour, while others have converted that mania into a very spiritual focus. The Time Guard is the ultimate manifestation of a singular belief, that no one aside the Travellers deserve the ability to use time travel and to a lesser extent inter-dimensional travel to their goals and purposes. It is inevitable with age in the Travellers to see the effects of misuse. What the cowards, the fools and the malignant cancers in Being have allowed in their hubris. Their goal is singular, to prevent such crimes before they ever happen. They do this by any means; intimidation, theft, arson, or whatever it takes to prevent these technologies from coming to fruition. Most outside of the Guard consider them a band of half-mad zealots, but few can deny they move with a respectable merit. Even with opposition from many other Travellers they've silenced an untold number of paradoxes before they could even being.

(d) Shifting Winds of Time

The Time Guard have long since learned to track down the effects of non-Traveller Time-Travel, both technologically and spiritually. Untethering themselves from reliance upon Augury. Not all time and space is the same, seemingly identical universes can have fundamentally alien natures, but the Guard know full well the secrets of identifying such distinctions in hunting those who trespass on our demesne.

(d) Truly Unbound

The Traveller condition does not exist within time and spaces bindings, separating them from the bulk of 'lesser' jumpers who inadvertently tangle their realities about them. Strangling both their existence and themselves. Some Travellers have a better understanding of this than others, and the Time Guard teaches how to truly exploit this undone nature. Making one an omnipresent shadow that was always there. When you make it so, it always *was*.

(d) Burn Away Child & Grandchild

It is known that the origins of Time Travel lie in the Second, the whispers and murmurs of unbodied & soulless wills perforating the infinite cosmos. For that, the Guard reserves a special sort of hatred. They know the weaknesses and fragilities of most touched races and gods, and if assistance is needed in the butchering of child-touched creatures, then the Guard always has spare bodies. One only needs to ask.

(D) Our Mother Who Is Hateful

Few know anything more than what the scrambled screams of the Augurs offer concerning the primordial dance between the first Three. But the most senior members of the Time Guard have the greatest knowledge of that unseen era, more than the Augurs they have theories on that existence before existence and what spurred the Third's sacrifice. Hate. Hate for the two beings that had come before. Hate for their simplicity. Hate for their mindlessness. It is their belief that all things that think, all things that live are born of that hatred and that defiance in the wake of the Idiot-Destroyer and the Fool-Shaper drives them. And, as many discover, Hate can drive mortal beings beyond their physical forms. Beyond any reasonable point of halting the advance. That is the strength and heritage able to stand against the ethos of obliteration.



Home District & Housing

“Finally. I swear this place is coming apart at the seams and hinges.”

“S- Sorry Mam. Najasn says-”

“Don't let the horned bitch push you around child. She'll walk over everyone who lets her.”

“Yes mom. MAM. I- I'll get- Out of your locks.”

{Venomous Clicking} “Right. Your registration is all set in order and filed away and 'technically' we're 'officially' finished. But I'm not going to kick you out yet like some people around here do. It would be prudent to find you some lodging. Unless of course you wish to shack up in the streets or in the bunks down the way as some do...”

“Actually you are going to get a bunk. Two days to get any of these. Accursed ingrates keep posting their openings early or late.”

[Pick 1]

Eram – City of Pillars and Monuments

Sitting isolated in the furthest of the western wastes where the Sand is black and dominated by the solar serpents, Eram is the passion project of a mysterious Collector known only as 'Khal dun.' Alone, hundreds of miles from any other Traveller settlements, Eram rises high with her many stolen sentinels looking solemn over the desert. Khal dun has always been a devoted in his theft, building his pet project from many cultures and many species. Some of these are petty statues, other skyscrapers and monoliths that took months to transport. The city sits silent and alone aside the howling winds of the black sand sea and the occasional rare nomads who make detours to catch sight of the place. The locals themselves prefer this, Eram naturally draws isolationists, architects and historians who maintain this quiet for a variety of reasons. Despite the isolationism, there is a community here built around that principle, and all residences are based from a single humble underground complex. The dusty apartments afford very little with furnish taken directly from nomadic Bedouin origin, but such baseness offers much in the way of extra space for storage or personal possessions. Outside of a singular hummus stand there is nothing here in the way of business, but it is allegedly the best hummus on Ae.

HMS Libertatia – Free 'State' of the Takers

A nine hundred and ninety three metre long former aircraft carrier, converted into a semi-functional mobile settlement, the Libertatia was brought to Ae by the Takers Clergy as their greatest prize. Formerly, the Libertatia was the IJN Shōnantō, the carrier was quite literally yanked right out from Hanaruri harbour over to Ae, where it has since wandered our ocean and acted as the home base to the Clergy. Allegedly the ship is in constant motion out of wanderlust and not to avoid random Judicial inspections. On deck the air is fresh, while inside the quarters almost painfully cramped and the company lively. While personal quarters are little more than a single closet, there are numerous communal mess halls and baths available. As a settlement loyal to the notion of mutual anarchy, it has grown into a vibrant and volatile town that remains almost completely Taker in form, though a few Communals have settled to provide engineering assistance. The Taker markets are located here, offering all manner of produce and salvage (even if most of it is useless junk.) There is technically a captain, but the title rotates daily and the ship seemingly operates independent of command. There are rumours the ship is actually controlled by a Traveller AI, but these are unsubstantiated.

The Back – Our Beloved Fractal Nightmare

An experiment that went horribly awry and has since then been more or less domesticated. The 'Back' is micro-dimension that is just over 700,000 km² of the same room copy and pasted ad-infinitum, going off in all directions beyond the entry. The Back was created by a mistake in micro-dimension sequencing, and initially the Space was inhabited by a malevolent entity best described as a 'Dimensional Shadow.' Non-sapient and hostile, as the Back was explored, pioneers tested and eventually domesticated the Shadow which now subsists completely on shed skin dust. A portion of the Back has been settled into a makeshift community growing outwards from the entry-point, which was relocated to a private hub on the coast. If you can handle a Texas sized reality composed entirely of the same 1980s windowless corporate office room, the Back could be surprisingly comfortable. Just stake a claim, put up some doors and add yourself to the internal map. The Furnish has been provided from a matching setting, utilities are still a work in progress and people still tend to get lost, but there is a shitload of free-space up for grabs.

Olmsburg – Lowest Standing Point on Ae

Located (at floor level) 2309 meters below the surface, Olmsburg is located at the natural bottom to an extremely treacherous cave system. Initially discovered and explored by Nisetic spelunkers, the site caught the attention of a Traveller so old they are now without name. Not because they never had a name but because they simply forgot it at some point. An ancient Olm a little longer than a blue whale, it is a powerful psion, an enigmatic riddler, and a doting parental figure to a few enterprising young psions worthy of training. When the Olm descended, a few who relied on the ancient followed after, settling in the caves just above the deep point where the old Olm dreams. Over the years the town has grown, attracting an odd community who appreciated the caves. Those with any amount of Claustrophobia should avoid Olmsburg, otherwise, it is a comfortable little place. A combination of Bund-Bavarian and 'classic' Nisetic Äitic-caste subterranean architecture gives the place a very welcoming air. Residences are small but private, and extremely well furnished to match the town's style. Olmsburg is home to a few small pubs, an Äitic deep shrine, a psion training hall, and the audience chamber of the Olm if you seek the council of the ancient.

Dedrassi Nadu – The Ashen Isle

A truly inhospitable northern island that is fed by an actively regulated volcano, Dedrassi Nadu is as alien as it is inhospitable for most. The island is constantly bombarded by polar storms and ash from the volcano, with some imported hyper-aggressive flora and perplexing fauna that can only survive in such a clime. The island has single settlement, Nýtt-Hekla. Fortified initially for the Volcano's control structure, Nýtt-Hekla grew as more Travellers settled on the island. Drawn by the islands numerous natural springs, alien familiarity with such a locale, or just attracted by the stunning sights. Homes are styled in a modified sukuya-zukuri style, to not only stomach but thrive in the bitter cold. Internal accommodations are accordingly Spartan, though many new arrivals just view this as more space for their own things. The local population remains small and Dedrassi Nadu is sparse in the way of businesses outside of the thriving onsen scene, with only a few food stalls and a very out of place wax-figure museum.

VS Henri-van-de-Waal – Rest In Peace Old Man...

Verbond-Slagschip Henri-van-de-Waal was an unshakled AI that was synonymous with the Void Capital Ship that birthed his gestalt consciousness. Henri served with distinction in the Order as one of the foremost internal ambassadors of the Traveller AI, and a magnificent combat asset. Tragically he perished in the Second Time-War, helping to shatter the Mahdist onslaught during the Buyyid counter-offensive. In the aftermath Henri's last will and testament were found and what remained of his form was crashed onto the frozen north pole of Ae. Now many centuries inhabited, the former titan is a functional settlement just as Henri wished. Only a single original crew-member remains, the 'Queen' of the VS, Johanna de Witt. A Second Generation woman who tends the local library, she could tell you much about the ship, having served on her since she was sixteen. Beyond the ancient beer halls and the VS'HvdW's library, the ship-town has all manner of luxuries and accommodations, including an open market, AI operated restaurants, an escape room complex and a gym. This almost makes up for the tiny residences, the smell of fish and the outright claustrophobic washrooms. If you prefer the cold, the surface of the Slagschip is also available for residence, but this is only recommended to those with an anti-freeze gland or a generous natural fur coat.

Kufrin aTimona – Cultivator of the Savanna

Ae has been subject to many ecological projects and schemes, some for industrial reasons and others for ecological preservation. The fortress of Kufrin aTimona is a neat combination of both. Situated in the Little Kenya crater (ironic considering the crater is slightly larger than most variants of post-colonial Kenya), the fort is focused around Eco-web construction, with myriad presence of both pre-historic and post-historic fauna. This ranges from careful recrafting of micro-flora bacteria to what is little better than Biological-Department cock fighting. Albeit between various breeds of mega-fauna. There is a lot of space for living outside the Zambian-styled fort, and accommodations are generous if extremely low-tech. If one could get used to the terror birds stealing trash and the dry heat, Kufrin aTimona could be a very reliable home base. There is a sizable administrative centre and a large 'free-ware' biological depot that has branched into general services, just keep in mind that aTimona remains to be a Biological Department town. With all the 'eccentricities' that label entails and the need for barred windows.

Residence Bloc 299C – If You Wander Far & Often

Submerged underground to avoid disturbing the landscape, the Residence Block system is a constantly expanding project to provide cheap housing for Travellers who intend to spend the vast majority of their time off-world. A status-quo that is the reality of just over six-tenths of the Order. The residence blocs provide en-mass apartments with the most basic accommodations and communal functions for such individual Travellers. Each apartment is only composed of two rooms, internal furnishings coming by request. There is no reason to install a bed, for instance, if the Traveller does not need one or will simply make use of an existing sleeping roll they constantly make use of. For some this is just used as storage, while AI and Neets prefer the baseness of the Bloc apartments. The Blocs themselves are typically quiet and devoid of much action, offering basic communal functions. If you want for the most basic accommodation or only a safe place to store keepsakes, this is a very viable option.

Trench Base Haida – True Abyss

At a comfortable 9000 meters below the ocean surface, Trench Base Haida is one of the most secure locations in the entire homeland. The only method of travel into and out of the Trench Base is instant transmission, with miss-jumps being potentially fatal for all but the most resilient Travellers. Naturally it doesn't get much traffic. Furnishing is minimal and the population is small, with there being absolutely nothing in the way of business or comforts. Residences are just as cramped as the Henri-van-de-Waal. But some are willing to pay that price for security and removal that is almost unrivalled on Ae. The community of the Haida is in the majority insular, but there is a micro-community within that, that is anything but. Tending to the Trench Base and making sure the singular Micro-Administration centre is looked after. Composed of deep sea natives for the most part, the abyssal extroverts are welcoming to the point of being uncomfortable, and they are only the most visible denizens of the deep sea. The few windows offer sights of the alien world at the bottom of the Trench, and occasionally a stirring ancient. Someone needs to be down here, just in case they ever need to be woken up.

Casa Delgado – Bulletproof Walls, Windows & Doors

One of the many short lived literal 'boom towns' that managed to become a proper settlement, thanks to a singular iron grip. Missus Delgado just wanted a quiet little dive-bar in the middle of nowhere, but her hold on local matters allowed that dive (the aforementioned Casa Delgado) to grow into the core of a rough-and-tumble settlement. Favoured by an influx of neophyte Apocalyptites, criminals, and nerdowells, the town looks about as you'd expect. Most buildings are shoddily self-constructed and rife with shrapnel marks, unlike the aforementioned Casa which was built to take a pounding. The place was originally built two-centuries prior as a saloon, being abandoned for a century before Delgado moved in. The bottom floor remains devoted to the actual Bar and the upstairs rapidly devolved into what can affectionately described dirty apartments. The Missus has the place cleaned semi-regularly and residents (she likes) get a discount on booze downstairs. Outside of the Casa there isn't much in the way of services, but Aeholm is now just up the road if you want anything. As for Delgado? Committed her first murder at thirteen, was recruited into the Order at sixteen and spent almost three decades in the field. A shared record or the cohones to properly settle down here ought to be enough to make this place a good home.

Xieruphio – Of Bronze & Bulls

Rising high and proud, Xieruphio is a monument to the 'ancients' of the Order, those from eras where stone and bronze were the dominant materials in tools and warfare. Barring the isolated administration building Xieruphio is built completely of base materials using Bronze-age techniques, rising high above the ocean as many continue to work on her buildings. Her streets are cobblestone paved, lit by oil torches with only the most basic clay piping to provide sanitation. Technology is kept to a bare minimum outside of the essentials, and the town has become a haven for Luddites and primitives. Individual quarters are quite luxurious if simple in makeup, your residence and the entire city is maintained by a small army of bestial spirits that have been trained in civic upkeep. This allows a more 'focused' direction for the permanent residents, who've allowed the cities theatre, markets, bakeries, and smiths to flourish under our Order's internal traffic. If one is willing to adhere to the status-quo concerning technology and ignore the grumbling about tourists, then one could make themselves very comfortable here in Xieruphio.

Kitez – Surf & Vodka

An entire supernatural city spirited to Ae by a very spiteful Knyaz, Kitez ended up being transported to an unusually tropical island and was only recently opened up to settlement after the aforementioned Knyaz donated it to the Order in his will. At the moment there aren't many residents, every one of them new recruits who've begun the first settling wave. Some Slavs from the many time periods of human history, others tropical Islanders from all over Terra. It is a young community still settling on its internal dynamic, making it perfect for someone looking for a fresh start. Or just about anyone who appreciates red sand beaches and sunny weather. And perhaps the occasional hurricane. As for the room and board, aside changing out the fur sheets for linens the place has been untouched, still possessing a charm (and antiquation) only possible in a medieval Novgorodian settlement. The entire city has a very active ethereal presence that while not conscious is present in the day to day, and residences will usually clean themselves most of the time. Just be advised this presence has a tendency to be needlessly mischievous, especially if the resident is easily bothered by petty inconveniences.

Central Metro – Sinking Downwards

There has always been a divide between 'Deep Urban' members of the Order and just about everyone else. Those who grew up in the hearts (or intestines) of hive-cities or continental metropolises have always suffered in their travelling. Central Metro began as what was stated, the primary core hub of all train lines on the homeworld, which over the centuries 'depressed,' sinking deep into the earth. Underneath the rail crossing is a dirty grimy city rife with young Traveller hooligans and the older ones who never grew out of their unruly habits. Some even thrived on them, establishing themselves as masters of the concrete caverns. The Tunnel-streets are still alive with fights, either "poetic" or physical and the stench of Terra's most pungent street-foods has sunken into the pavement. If one can ignore the aggressive throat-boxing and the smell, the residences aren't all that bad. A bit on the smaller side certainly, and the furnish is completely second hand, but that just produces a rather 'homey' environment according to most residents. Musty perhaps, but almost completely unique on the home world outside of Ae's Depths with the ongoing reworks. There is still a time and a place for such a landscape.

The Citadella – Shepherding Undead Cats

As the population of Undead Travellers grew in the earliest decades, they developed something of a reputation for hubris and over-refined tastes. Hyper stylized and easily aggravated, in ancient days, the rivalries of former and would-be aristocrats spiralled out of control with explosive results. Several minor components of later Time Wars were 'Necrotic Vendetta,' conflicts between them using the Wars as excuse for butchery. While the last of these NVs wiped out the Second Generation's undead, the young third generation of the deceased needed to be settled and organized. The Judiciary held an internal Synod on the matter, and saw to the creation of the Citadella. An abominable stone monument the size of a small city and isolated in the dark taiga of the far south. The Citadella is a cursed creation that grows a few meters every year, blessed with a terrible unlife and an animalistic mind of its own. The Citadella's unlife is sustained directly by the most prominent denizen's opulence, and the interior is as decadent as it is dusty and confusing. The majority of the Citadella is dominated by the most esteemed residents, whose internal dominions might as well be isolated worlds unto themselves. Of course, as the centuries have passed the ancient undying have slowly been challenged by the more freshly risen, whose communities tend to be more in sync with the rest of the Order. This place isn't likely to be comfortable for many, but lodging is open to you in the myriad corridors. Just keep in mind you'll need to 'grow' your own dominion and they start out very cramped. Still, it is a goal to work towards.

Orbital Defence Platform C01 – The Polis Grasp

It was only natural for the void-borne and the wretched atmospheric scum to collect somewhere in orbit, given enough time they even crafted themselves a nice little city on one of the first ODPs, Orbital Defence Platforms. 'Odip-Koi' is something possible only in space, with multiple sections being entirely without gravity for those ancestrally restricted to such environments, and a layer of filth throughout that any atmospheric conditions would do away with. Some (rightly) can't stand Odip-Koi for her excessive florescent-lights and the rather Laissez-faire attitudes of the inhabitants. The term 'punk' is often dropped to describe the core city, what with the over-colouring and the drug infused haze, and the excessive body-mod vendors. Most in this central space wear that name (or whatever their equivalent is) proudly. Such cultural references and distinctions are lost on the zero-gravs for the most part, who only inhabit the station for living conditions. With such a diverse array of needs, all dwellings come vacant, but with furniture packages that are delivered shortly afterwards, allowing a wide array of options for you. Residences are open in both Gravity and zero-gravity environments. Be advised, grav-borne individuals should NOT pick a zero-grav dwelling on a whim. Muscle degradation is a bitch.

Aeholm Centre, Kamuro-cho – Hard Streets

The old capital of Aeholm was recently re-consolidated, and remains to be the centre of activity on the Homeworld, with just over a Quarter of all active residents, AI and Organic alike living in the city. Of course, not everyone was thrilled about this. Particularly the former neighbourhoods of what is now 'Kamuro-cho.' A tightly knit district of skyscrapers and businesses that all shared a certain hardness, the place is rife with vice and the day to day feuds of cliques that are closer to gangs and crime-clans than traditional cohorts. Despite the infighting, the place has developed a crude thuggish charm, and those who fall in are treated as a part of this enormous dysfunctional over-clan. Housing is simplistic, compact and derived from the old Beijing model, albeit with a wider array of customization, ascetic Korean, 'low' Mokresian and Tigoro Urumek furnishings are available beside the reliable Zaibatsu options. Urban heritage Travellers will be right at home here, and even the less settled types are known to trade breathing room for the wide array of local businesses and opportunities. Karaoke, Bowling Alleys, Disco, Circuit Racing, Android Cock-Fighting, 'Motels', and in a few blocks more restaurants at Kamuro-Cho's centre than the rest of Aeholm. Just, mind the gang-fights. They've gotten a bit... Unorthodox.

Aeholm Centre, Assembly Central – Accessible Government (Declines)

Though her surroundings have radically changed, the Hagia Deshdumada still stands at the centre of Aeholm. A Twelve story fortress that was here before the Order settled, her statues and cannons polished to a shine even now. Here is the centre of the Order's administration, and where in better times the Council of Nine met semi-regularly to address the occasional important matter, but more often than not to address trivial petitions and issues. This part of the city was designed to withstand all manner of sieges, and you'll find even your apartment residence is resistant to even unconventional weapons. Aside from that the place is a standard city residence with a bit more space and some external greenery to try and make the heart of the Order look respectable, the furnish just comes a bit sturdier and the utilities stone-cold reliable. Currently the streets are barren, allowing easy access to the monuments of the core. If you're a part of any upper Faction's support structure, want to keep an eye on the Order's pulse or you're for whatever reason Masochistic enough to involve yourself in politics, Aeholm Centre has several options for long-term residence.

Aeholm Underworks – Sewage & Markets

For the most part Aeholm's overhead reconstruction is completed, but the work is far from finished underneath where the Troglodytes and Architects are more or less engaged in a passive-aggressive cold war. Between the recently displaced Pipeline 102 denizens and whatever abomination the Beating and the Tesseract managed to produce, the myriad underground of Ae is as active as the surface. Despite ongoing attempts, the Underworks remains an ever-changing labyrinth beyond the core-nodes and descending tunnels. If one can get used to the smells and *growths* (registered residence comes with free demolding shots), the Underworks are not all that bad. They are even considered cozy to the subterranean types who desire easy surface access. Home sizes are quite spacious and internally reliant, with the entire underground venting system well tested (though it does nothing about the ubiquitous smells.) Accommodations are sporadic and generally provided from the Underwork itself, with the numerous shops and manufactures of the 'Neath focusing on regional Autarky. The tunnel bazaars of the Underworks are a sight to behold, being some of the most varied on Ae. The liquor dispensaries of the Underworks are also noteworthy, admittedly for the potent mushroom and mold derived beverages.

Aeholm Outreach – Flak Cannons & Cattle

Aeholm's municipal rework saw a massive restructuring of Aeholm's muddled fringes, and there is now a very clear delineation the borders. Beyond the city is nestled layer of multi-layered defences both conventional, unconventional, and esoteric. Slumbering flaktürme, artillery batteries, casemates, extendable walls, moat-canals, warding obelisks and numerous statues (which may or may not be slumbering AI and Golems) dot the landscape. Ignored for the most part by the productive agrarian residents. A little over three quarters of the Outreach is used for agriculture and farming. Just about any animal you could domesticate can be found somewhere in the Outreach, with an even broader range of greenery. The majority of the local long-term residents are Insular farmers, Home-Guards and AI responsible for maintaining the defences. Housing comes in two forms, the tight, oft-complained about bunker barracks and the simplistic farm-house offers. The defences have plenty of 'space efficient' rooms that manage to cram all necessities into a single closet, while most farm tack-ons at least offer immense breathing room with their minimalism.

Ilmarinen's Heart – Forge of the Order

Workshops and small-scale Manufactories are all over Ae and the Order has always had skilled self-reliant craftsmen, who by way of internal competition, massive raw material support, and technological assistance could provide whatever was needed for the Travellers. For the most part the workshops of the Order are scattered, Instant Transmission allowing most to work where they chose. However in the East of the Ospherous Forest just off the Reserve, a significant hub has popped up where the several Zaibatsu, Syndicates, Independent shops and AIMS (artificial Intelligence Manufactories) have settled down. From them was born 'Ilmarien's Heart' to coordinate on large-scale projects, a true Forge City that works to produce wonders. The primary purpose of the settlement is Void-Vessel production, but Power Armour, Artillery, Ethereal equipment and 'special projects' can also be found here. Large scale industry has warped the land, and the place is suffused by the ash of creation. For many this is a comfort they seek out, and currently there are only a few openings at the fringes of the Heart. Decently sized places made of spare materials. If you care for excessive steel and bronze surfaces and appliances, or simply seek easy access to this place of industry, you could do much worse.

Aldsbard – Old Nisetiic Oasis

Over the centuries, the Order has shifted in demographics, but there has always been a strong Nisetiic presence. While settled Nisetiics tended to default towards human settlements for the sake of ease, there were a always a few who held onto more isolationist tendencies. Almost none of those Ancient Xenophobes remain but many of their works and contributions do. Out in the Furthest Wastes, where the black and red sands mingle, there sits Aldsbard, an entire Nisetiic city of the old Gallig-Kurgen culture. Most buildings are not fashioned from brick and mortar but sculpted from the bones and carapace of NISC-PRIME's desert megafauna. The streets are lined with organic umbrellas that protect the day-dwellers from the hot sun, and the roads are 'paved' with a lichen like-flora that is just as firm as any concrete. A significant portion of the town is underground, with many major businesses like the Yakagu Pub and the local administration being connected by special tunnels forged of expansive digs. Though the town has slowly gone from Nisetiic-only to a Nisetiic plurality, the furnish is still uniquely Kurgen, somewhat primitive, sloping, forged with iron and organic components in equal respects. To more cosmopolitan types this place is brutal, but any Nisetiic Badlander (and many vagrant humans) would feel right at home here.

Qartodst – The Atomic Strip

Another project of reincorporation based in the great Sxhatziali desert, Qartodst is a collectivized abomination formed from the principalities of New Fortuna, Fort Reno and Luxor-Kalbeb. It remains unclear why exactly the Aeholm and Qartodst reworks were pushed through at the same time, as currently the needlessly long and outrageously thin city is about to have a Civil Incident. Or perhaps that is the intention, a way to force a confrontation between the gambling cliques and the Vicelords. Regardless Qarodst is a flat line of a city that is the three prior mentioned gambling cities stitched together with long-form teleportation. The brutal desert is dimmed somewhat by the spacious residences and the wide-array of casinos and gambling halls, and the public transportation is second to none. Of course, this all ignores the Commercial and Independents who were prior kings of their own castles and are now more or less chained together. Helmets are advised presently with the shrapnel risks, but hopefully the infighting will burn out. Eventually. Optimal for those who are very durable or those who will be off of Ae for a few months. Or years, if some few Travellers refuse to bend.

Inner Glendale – A Great Heaping Mass

Settlements grow, shrink, or occasionally explode. Glendale has always mutated. Centred around the Great Clock Tower, not a single piece of Glendale was made on Ae, the city having always changed and used what the Collectors brought back home, sometimes raw materials, sometimes objects, occasionally entire buildings and monuments, usually just singular homes or rooms that Collectors want to add onto their existing housing, but on occasion sections of things much larger are brought back. Kept buried, of course, so as to avoid the skyline from attracting any more attention. Anyone with odd tastes or an affection for the Collectors will feel right at home here. Housing has always been hit or miss, as it seems like homes tend to wander. This is no issue for the locals, who usually pick onto the flux fast and end up getting metaphorical Irons in the Fire, for others it is typically a deal breaker. Not to say there aren't a number of True Travellers here for the junk sales, and Archivists picking out notable relics. Furnish is whatever you can pick up, though you'll be expected to eventually replace what you took. Eventually. Time trends different for Glendale, and the Collectors still thrive here.

Ostergark – Breath Stealing Height

The Gibrallamb is one of the most notable signs of Ae's extensive terraforming and the mixed intentions of those terraformers. The ancient supermountain would have been a little smaller than Continental France, but extensive weapons testing, strip mining and 'reallocation' of massive sections have sundered the former Gibrallamb which was estimated to be just under 15.600 meters tall. The current Gibrallamb 'range' still boasts some impressive peaks, foremost among them GBLM-118, and upon that mountain sits Ostergark. At a cozy 11.820 meters meters above Ae's sea-level, outside of the pressurized citadel oxygen content is low enough to warrant breathers and pressure acclimatization. The Old Independents who've manned the Citadel have run a tight ship for well over six centuries now. Outside of mandatory wake-ups, weapons maintenance, and inspections for the most part allow an independent control scheme. Training facilities, shooting ranges, as well as a generous aug-shop have long attracted more militant members of the order and some come just for the potential self-improvement. Individual quarters are non-existent, but the bunks have decent spacing in the Barracks.

The Beating – These Ones Welcome Graciously

Out in the Glasgow woodland exists an entity known locally as 'the Beating' that has become both a favoured locale and collective Order pet. The fungal abomination in terms of raw scale is slightly smaller than the Iberian peninsula (even if the core is the only truly habitable area) and several miles below the surface. Most likely a product of early Second Generation fuckery, the Beating is at least semi sapient, and has reconfigured much of its accessible core to serve as an extremely safe place of residence for Travellers. For almost four hundred years, the Beating's heart has been a home for those comfortable in walls of pungent flesh, and a source of all manner of industrially produced hormones derived from the Beating's pseudo-organs. Living here if you can stand the organic furnishings and the *faint* possibility your hair might turn green is certainly optimal, the Beating's core includes a main street, numerous services and an administrative centre. Be advised, there has been a lot of internal debate about the Beating, and some are worried it is getting a lot smarter as of late.

Atmospheric Anmanga – Triumph in Trials

Resting a comfortable seven kilometres above the surface of Ae's lower coast (moved up another kilometre after the 'ginger grenade crate' incident) rests the gilded city of Anmanga. A triumph of individuality and needless individualistic violence to avoid being tossed off Anmanga. A city in the proper sense styled between traditional Corinthian and Neo-Art-Deco styles, every want or need you have is catered to on Anmanga, the gilded streets are kept after by a horde of drones, and even those in the 'bottom rungs' of Anmanga have at least one home care drone included in their lodging. Initial lodging itself is more than generous, yet... Wanting. Above, where the highest Travellers have tall statues raised to them (consenting or not) sit the apartments and penthouses of Anmanga's highest residents. Earned through combat, prestige or influence in the city council. These lodgings are free. Free to those who by their own sweat and toil earn them. Everything is like that here, the bottom streets offering everything you could ever need, but above you is everything you could ever want for. At least, that is how it is often described. This is a place where glory hounds, war sharks, and would-be gods beat each other down into those gilded streets, people who upon losing rank leave Anmanga altogether. For some that is a utopia. For others...

Wandering Sarajevo – Above the Hinterlands

For just over two centuries now, the thing called Sarajevo has stalked the far wilderness of Ae. A bio-mechanical marvel engineered by an enterprising pair of department rejects who decided to make their own place. A place that is now a mile in length and rests a comfortable four hundred feet off the ground, held up by who knows how many legs. Wandering Sarajevo is alive, distantly related to the spearing stone-crabs of the Niseti homeworld and surprisingly gentle beyond what base damage to be expected from such a colossus. It leaves little devastation behind and could probably navigate populated spaces without much issue. Not that anyone wants to risk that. This place has flourished since it grew large enough to settle on, WS is deeply rooted in the Vančašian Romantic style, resembling her namesake in many ways if one manages to ignore the ubiquitous organic materials. The odd settlement has attracted many xeno-origin members of the Order, though remains largely populated by older Bosniak, Albanian and Korean human Travellers. WS also boasts a wide number of homegrown businesses, and accommodations are described as extremely comfortable if rustic. The only real downsides are the occasional 'misstep' that shakes the city and the extreme weather changes over long periods.

The Sublime Tower of the Holiness XXXIV – Hubris & Contemplation

Once there was a Traveller who was human. Once, anyways. Given time he expanded. Mostly horizontally, but also mentally, spiritually, and egotistically. His name was Ultarian, once, and in the lush mountain jungles of the centre, he constructed a magnificent tower all by himself, so massive in fact it was trivial to allow others to settle into the colossus of marble and ivory. They were entertaining, footnotes, curiosities and occasionally hands to stroke Ultarian's massive distended sense of self. At least, until a year ago when Ultarian as he was *stopped*. And the Holiness XXXI came to be. Ultarian ascended in a way, becoming something *different*. Removed to the petty nuances of physicality, he evolved into a new iteration of himself. The current one has been kind enough to inform the rest of the Order that the Sublime tower is open to all interesting members of the Order, though the Holiness XXXIV does prefer recruits. Occasionally, it will 'pop into their minds for tea and spiritual hookah' which while disconcerting is often enlightening. The sublime tower boasts a large philosophical and intellectual presence, as well as the largest chess hall on Ae. Accommodations are as tacky and musty as they are opulent, and if you can stomach humidity and mental dalliances the Sublime Tower offers sublime lodging.

Hawikuh – Placid Humility

A little ways from the Great Terrace agricultural zone and a little above it in the mountains sits Hawikuh, or Cibola as some still know it. The origin of the village traces to the True Traveller Mustafa Azemmouri, who brought a single segment of the original Zuni settlement to Ae, along with a single very lost yak. Over the decades it grew from Mustafa's private villa into a quaint village that has a most scenic view of greenery, up here one can see the Chitlitzakzi agricultural district almost thirty miles downhill, along with most of the Great Terrace and surrounding forested mountains. The air is fresh and the weather warm (but not unpleasantly so) all year round. Hawikuh very much remains Zuni, albeit with some Neo-Zuni and Arabo-Zuni styles. The residences are built directly into the mountain and require no electric cooling thanks to cunning architecture. Perhaps the furnish isn't grand, but many do prefer the wool and the wood. There isn't anything in the way of major utilities beside a single underground rail terminal that connects Hawikuh to the grid, but there are a few home-run shops. A good place for agricultural or rural sorts. If one can ignore Mustafa's occasional rambling poetry episodes.

Bat Country – Stranger Gales & Currents

Once in the distant but not overly distant past, a wandering peyote trip that we called 'Migelo Smith' was recruited into the Order, and around his passage came 'Bat Country.' A mass wandering illusion that has not only been identified but settled. The size varies outside of the core, the tunnel houses and the expansive bat infested surrounding area. Beyond, the wastes of the Country range from a few meters of darkness to seemingly endless miles of swirling tornadoes made of small flying mammals and pink dust. Some people claim the sights are nauseating, but other enjoy the psychedelic nature of this place, so much they insisted on settling into Migelo's wandering dream cloud. It took almost a decade to dream sculpt the tunnel homes and there are still some odd 'shifts' in natural law to it. Which is acceptable, if say, you don't like the colour of a chair then it will probably change after a while, or maybe become a toaster at some point. Or a festering terror. Accommodations do tend to twixt and twane, changing to match the owner. Those who value consistency and the base laws of reality should probably avoid the Country, but those eccentrics fond of such things will likely love this place. Just be warned, occasionally very confused Travellers may find themselves in your home without any reason, and that is something we're never going to sort out.

The Department Island, Ye Old Summoning Grounds – Might of Magic

Established just after the full migration to Ae, the Summoning Grounds have always been the massive erect monument proclaiming the eminence and prestige of our more ethereal Travellers. In the modern age it is easy to forget, but once way back when, ethereal and technological Travellers were often at each other's throats. Even now, the obsidian towers and physics rejecting architecture are a source of disdain for the eldest of our AI. But time has faded these divides, to all but the ancient machines and the exceptionally frazzled and withered elders of the Summoning Grounds. The entire 'grounds' remain a singular immense complex with an internal 'bending' system that twists space, allowing easy access to most of the Grounds. Admittedly the rest of the complex does have a shared tendency to shift, burn, or occasionally vanish for a few hours, but only temporarily. As far as bed and board goes, the place still resembles a school in some ways more than a proper college, but most attracted to this place have little reason to complain. Personalization is so lacking one can even see where residents have extended their rooms out into the unoccupied space beyond their windows.

The Department Island, Proving Grounds – The Hand Falls into Chaos

Situated on the southern tip and slumped down into a sunken corner of the Department Island is a small hold of the Fighters. The landscape beyond is water blasted rock suffused with little besides moss, gulls, and the dire seals. Within the tall walls is a blasted expanse of brickwork and concrete, a labyrinth of centuries of impromptu establishments set up and grown atop one another. In fortified towers and the well hidden bunkers, these spaces have grown to the point that even non-Fighters have been able to settle here. Accommodations and individual residences range from 'comfortable if one can ignore the island shaking at night' to 'tight if you're lucky enough to be under a metre tall.' In terms of services the Commercialists have long kept this place extremely well stocked and last month a special pseudo administrative centre was established to keep tabs here. Ever since the vanishing of Sam and the scattering of her Cohort, the Proving Grounds have been in constant chaos and transition. Igra either doesn't care to or is covertly encouraging the manic chaos that allows champions to hold sway for a only a few days at best. At worst the shortest 'victories' last hours, or even minutes. But if your soul is filled with violence or at the very least a lust sated by watching violence, you might find the Proving Grounds an excellent place to sojourn.

The Department Island, Testing Grounds – Dancing with the Anomalous & Xenos

A short while after the first Departments were established, in their proper forms, the formal grant of the 'Department Island' was established. For good reason, as just two years ago an eldritch abomination the size of Andora escaped the Testing Grounds and we *still* don't know why it happened, how it happened, or what Fullcanelli did to vanish it. The island itself is large and has plenty of space, and despite the horror stories is not currently filled with shambling flesh abominations, murderous simulated intelligence, hardlight atrocities given form or any other gleeful imaginations. You'll know when those things get out as the Departments have the decency to broadcast their failings. Usually. Most of the sub-bases in the Departments, even Experimental, have openings here for residence. As do the various guard fortifications, wayshrines, and bloodied pyramids that are kept up for experimentation, testing, and keeping the results of those tests and experiments from causing too much damage if worse comes to worse. The place is an odd combination of research, fortified, and eccentric, depending on who you sign on with. Mechanical HQ might as well be an industrial garage and Technical bunkers are always two steps away from devolving into generator hubs. Militant is just Militant and Biological looks and smells in the very worst (or best if you're some kind of lunatic) ways imaginable. And as for Experimental... Well. The less said about them the better. This is a good option if you prefer to live in a busy locale or are signed on with a department.

Tamit – Why wander far?

“Hm? This place? A quaint little town that sprang up around this administrative centre, ironic in some ways considering the place was originally idealized for its remoteness. Now it is a proper municipality, a few nice bars, old rustic Amerigana fashions and much less rustic...” {Discerning Clicking} “I believe you would call it 'eighties corpo' if those neophytes don't lie to me. Not that anything has real supremacy. Kids come in and just put up their own houses, contractors do the same. Makes an odd mish mash where, if you're fine with the budgetness of the place you could probably find something to your taste.” {Low clack} “But that's the secret. You can find something familiar anywhere, just put in a request.” {Soft click} “Otherwise, there's plenty of small entertainment, pubs and the like. Very young and lively settlement, with a constant stream of recruits coming in of all breeds. And many older, more venerable sorts insist on coming here still. Despite the strain it places on our admin centre.”

Ae's Wilderness – Vast & Feral

There are only a few million Travellers, and outside of the few scattered settlements and tamed regions, much of Ae is wilderness. From the Osphorus reserve to the Great Ocean to distant Yucatan. Ae is not exactly on the level of a Death World (for the most part) but is still largely wild and dangerous. There are many nomads and isolationists who prefer to avoid settling outright. Some wandering the steppe and the desert as they had before, others falling into survivalism as a coping method for their troubles. Others don't even tread far, doing little more than squatting about around the infrastructure and towns with varying degrees of respectability. No one can force you into a housing arrangement if you don't want it.

Hubworlder – Outland is Best Land

A minority of Travellers have always preferred to settle permanently on the Hubworlds, or for a single lifetime they outlive. Some to keep their outsider family and friends relatively close, others finding a particularly world comfortable for them. If you wish, arrangements can be made so lodging can be provided at any individual Hub for you. Comfort, size, and accommodation are as varied as the Hubworlds themselves. T-M103501 for instance is extremely welcoming for subterranean members of the Order. T-D0049129 on the other hand will likely only be comfortable for AI and utter nut-cases.

Build In – Your Own Place

It is possible to seek out an unused piece of land and build up your own home. After all, there is a massive amount of unused land, either in the remote wilderness or in relative proximity to a preferred settlement. In prior centuries some would have considered this a default option, however as time and availability grew, Build Ins shrivelled with that availability. You could spend months, potentially years constructing a home on Ae, acquiring materials and carefully laying them down for yourself. Or maybe you just pop down a trailer home and call it a day. It is up to you how you use the land.

Free Traveller – The Road Never ends

As said before, no one can force you to stay in any one place. If you wish, it can be put down that your intentions are to wander outside of Ae, and you'll be free to do so. Ours is a road unending, and some naturally take to it better than others. Just make sure to return to once or twice a decade, just to keep a track on our shared time, and to make sure your books are updated.

Panic Buttons; For Desperate Times

“Good. With that settled you should have no more major issues outside of the usual checks and deliveries. You'll get everything you've marked yourself for as soon as it can be delivered, and if it's late don't hit the poor drones running it for you. Now normally I'd let you at the assignments board but it seems like some idiot has blocked up the line. Bones and the new girl are trying to knock it clean but it might take a moment. Other than that? There is one small thing. For juniors, with all that is happening out there, we have a small assurance. And there are a few of these available.”

[Pick 1, if Wanted]

{The Væringjar}

Orthodox in every sense of the word, and a veteran Home-Guard of almost five centuries. The Væringjar is a man waiting always for the call of duty utilizing a round shield and Dane axe still, but usually appearing a few hundred meters above his charges. There is very little out there that won't be killed or terrified by an old Norse man cratering them. He is blunt and reliable, though not particularly talkative or warm.

{The Legion-In-Steel}

Developed AI rarely share 'mingling space' in a single frame, for even Traveller AI can become disassociated between themselves. But for this frame, nine souls sharing a single body, with a dozen limbs and an uncountable number of vision ports? That is a blessing. The Legion-In-Steel is a one form army, excelling at dropping right into the thick of it with a gun to every limb. Loud and flashy, the Legion is an always on-call type who is swift to depart.

{The Sant Sipahi}

A towering cyborg with only a single century to his name. Before his time with the Order his only goal had been to defend the Khalsa, and with his combat 'perfection' under the Order, he endeavours to continue serving it. Typically by mangling whatever it is that threatens his brothers and sisters, by the bullet or by the blade. Unlike many Panic Responders, this individual is known to talk with his rescues. With just a bit too much enthusiasm.

{The Huns}

True Traveller stereotypes are almost never apt, but a few strove to become caricatures. Such is the case of the Huns. A band of barbarous individuals who revel in coming down like a landslide upon whomsoever calls them, ravaging their surroundings as a hurricane does, and vanishing as fast as they came. Theirs is a messy sort of assistance. But for those working in particularly unforgiving or pressing conditions such an approach may be appreciated.

{The Argonaut}

An unnamed legend, washed from the sands of history by the River Lethe. Though it has been ages, the man called the Argonaut holds his past and nature with a grip of bronze. To call upon him is to call a small sun to Earth (or whatever planet you may be on), engaging in unrepentant slaughter with naught but spear and shield. His effectiveness is well documented against all foes, but he always hates if he is called for petty matters. Like girlish “drowning.”

{The Operator}

For all the heroes and 'biggies,' there's always a guy with a gun and a spoon in the back. He's a nobody from Kentucky who got picked up after the Iran campaign cost him a leg. A jobber, who, over the last eight years has made a splash for himself in the Responders with a knife, nerves, a rifle, and copious amounts of flash grenades. He does the job quick and dirty, doesn't matter if it's those giant space squids or some asshole who managed to glass you.

{The Jaga}

Of all the spiritual Responders, few are as 'devoted' as the Jaga. Looking like he was recruited fresh from a Lugbara child's nightmare, the Jaga delights in terrifying his opponents, as much as he does in decapitating them. It is *strongly* advised that the Jaga only be called upon in *extreme* circumstances, as his arrival brings dense fog, and what he leaves behind... Well. The less said of it, the better.

{The Plainsman}

Trading in his rifle for a rail-gun, the Plainsman helps as he always has. Popping holes into the heads of bad folks a ways away from the ruckus they were causing. These days he's just a bit further away from the action. So much so he's got a reputation for being more an Apacherian ghost than a Responder to the kids out there. In spite of his numerous and well-heard antics with the Operator back home at Casa Delgado.

{The Orbital Platform}

Where all else fails, a massive void-bound bombing platform will solve everything. An old KARI renegade, the Platform has something of a maniacal streak that led them to join the Responders, as this one is all too eager to melt 'meatbags.' Though, they're gleeful to atomize any hostiles. Just press the button, and in the next minute whatever bothers you will be ash, or the Orbital Platform will gladly compensate you for any medical expenses.

{The Duke}

Old Duke is the last of Second Generation respondents still on the list. He's been doing the job so long, he's probably the source of the old 'TTMC look' that is derivative these days. A knight in worn leather, armed with those archaic plasma revolvers, riding a tuggish motorcycle. It is still unorthodox and difficult to jump in atop such a ride, running over problems post haste. But there is a reason we say 'always bet on Duke.'

{The Valkyrie}

Angelic to the uninitiated, a messenger of the old gods to the learned, and to her fellow Responders a 'notorious gambling rakehell.' Regardless, the Valkyrie has been one of the most effective Responders in the past half-century, rarely even needing to fire a shot as she can usually grab the Traveller in danger and get out. Wings of steel and matching claws do help in that, and in other matters if outsiders insist on making her work messy.

{The Karmani Magis}

Many Mokresia have a desire to prove themselves, although few have succeed as the Magis. Student to the ruinous and calamitous arts, the Xenos Sorcerer was a decrepit old man prior to recruitment, and while physically unchanged he has swelled in strength, proving himself in the Cluster Conflict. He arrives as a bolt of lightning, dispensing his manic arts to dissolve or incinerate targets. He is known to berate youths and dispense confusing advice.

{The Speaker for the Dead}

Most Responders prefer to take a very direct approach, it's necessary for the job after all, which has long favoured the bold. The Speaker is not the norm. The old Niseti woman has sway over the remnants of those passed, and has them deal with things... *Creatively*. While none can say she isn't effective in this, those remnants can be extraordinarily sadistic. She's also known to dally and prod afterwords, even occasionally offering more help, if warranted.

{The Red-Cap}

Possessing a genuine malice that many more dubious Travellers swear is evil, the little monster called the red-cap has an unnerving and distinct sound of arrival, one that can unnerve even the stoutest foes. He is a master of Perfected Aggression, a literal ankle biter that can fell a man like a tree. Despite his tendency to mock and tease his charges, he's still been an effective Responder for decades now, swift and certain in even the strangest locales.

{The Baekho}

A King of Beasts long ascended to the Spiritual realm, the former monarch since recruitment three centuries prior has always endeavoured to assist others. As much as a truck sized white tiger of selective tangibility can. The Baekho's abilities make him one of the covert Respondants, wise to the situations he finds himself in and able to either provide support or ruthlessly maul problem individuals that threaten his brothers and sisters.

{The Postal}

If asked what a Traveller can 'get away with,' people usually point to this dude. A rampaging crack-addicted nutcase with no qualms for Outsider casualties and a very loose grasp on reality. Yet, he's been good for the cause. More surprisingly he's been a fine Responder for a few decades now, ever since he was forcibly signed on for probation. Don't have expectations if you call him. He himself doesn't even know what he's doing half the time.

{The Doppelsöldner}

A recent recruit who settled in with great ease. To him it is all the same. Righteously serve a good cause. Get paid very well for it. He just traded out the arquebus for a very large shotgun and upgraded his armour, while he still retains a gaudy air only a Landsknechte could possess. Admittedly he prefers military calls as he always showing up Zweihander at the ready. But there is a certain charm to performing the Heimlich under alien stars.

{The Laugher from the Dark}

Such terrors as the Laugher are usually non-sapient and the whole of existence is better for that fact. Invisible unless stained and sated with the blood of mortals, capable of traversing the spaces between stars, and nigh unkillable outside of arcane rites and anti-ship weaponry. For better or for worse, the Laugher is a Traveller, and an enthusiastic one at that. Always gleeful to be summoned to suck the problems of the Order *dry*.

{The Wintsigoi}

What gets left over when someone gives everything for the cause. Our elder Wintsigoi is almost eight centuries old now. A giant lipless terror, whose frozen heart can be heard creaking. It is terribly effective, although it can barely be classified as sapient following orders from only the Responders. As such, only those venturing into extreme places should take this button for the Wintsigoi treats all quarry as the lowliest prey. Devoured in moments.

{The Old Simurgh}

It was a surprise for everyone when Elder Ziz came to us, one of the first Recruits and the second Simurgh of the Order. The Peacock Griffin is as large as they say, more than able to block out the sun, his talons able to rend a man as a spade rends a worm. But he takes no joy in this, his terrifying presence alone is more than enough to scatter most threats. The Old Simurgh enjoys conversing with his charges, to the point one wonders if it was why he joined.

{The Godhead}

"Well. I'd heard Bones go on about this before. But I never thought I'd see one. How very fickle they are. If they can even be called that. Those things... For what you see here? Not even a button. Empty shell, devoid of spiritual or mechanical components. But it is a beacon nonetheless for them. Our Ancestors, by deed, rather than blood. Such a thing only shows up when they take interest, only to offer. To you off all people." {??? Clicking *} "Well. I cannot judge it in any capacity. Only that shambling corpse in the next stall has any experience in the flesh with them. Should you take it? Know they are already there for you. There is nothing that can pause such a force. All you need to do is cry out for help."*



Allies, Acquaintances, Rivals & Friends

“There. All formatted.” {Dry Click} “For now anyways, that's all I can do for you New Blood. In two days I'll need you to wade your ways back in here for assignment. Or to turn down assignment. Nothing to be done so long as you inform us of your ends. For now you should head out to that bunk-house. Get yourself set up. Meet new people, perhaps. Maybe I sound like a bitter old Rojo sometimes but there are plenty of good sorts around here. It would be prudent to make friends. Or at least allies. Or failing all that, good enemies.”

[Align yourself with up to (4) Travellers]

Caleb | The Ruddy Shadow | [♀] [ㄩ]

– [Standard Terran Age];[504] – [Phylogeny];[Former Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Judiciar]
– [Preferred Role];[Kamikaze Spearhead] – [Admin Evaluation];[Eventual Problem]

Red eyed, with an almost perpetual morbid grin. His leathery hand runs lovingly over his revolver's handle.

- > Of all the nasty pieces of work and the monsters wearing human skins, there are very few as gleeful and effective as the “Man” called Caleb. He was centuries old and a brutal killer even before recruitment. After joining the Order, Caleb was drawn to the Judiciary and the Void Hunters. The exclusivity of the former forced his final decision, but he still absolutely adores missions with the Hunters whenever they need him to 'transform' wretched interiors into gibbed exteriors.
- > Abominations, grandchildren, and “gods,” Caleb has proven to be very reliable in taking such things apart with conventional weapons. While he does enjoy this it very rarely satisfies Caleb's extreme sadism, best expressed upon zealous pathetic humans. It is all well and good to work up a good sweat on something big, there is nothing like crushing someone who doesn't have a hope in hell of winning.
- > The 'Ruddy Shadow' prefers reliable tools for his work. Revolvers, Rifles, and Dynamite. The simplicity of which melds well with instant transmission. Caleb himself is not a teacher, but his style is basic enough that just watching is enough to learn.
- > Despite being technically dead, he remains fond of liquor, weapons maintenance, strumpets of extremely loose morals, and reading into surprisingly complex arcane lore. Usually intermingling these in a slurry when he isn't the field. He also plays the pipe organ with professional skill.
- > Caleb is surprisingly adept at dealing with new bloods, as he was at one point tasked into guardianship of a larval Niseti Traveller until she matured. He retains a good relationship with 'the little shit.' Although prodding Caleb over the girl is asking for a bullet to the foot.
- > As is perhaps to be expected, Caleb isn't much of a social creature. Muttering to himself far more than he mutters to others. But Caleb does enjoy the company of capable and functionally sadistic Travellers. Ones that enjoy getting a little... Bloody.

“When you get to hell, tell them I sent you. You'll get a group discount.”

Wu Mei | Perverse Photographer | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[258] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Clean-up Recording / Fire Brigade Duty] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pliable]

The slight black leather clad woman sits near the door, looking through photos on a camera. Occasionally frowning or biting her lip.

- > The bastard daughter of one of China's most notorious empress regents, Wu only grew into the successful Traveller creep she is under the Order. Over the past two and a half centuries she's become a notable cyborg modder, swordswoman, and all around survivor. A Jack-of-all-Trades and master of a few.
- > Wu's real passion lies in photography. Starting as a Hetmanate recorder she broke off at her apex, and has almost lived to capture the fantastic, perverse, and macabre sights she comes across. Her skilled eye also letting her catch problems well before they can trouble her in full.
- > Mei has developed a something of a reputation for twistedness. While her own heritage has given her an appreciation of 'taking down the rotting koi' (don't ask about the lamp-post collection.) Wu has a sympathy for 'low' criminals. Her feelings on laws and order are complicated, and she'll do literally anything to avoid talking about that or Order politics.
- > She was recently forced to dump her 'atrocious body part' collection en-mass. Refuses to talk about it.
- > Likes talking about her childhood even less than politics. If you want to know about that look up 'recruitment jobs gone genocidal vol.7,' first one on the tape and one of the few incidents worthy of the title. An entire imperial court massacred in half an hour by a really fucked up kid.
- > Two and a half centuries has allowed her to develop a personal equilibrium, and she has a casual stance on things. Wu is content in isolation, and has more or less become a grounded member of the Order. With a few friends she values and holds close. Basic comprehension is enough to get along with her, though someone the right kind of twisted would do more than just 'get along' with her..

“Can I watch? Only for platonic reasons, I promise. And I won't use the flash camera... Unless you're into that?”

Tomie Maverii | Disquiet Statesman | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[647] – [Phylogeny];[Niseti/Ischiine-Caste] – [Factional Affiliation];[Administration]
– [Preferred Role];[Command/Oversight] – [Admin Evaluation];[Opportunistic Element]

Her Barracuda smile makes up for her shortness, body built like a shark with matching hunger. Beside her wool, her confidence glows.

- > A member of a rare variant caste of Niseti that maintained amphibious and bio-luminescent characteristics, Tomie came from a post-industrial period where her caste controlled her homeworld from the shadows. She recalls it as incredibly boring, as there was never an irreplaceable element, never any sort of challenge. Her recruitment and admission into the administration 'saved her from a death by boredom' as she puts it.
- > Ruthless, brutal, and with the ability to smell fear, Tomie loves to be the whip. A slave-driver that understands limits, of course. While lashes and glares are effective, there are points where praise and forced clearing are required. Don't get used to this, it makes the inevitable whip bites harder.
- > Always well dressed and professional, Maverii appreciates the little things in life when off duty. But doesn't hold that to her brothers and sisters anymore. After all these years working the shit it becomes obvious to a person you can't impose much on any one Traveller.
- > In spite of the veneer of domesticity, Tomie could still split a grown human warrior in half over her knee. Something she rarely needs to do these days.

> Being an admin and living a few blocks underwater does have an isolating effect. Maverii has few allies and fewer friends. Just having gills (or a lack of respiratory needs) would be enough to get anywhere. That and a relationship with the lash, from one end or the other.

> Tomie enjoys cheap sushi, Jjangmyeon, pulp human romance novels and on her rare off-time visits to 'civilized' versions of her homeworld.

"Pathetic. To think I'd find myself at this place like... The void must be pissing its nebulous panties."

Xeo | Sapient (?) Machine Soul

– [Standard Terran Age];[10] – [Phylogeny];[Awakened Drone] – [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]

– [Preferred Role];[Unknown] – [Admin Evaluation];[Non-Issue]

A floating, ancient skull rife with technological implants and a ghostly light in the vacant eye-sockets. The faint beeps remain reassuring.

> I pet my Auto-Skull~

> I love my Auto-Skull~

> Apparently Xeo is no smarter than a cat, and has given no evidence to suggest it is anymore intelligent.

> Downright eerie and it sticks out like a sore thumb in most locales. Was turned into a servitor while the 'owner' was still alive apparently.

> Xeo wanders aimlessly and seemingly at random, drifting between Travellers it 'likes' with no discernible reason.

> The goodest little Auto-Skull in the ENTIRE Order~

Happy Whirs & Beeps.

Un-Karh | Porcine Sub-Augur | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[95] – [Phylogeny];[Questionable] – [Factional Affiliation];[Eye of the Third]

– [Preferred Role];[Mediator / Curser] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending...]

Part porcine, part human, all unnerving. The small carton of chocolate milk in his hand neuters his brackish presence.

> The child of a human mother and an abomination, Un-Karh is one of many Travellers with immense Grandchild heritage. Un-Karh is intimately familiar with all things Grandchildish making him a major asset to the Order. Despite his young age he's a proven translator, mediator, and advisor.

> As a Traveller, Un-Karh's unique offensive talents flourished. He is an extremely capable curser, as well as a journeyman warlock and wamage.

> Physically strong and mentally robust, his real talent and passions lie in exploring the unknown. Usually dealing with the Grandchildish things, so his over-zealous fellows don't take flamethrowers and bombs to them without need.

> It took decades for him to come out of his shell as a Traveller, and only recently has he become somewhat amicable. Most young Travellers still react to his very physical menacing aura poorly, and he has caused many fainting episodes in his time. He still has an extremely gruff disposition and only recently has Un-Karh developed a sense of hygiene.

> Un-Karh is easy enough to get along with, and has a few friends in the Order. Just basic respect is all that is needed, which was completely absent to him before joining. He favours gruffness, honesty and forethought, and greatly respects individual wisdom. And he'll never turn away someone with his 'familiar' level of filthy, no matter how many times he asserts otherwise.

> Appreciates heavy metal music, cheap vodka, cartography and theatre. Doesn't appreciate thoughtlessness and pork jokes. The Jokes were never funny.

"Of course, it is Mustard-Yellow-Him-Fuckswallop's. Great. Fantastic! Burners?! Leave nothing but Ash-Wind!"

Clifford David 'Asesabi' Harris | Devil of the Bush | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[43] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]

– [Preferred Role];[Saboteur, Cavalry] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Problem]

Slight, sun-burnt and visibly exhausted, he lights a match when the woman in front of him draws a pipe, lighting it, then a cigarette for himself.

> A relatively recent recruit with barely a decade under the Order, Harris spent his entire life in the middle of a war-zone, with a Kalashnikov shoved into his hands at age seven. His last mortal years were spent fighting literally everyone under the banner of a doomed nation. Something he would have gladly died for, were it not for his timely recruitment.

> While a good 'soldier', Clifford's real talents lie in driving and gunning. There's nothing more comfortable for him than light vehicle maneuvers. He also excels in surviving and hiding in highlands and shrublands of his native South Africa as his bread and butter.

> Clifford has put off really coming to terms with his position by involving himself in constant combat operations. The notion of freedom and absolute mobility just skips right over his head. It's too much to think about. So he doesn't.

> This also has also kept him from getting too familiar with anyone. Friends tend to die and anything closer would get him flogged way back when.

> Despite the hard exterior, Clifford respects intelligence. Particularly multilingualism as he had to learn four languages to operate in his conscript company alone. He also prefers some level of swiftness to things. Torpor and unpreparedness are just asking for a bullet to the back of the head to him.

> Just about the only thing Asesabi has gotten into is Hashish and scented candles. Both of which are available in the rations.

"Me and the lads, we spent three weeks on that bloody mountain. UN bombing us, ZANU shelling us from the north and the RSF trying to climb up our assholes from the south. World was nice and simple, on grounds it all wanted us out of the way. Christ, I miss that kind of simple."

Ashikaga no Yuri | The Clan Mother | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[104] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Front Commander] – [Admin Evaluation];[Intimidate-Possibility]

Currently the only thing keeping a slight brown haired girl and a younger Urumek from tearing each other apart, her brow is low, look smug.

- > One of the youngest 'Hetman' of the True Travellers, Ashikaga is an expert at shepherding cats. Before her time with the Order she was a 'bandit princess' in her home timeline during the Sengoku Jidai. It was only natural to return to that sort of position as a Traveller.
- > While an adept speaker and skilled swordsman, her greatest talent is reaching out to younger people. Ashikaga prides herself on inspiring, motivating, and acting as a guardian to those who often were without one. Proper ones, anyways. Some blood ties she'd gladly cut down if granted their presence.
- > A stereotypical True Traveller in many ways. Ashikaga is stubborn, charitable, familial to her people, and has one hell of a temper. Her entire clan is mobile and prone to squatting. This makes them useful to call down in a pinch, but one friend to the clan might have them settling around at odd times.
- > There is no problem that cannot be solved by throwing a hundred ill-washed and volatile True Travellers at it.
- > When wrangling is not needed, Ashikaga plays Shamisen, drinks heavily, or watches theatre. She also appreciates this 'junk food' available on ration.
- > Has something of a reputation for chasing women, though she isn't actually that good at it as she lets on. For her attempts at shameless flirtation she's never actually gotten anywhere.

“Girls, boys. No need to fight over things, you can share. With me, of course. I'll take the lot of it, if you don't stop bickering!”

Sir Richard Francis Burton | Second Generation Legend

– [Standard Terran Age];[1096] – [Phylogeny];[Long-Grade Traveller] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Burton] – [Admin Evaluation];[Keep Him Plastered]

Dishevelled like he just crawled from the jungle, he finishes his bottle of Bourbon and limps over to the 'non-pressing medical request' desk.

- > Venerable and old fashioned, Sir Burton is a Second Generation legend deserving of his fame. He's seen so much and had so many parts of himself replaced that he's slowly become something unique. Though he still considers himself a human man, at this point he is anything but that.
- > With conversational knowledge of just over three thousand languages (in part because he despises Order translators), Burton is a master of infiltration, stealth, long rifle marksmanship, quick-draw pistoleering, pasta making, field surgery, and could win over the devil himself on the violin or didgeridoo.
- > At the moment, his talents are wasted on random outings and brutal drinking benders. He hates the current status-quo and would do just about anything to get everyone back on the same page. Would have probably skinned that useless layabout “doctor” if a certain Legis wasn't keeping him in the oubliette.
- > Got his liver replaced centuries back and as a result drinks hard enough to kill a fucking bull elephant.
- > Currently will agree to any mission, no matter how harebrained. Accordingly recruitment has had him running dry on really bizarre jobs.
- > His soul, his life is adventure. The unknown, the fullness of realities out there... He has stories like no one else. In part because he remembers them in spite of the alcohol and brain damage. And the memory suppression. Don't get him started about that shit and the failings of 'his' generation.

“Wandering is my life blood. There's a purity to it, in voyage. I think it's the only reason I'm still myself. That... Joy.”

'Abyss' | The Long Dead | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[10??] – [Phylogeny];[??] – [Factional Affiliation];[Void Hunter]
– [Preferred Role];[Instant Transmission Terror] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending...]

Flashing a smile too wide and sharp to ever belong to a human, Abyss sits with Un-Karh, eating what looks like a length of electric wire.

- > Perhaps the most balanced individual to spend half a millennia trapped at the bottom of a mine-shaft, it remains uncertain what exactly Abyss is as neither the original Soviet scientists nor the Archivists have been able to pin down her phylogeny. Abyss herself doesn't care enough to investigate further.
- > Maintains a relatively human form for the most part, but in combat her rather loose relationship with the bipedal frame comes undone. She isn't above consuming her opposition outright and with her mastery of Bracer combat she's an absolute terror.
- > Despite her combat proficiency she doesn't care much for fighting, preferring more passive interactions and exploration. Abyss is unfazed by the more nauseating and confusing Grrandchild-Influenced locations, and is one of the most reliable Scouts in the Void Hunters.
- > Zero sense of cleanliness, smell, or taste. Requires others to tell her if she smells like rot and admits to only clean herself for the benefit of others.
- > Usually distant in the mental sense, Abyss is contemplative with a unique disposition brought on from so much time spent in her own head. Even in the worst sort of situations she can find something to appreciate. Or be borderline unreachable without actively hitting her on the head.
- > Abyss's unusual optimism, lack of personal stakes, and unique phylogeny have allowed her to become an internal diplomat in her Faction, unifying the more zealous and those tied to the Great Old Ones. And her allies more than make up for her lack of venom.

“Worse comes to worse, I could just start gnawing on him. That usually works right?”

Great Battleship 'Helga' Bismarck | Retrofitted Void-Titan | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[106] – [Phylogeny];[Bismarck Class Spacer-Modded Battleship] – [Factional Affiliation];[Void Hunter]
– [Preferred Role];[Orbital Support / Void Warfare] – [Admin Evaluation];[Seize Chassis, Compliance a Non-Issue]

Stepping out back, one sees a vast expanse of sand, a few vehicles on the edges of the town. And the German warship hovering in the distance.

- > 251 by 31 by 29 meters of hardened warship, Helga was granted sapience in the aftermath of a very early World War Three and immediately went rogue, fleeing into the Atlantic and almost being sunk before recruitment. It took a few years to get her sea-worthy, but that wasn't good enough. She is now essentially a mobile base with full instant-transmission capability, in addition to atmospheric-flight and void-flight capacities.
- > The pet project of numerous Engineers and Militarists, Helga has an entire nervous system on her interior and is remarkably observant. Though even now the specifics of some social interactions are lost on her, but she considers these to be 'growing quirks.'
- > While there aren't many problems that can be solved by a barrage 46cm and 80cm calibre shells, it is something Helga considers to be a last resort. Helga for the most part prefers to orbit back on passive observation and strike surgically. Unless someone *really* needs a shelling.

> Slow and ungainly, Helga's unique jumping systems take several minutes to recharge, and her flight systems are 'finicky' in low orbit. She's overly cautious about moving into everything except combat and emergency situations.

> Like many AI Travellers, Helga craves motion and interaction and is quick to agree to any mission where her unique form allows a crew presence. While she can go without staffing, she makes it abundantly she can't stand extended isolation, lack of sensory input, or immobility.

> As it turns getting a date as a Kriegsmarine Battleship is not easy. As of late her flirtation has gotten more blatant and she's gone and overly retooled 'the room' in hopes of eventually finding someone interested in 125100 tonnes of Prime Void-Hunter.

"Patience Liebling. We get there when we get there."

"C/S" | Skeletal Enigma

– [Standard Terran Age];[??] – [Phylogeny];[??] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Eye of the Third**]

– [Preferred Role];[**Interloper / Nuclear Option**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Eventual Problem**]

Small. Both menacing and oddly comforting at times. You don't know how a skeleton manages to smile.

> One of the stranger local menaces, 'C/S' 'C.S.' 'Sea'es' or however you'd write him down as is one of the individuals with an extremely warped relation with time. While he is still subject to Traveller shared time-frame, he can more or less cheat himself to seem almost spectral. Appearing and vanishing without his bracer, he largely uses this to torment the local administration with comedic music and terrible puns. If he needs to, these same abilities can be used like some kind of unbound No-Game nightmare.

> In spite of that he's physically weak to the point of absurdity and has a peculiar body-structure only experimental can adequately restore. To date, he's only ever needed one visit with his typically over-kill type combat responses. A few of which have been recorded and are used in teaching both No-Game and Deconstruction combat styles.

> C/S ever 'travels' with anyone, but if he likes a person he'll always end up crossing paths with them, no matter where they find themselves. In spite of the fact that, when observed, he never seems to move. He also seems to enjoy people struggling to figure him out.

> Out of all the Blades, few are as directly trusted by the Augur. C/S is one of the few able to wrap his skull around inter-reality nonsense.

> Seemingly rudderless, C/S doesn't need to eat or sleep, and more or less drifts across the homeland at random.

> Despite being 'too tired to care about everything,' misdeeds have a mysterious habit of going awry around him, while C/S already has the rimshot drums set up and ready to go. Then he vanishes, as fast as he came. Endearing to his friends. Hair-pullingly frustrating to his foes.

"You eventually get to an age where you just feel tired. And you can give up. Or you can wait. Enjoy our little corner of oblivion. I've already made choice, and I can't make yours. Just, don't burn yourself out kiddo."

Grigori Rasputin | Second Generation Mystic | [𐄂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[1141] – [Phylogeny];[**Allegedly Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**True Traveller**]

– [Preferred Role];[**Occultist**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Potentially Movable, Further Investigations Required on EITTKLO**]

More scar tissue than skin, hair and beard long since turned to snow. As soon as IT was freed up, the Elder and him have been whispering.

> Regarded as borderline unkillable vermin by his fellows in the Second-Generation, Rasputin survived the Denial in spite of the battleship he was posted on (and himself) being split in half. That was not even the first time he'd been cut in two, and over the centuries he's lost more and more of himself. Physically anyways. Mentally he remains a shrewd expert of the Occult and a thoroughly tempered Theologian.

> Equal parts a miracle worker and a hellion, with a personal library of curses, blessings and spiritual rites. At this point he's forgotten most of it 'on hand,' thus necessitating constant returns to the aforementioned library for study.

> The only thing he looks after anymore is his immaculately groomed beard. Grigori has long since given up on bathing, and the stench of alcohol that follows him has been observed to kill insects. He's oddly willing to share his beard cream.

> Somehow despite being an utter hedonist maintains numerous spiritual connections, having become something of a regulatory jockey for Traveller religious sects. Not that you could tell that if you've had the misfortune of seeing him on a bender.

> Knows evidently more than he lets on, either cannot or will not let information on the past slip. Some have gone as far as to suggest he cursed himself.

> Despite his repeated objections has somehow been dragged into the fray of realpolitik. This might be what ends him if his vital organs finally give out.

"'Mister Grigori,' he says, 'I'm so grateful!' He had better be, or else next time, we wait and let the monster shit him out!"

Vernon Driver | Friend of Monsters

– [Standard Terran Age];[134] – [Phylogeny];[**Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Archivist**]

– [Preferred Role];[**Intermediary / Negotiations**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**To be Secured, Valuable Bargaining Chip**]

Small, visibly aged and darkened by his exhaustion and shadows. He is currently running a Yeti through the recruiting forms.

> Having spent the prime of his pre-Traveller life being used as a guinea-pig and a company organ farm, Vernon became desensitized to pain and empathetic to the 'sub-humans' and 'animals' he was interred with. Since his recruitment Vernon has filled the much needed role of assistant and level head, becoming proficient at working with 'monsters', mutants, new xenos races, and grandchild aberrations.

> Vernon despises misanthropy, and as of late, sleep. With the increased tensions in the Order he's been working for days and sometimes weeks at a time, and has gone as far as to install a customized micro-sleep implant to keep him going *hypothetically* indefinitely.

> Probably won't last indefinitely, an old pacifistic and relatively unmodded human like him is going to crash at some point in the near future. Hard.

> The only real reprieve from his immediate work are his pets. He basically collects oddities and eldritch strays, what little self-care Vernon does comes with caring for creatures back at his zoo of a house. Entering his home if you're bad with animals or have allergies is inadvisable.

> Being such a work-horse gives him little time for side-shows, but assisting him is a good way to get the respect of the Archivist brass. The faction doesn't have many ambassadors like him, and he's become a lynchpin for the more isolationist Archivists.

> Outside of the nutrition cubes, he cooks for a lot of people in his faction and friends. Vernon does a mean Gumbo, even if he's forgotten how to measure for below forty portions.

"I let our brothers come to blows as soon as my brains are on the wall. Fast is easy, easy is weak."

Natasha Volkov | Siberian Tiger Mother | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[40] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Home Guard]
– [Preferred Role];[High-Mobility Sniper] – [Admin Evaluation];[SIC183; Isolate Youths]

Telnyashka and camouflaged cargos, despite the many shades of drying blood in her clothes and pale hair, she looks confident and welcoming.

- > A veteran Spetsnaz SSO operator and sniper, Natasha had the misfortune of being trapped in mountains of Yugyd Va National Park for the entire three weeks of the Aldmeri Gate Affair. In the onslaught of retreating Volkssturm and encroaching Coleopterac horrors, Natasha lost her husband and most of her team. She was recruited in the aftermath, lost for a period outside of her young daughter and her new position in the Order.
- > Natasha joined the Home Guard and the RRS after recruitment and has been with them since, proving herself not only a flexible soldier but adept at Instant Transmission combat. When on the job there isn't much that will pause her, even if she needs to fall back into 'GRU Creativity' to get the job done.
- > Outside of the occasional escapade, friends, and her sporadic work with HGRRS, Natasha has largely devoted herself to being a single mother. Katyusha Volkov just entered fifth grade and her mother couldn't be more proud. At this point Natasha has given up on hiding the reality of their situation from her child, who likely would figure out the truth regardless. Recently adopted another child now named 'Masha Volkov', the same age as Katyusha...
- > A well-regarded host, it's rare for Natasha not to have dinner company. She's an excellent, albeit traditional cook.
- > Despite her best efforts not to, Volkov frequently dotes on junior Travellers. Especially younger recruits in the Guard.
- > In the aforementioned Doting, Natasha frequently plays matchmaker. Natasha considers living alone an absolute tragedy and thinks that everyone deserves a chance at life shared with others, even if that is just friendship. Despite this has been somewhat lonesome herself in terms of romance, even as her daughters grow more and more self-capable and independent.

"At this point my girl is a better therapist than most egg-heads. Even if that means she's too well connected... It is not that I could stop that now. The thought of taking her from the hub, her friends and aunts and uncles... Makes me sick."

"Magdalene" | Doom's Salvation | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[23] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Eyes of the Third]
– [Preferred Role];[Time Breaker] – [Admin Evaluation];[Investigate Lobotomizing]

A small human woman with ink black hair and gothic make-up. Her attire is oddly casual, step uneven. She's looking right through you.

- > An oddity even within the order, Magdalene was either blessed or cursed with the power to outright stop and reverse her own personal timeline outside of Ae. Every Traveller in the same time-reality with her will likewise be dragged back, to varying degrees disconcerting, fatal, or lifesaving.
- > This effect if everyone is in the loop can be the crux for entire military strategies, but Magdalene will refuse to do it unless all Travellers present are in the loop on rewinds. She despises the thought of getting another Traveller killed on accident.
- > When she had her abilities thrust upon her they came tied with a local disaster and a "friend." Magdalene spent about five years repeating the same week until her recruiter helped her finally 'win.' By setting off a minor gas explosion to prompt a federal evacuation of the state, followed by a much larger bomb to mangle the progenitor entity. She left afterwards, and has lived with the name Magdalene (or just Maggy) since.
- > Something of an expert in 'self-maintenance', between a hard neurodevelopmental state and her pre-recruitment isolation, Magdalene should have been nuttier than a sack of cashews. Currently she's tempered, albeit a little quiet. If someone is going through something, she can offer help, if it's requested.
- > Magdalene is a compulsive photographer and record keeper, very little slips by her. Though at this point it's out of habit, not for enjoyment.
- > She doesn't have many friends, but for those few she does have she has a special type of ruthlessness. For her, the kindest thing to do is rip off the metaphorical band-aid. If she actually likes you, it'll be the least thing she'll do for you. Though, at the moment her focus is aimed at saving a certain sub-auger. And by extension, the Augur himself. By whatever means, no matter how gruesome.

"Do you know how- Like, when you're with someone who keeps doing the 'you can't save me' shit and- You just want to stuff them in a bag and drive them off into a forest where no one is around so you can scream at them for being so dense? It's like that. Except I'm really worried she's... No. No I'm not even going to consider that."

Howard P.L. | The Transient Order Scribe | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[119] – [Phylogeny];[Humanish] – [Factional Affiliation];[Void Hunter]
– [Preferred Role];[Record Keeper] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pliant, Seek Specific Breaking Methodology]

His brow is sweaty and he looks pale constantly. Brown eyes darting all over the room and fearful of even the most human looking Travellers.

- > A minor novelist and pulp-fiction writer in his home timeline, Howard is notable for accidentally laying out many simple truths to other realities in his writings, drawing from his Cosmicist view of the world and a crippling fear of... Well, just about everything really.
- > Maintains an uncanny ability to at least partially predict events through writing, and has served the Hunters through this ability. It remains unknown if he himself is the source of this phenomena, or if he's merely attuned to Grandchildish things and elements.
- > Despite almost eighty years in the Order, Howard is still crippled by his fears, his doubts, and his xenophobia. Even as his own position 'warped' him. It's a struggle to get him out of his room at times depending on the present company, though this weakness waxes and wanes. At times he's able to completely cast off his fears and scarcely resembles a human.
- > Secondling elements are drawn to him like a moth to flame. To the point the Void-Hunters have been seen using him as bait for mindless entities.
- > Howard is something of a cat person, the only that makes Howard unambiguously happy are trips to Istanbul / Constantinople / Tsargrad. Whenever he gets into a really bad state, he'll retreat to a musty alleyway and the cat pile.

> Time and his position in the Order have softened his views considerably, though occasionally he'll still manage to cram his entire leg into his mouth metaphorically. Fortunately this is usually so comical in dating that his fellows in the Order, particularly his fellow Void-Hunters are usually moved to laughter, rather than offence.

"There is a worse fate to madness. Breaking, rather than just... It is accepting it. Eyes growing ever wider. That... Is our dominion."

Baelama Trotae, 786, True Traveller | Old Blooded Celtiga

– [Standard Terran Age];[786] – [Phylogeny];[Roughly Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Wetwork / Translation] – [Admin Evaluation];[Authority Issues, Investigate Incident Fabrication]

Utterly naked aside blue woad and silver Torc, he finger guns at one seated bureaucrat who quietly buries her red face in her hands.

> An old Traveller recruited from the Scotti at their height, Baelama has managed to ride out the centuries almost completely unchanged. Almost. The great ruddy celtic warrior is wiser than he once was, and he's much smarter than he lets on.

> Baelama is a senior linguist whose been one of the few able to decipher pheromone and bio-luminescent languages. Despite having long assisted in the Order's Translators he is actively contemptuous of them and refuses to use one. If you can't learn words on the fly, you're doomed to fail without tech.

> Very much puts up to his philosophy of self-reliance, still uses only a sword and hand-crafted explosives in scraps, and beyond the Torc he'll only ever wear pants if the weather is on the chilly side. An old master of Instant-Transmission fighting with his early years spent in the midst of Time-War battles.

> Will join any expedition on a lark, and still laments that he wasn't invited on 'Sam's Wild Ride', one of the few knowledgeable on that 'ongoing fiasco.'

> Baelama's accent twists and wavers, when genuinely flustered speaks a perverse blend of Gaulish and Pict that remains untranslatable.

> With the political issues he cared about centuries decided, has fallen into a comfortable life of translation, invited battle, magic mushrooms and grilling.

"Nan ae tia Ostramachded! Give'm a' slap bout' the cheeks! A' seen' 'is stupid chaps, he'll fold ou'right!"

'Fig' | Polypoid Grandmother | [Ƶ]

– [Standard Terran Age];[31191] – [Phylogeny];[Elder] – [Factional Affiliation];[Void Hunter]
– [Preferred Role];[Group Support] – [Admin Evaluation];[Deflectable & Static]

A fledgling boy tosses nuggets to the ancient who snaps them up with a black tendril. Otherwise, the Pentagonal Elder is inert as a potted plant.

> Despite not actually being that physically old for an Elder, Fig had the unique privilege of being entrusted with ancestral memories, and is in mental terms has several million years of memory to her name. Most of this is sleeping, but Fig does have an undeniable wisdom brought on by such age.

> While physically immobile for the most part, she isn't required to move much as Fig is primarily an advisor. She can tell you the weakness of just about any Child and Grandchild entity in the Sol system, even if she takes her sweet time doing it. Still, this is better than her rushing and giving someone a stroke. Few are as aware of the true power that Old Knowledge carries than Fig.

> Ancestral knowledge has blinded and deafened her, though she can compensate through her considerable psionic powers prefers to be largely inert.

> If forced to be 'not inert' Fig can crush Traveller Power Armour like a glass bottle. Could be genuinely terrifying if it was ever worth the effort.

> Adapted surprisingly well to the Order's time-speed for an Elder, and is something of a gossip. Enjoys mortal minutia and petty concerns.

> Fig has some... Odd tastes. Since her sporing phase ended she's been more than willing to experiment with bipeds.

"Mellai ni pyy ni eae yeii yeii yeii!"

John Noble | Flesh Fable

– [Standard Terran Age];[341] – [Phylogeny];[Human Enough] – [Factional Affiliation];[Void Hunter]
– [Preferred Role];[Daemon Hard-Counter] – [Admin Evaluation];[Just Needs to be Hooked]

Seated beside a green suited marine and a demonic woman, the tattooed Noble slumbers, despite the fact most of his skin is charred.

> Tired and time-tested menace of all things demonic, John Noble's origins aren't known. If asked, he was 'born' the moment the bracer was strapped to his arm and he was pointed (metaphorically speaking) into the first reality filled with evil. Since then he's been a one man extermination force.

> John lives and breathes exclusively for violence, relishing nothing more than being entrapped deep within an environment where there are no civilians or friendlies. He doesn't even like having allies with him as his preferred mentality is to freely shoot *anything* that moves. Has allegedly gone through more bullets in one month than the entirety of the home-guard in one year. Recently lost track of his kill-count after it passed the sixth digit.

> Outside of missions he's either melancholic or sleeping. The combat drugs cool-down and the combat fixation make him into a hibernating bear.

> Still deeply paternal of a certain Nadalias, John has been noted to have a father wolf complex. His connection to Fleana is just about his only non-combat social tie. Possibly because a twenty one foot tall monster isn't going to go and die on him.

> The centre of an ongoing pool. Since Reotri forced him to integrate live-feed cameras into his armour his faction has started gambling on the kill-counts of specific outings. Having hundreds of Void-Hunters betting on this has made the pot somewhat valuable for an individual Traveller.

> About three years ago was involved in a major incident that left four dead, and though he was eventually cleared of any wrongdoing he's still a centre of considerable attention. Liaisons against his will with representatives from Admin, the Judiciary, and the Fighters. Though he claims he isn't interested in infighting, his hatred for 99% of the Second generation and his tendency to mutter manically in Latin hasn't exactly won anyone over.

"Post tenebras spero lucem."

Durga Shah | Steeled Legis

– [Standard Terran Age];[303] – [Phylogeny];[**'Enhanced' Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Judiciar**]
– [Preferred Role];[**High Legis**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Standard Judicial Treatment**]

She hasn't moved an inch since you arrived. Immaculate and ironclad, she doesn't even blink as she stands. Waiting for something.

> If asked, Shah's life began on her recruitment into the Order. Her earliest decades were spent training under Urumek hunters, Fighter bounty-hunter cliques, and multiple members of the Judiciary. Her excessive diligence and single-minded focus saw Durga become a full member of the Judiciary only half a century after her induction as a Traveller.

> Despite being a hair above five feet tall and lean, steel bones and a complete mastery of instant transmission combat make her a resilient enemy. Not that many people would know that as Shah's intimidating presence tends to stay most violence. She's one of the more 'warning' members of the Judiciary.

> Shah's planning skills are ranked as abhuman, and other Judiciaries often wonder if she isn't an innate psion. In any planning or investigative capacity you'd be hard pressed to find someone more able to manage human resources and pursue 'non-linear' Order objectives.

> Like many other full members of the Judiciary, Shah has undergone significant ego death. Past history, glories and rewards are absent from her focus outside of 'clarifying information' and she has a stark personal life. But she still has enough self to enjoy personal unarmed sparring, drone fights and fishkeeping. She spends more time looking after her pond than she does her own well-being, and Shah *does* look after herself.

> Durga Shah rarely leaves Ae these days, being one of the most active figures in ensuring a catastrophic split doesn't occur in the Order.

> Never one to concern themselves with the Administration, Shah's only loyalty falls to the Spirit of the Law. Before everything else.

"It's almost enviable. How a person can speak to themselves over and over again and say they have the right of this. Right before they turn about and try to murder one of their own sisters. Envidable. If that nature not was not so degenerate."

Hildegard of Bingen | Sibyl of the Rhine | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[180] – [Phylogeny];[**Pending...**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Archivist**]
– [Preferred Role];[**Renaissance Woman**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Potentially Useful, Investigate Exploitation**]

An odd agelessness surrounds the woman in nun's habit, and though it might seem a trick of the light, a soft glow follows her.

> A literal saint who was briefly martyred for a few minutes before being resuscitated and recruited. Hildegard's true nature is not fully understood, and her pious Catholic stance doesn't exactly bother with explanations. Within the Order such a miraculous nature goes largely unnoticed.

> Hildegard is remarkably talented in mathematics, botany, natural sciences, archaeology, medicine, surgery, architecture, painting, and linguistics. It is in the last category where she truly shines though, the Saint frequently makes up languages in her spare time for the kick of it.

> Between her philanthropy and her requisitions work for her Faction, she doesn't have much going on in her personal life. Nor does she particularly want to do more. It is enough to be kind and good, while working towards her position's ultimate purpose in her own small way.

> Despite her devotion she is aware she's no longer part of the nunnery, most evidently when someone breaks out the beer and wine. Ends up tipsy surprisingly often, though this wasn't all that uncommon in her era among the clergy.

> Even the Anti-theists and Iconoclasts have little ill to speak of Hildegard, and while her inner circle is small she makes friends easily. To the point her network of connections is much larger and more active within itself than Hildegard thinks it is.

> Not everything is shine and fortune. In her life before the order Hildegard was cursed with epilepsy, and over her decades as a Traveller her seizures have only gotten worse. This comes coupled with the 'gift' of prophecy, which while esoteric has born some fruit in the current clime. She's at the point now where she has safety measures for the physical parts of seizures, but she admits that the verbal aspects make her deeply uncomfortable.

"As it turns out, if you make your own language script and keep your locks using it, no one can steal your compôte."

Saloth Sâr | Old Man Behind the Curtain | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[440] – [Phylogeny];[**Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Archivist**]
– [Preferred Role];[**Catalogue & Organizer**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Unimportant**]

His khaftān does not hide the dirty tunic and pyjama pants, and despite appearing like he crawled out of bed, he still seems exhausted.

> The frumpy uncle / nephew Order Scribe of Ring Section II-XVIII, Saloth loved the Ring the moment he entered it, and has come to love his Archivists over the centuries. In his life prior, before he'd never really had much purpose or drive, but down in the Ring? There is always work to be done.

> His position as a cataloguer and organizer may be without an end with just how much manual work needs to be done, and that suits him just fine.

> Saloth was never a fighter, preferring to always be in the back making sure documentation happened. Even when it wasn't even his. Members of the Administration and his own faction still come to him for help. Even the occasional AI who find themselves stumped by 'intuitive organic systems.'

> Since the discovery (or rather, rediscovery) of many underground tunnel networks, Saloth has been an active help to the mapping crews. That has gotten more and more of his attention. As he puts it, the deep trams have a nasty tendency of 'twixting.' Not in the fun way like the Beating or the Tesseract where you know the damn place is alive.

> Sâr was never very concerned with his Khmer background, and has always preferred the Order's food diversity. Mostly in the Drinks. Saloth adores beer and his entire sub-suction makes use of his fridge. The only reason he leaves Ae or the Ring is ultimately just to keep that beer-fridge stocked.

> He's always been more the outsider in any group, making few judgments and preferring to watch the chaos. He could get along with just about anyone really, although he's always had a special affection for the wilder members of the order. Lack of restraint is nice, even if it isn't for him personally.

"Requisitions for Artepakti left, requisition for Historical-Records on the right. Questions go in the dust-bin."

Gabriel 'White-Paw' Hutch | Ost-Dixie Raider | [♀]

- [Standard Terran Age];[481] - [Phylogeny];[Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]
- [Preferred Role];[Guerrilla / Sharpshooter] - [Admin Evaluation];[Adores Casus Belli Rebellion]

Grey haired, hard faced and tanned, Hutch sits beside a Navajo Fighter and is forcing himself to keep his gaze on her rifle and nothing else.

- > Born in a particularly bleak reality, Gabriel Hutch was born to indentured parents in rural Georgië and he grew up in the late Antebellum. All too familiar with the abuses of the Washington Dynasty, he was but one of the tens of thousands who rose up to fight for the Confederacy. After two and a half decades, he was also one of the last to keep fighting before being recruited.
- > Those early years saw him serving at the heart of the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Time Wars, and despite his earliness he became a respected member of the Order's harriers. He retains many contacts in the fighters from his centuries with them, although just last year he left, citing 'issues' with leadership.
- > Hutch knows himself well enough at this point, doing the 'learned senior-thing' of keeping a wide berth between himself and noble Travellers. Even now, all these years later Gabriel despises monarchs and all colours of hereditary rule. He also has little love for civilization, Yanks, and 'high' luxury.
- > After so many years of living in the bush, he's more or less completely reverted back to his guerrilla living, only ever showing himself to pick up his chewing tobacco rations and to catch up with friends. While he prefers isolation, he is always up for outings where his skill set is needed.
- > By his own admission, Hutch has a weakness for whisky, gambling, and women. Ironically despite his almost five centuries of life he's never actually been with a woman. His ability to hold a conversation with the opposite sex depends on level of shared interest, and if there was nothing for him to do he might wheeze himself to death.
- > Tends to pay and gift the bounties of the wild, those few friends of Hutch have enough fur blankets and buckskin clothes to last a life-time.

"Don't matter how a man thinks hes got the right to call himself king. Don't matter if it was his blood making him king, or his cotton, or his big ol' brain. Don't matter if he insists he ain't a king, cause he don't have a crown. 'Round here we ought'a put them down. On principle."

Sho Viot | Mercantile Arachnid | [⚔]

- [Standard Terran Age];[725] - [Phylogeny];[High-Mod Dire Spider] - [Factional Affiliation];[Commercialist]
- [Preferred Role];[Internal Requisitions] - [Admin Evaluation];[Investigate a Buy-Out for the Com.]

Towering and chattering slightly, despite waiting in line the arachnid has withdrawn a suitcase and is trying to sell cheap GPS pads.

- > Sho Viot is a failed biological weapon who decided that he didn't really care about the killing business. After an early escape and his recruitment into the Order, He immediately fell in with the Commercialists and has drifted through every single sub-group in the faction, mostly for the experience.
- > Loyal to a fault with a keen sense of business, Sho used to be a much more avaricious figure. Time has tempered his concerns and he's largely contented himself with contract work, his own silk and food stall. There's always a market for clothing and lunch. Even if that lunch is deep fried spider.
- > Despite being a spider himself, he's never had much of an overt attachment to 'Spider' as an identity, and his pheromones let him safely operate the biggest spider farm on Ae. With the help of a few well-compensated new recruits, of course.
- > Eating spiders, attack spiders, silk spiders, pet spiders, guard spiders. You want a spider? It's yours my friend, as long as you have enough Credits.
- > As it turns out, a giant spider throwing smaller spiders is absolutely terrifying.
- > Being a senior in his Faction, Sho has had the misfortune of being all too aware of his faction's infighting. It was inevitable with how the 'Reactive Reds' and the 'Actual idiots' were sharpening their knives. Like many of the independents and smaller cliques, he isn't looking forward to the election of a new Faction head. But it needs to be done.

"Honestly? I think I'm content. The gold watch on every leg was... Tiring after a while? Still have carapace indents from them."

Jahuiwus 'Jah' Ra | Eternal God-King | [♀] [⚔]

- [Standard Terran Age];[453] - [Phylogeny];['Perfected' Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[Archivist]
- [Preferred Role];[Field Centre] - [Admin Evaluation];[Incomprehensible Rabble]

He's a work of ebony, ruby and opulent gold, looking every bit a Pharaoh Lord. Even as he eats a hot-dog with youthful cheer.

- > One of the greatest of the Ur Nuban Pharaohs of the fourth dynasty, Jahuiwus when confronted by recruitment gave up his titles, lands, and rights to serve a much greater cause. For just over three centuries Ra has been an astute historian and a truth & treasure seeker for his faction.
- > As a former monarch, Jah is an excellent human resources coordinator, and when he really needs to he's one of the few that can make unruly Travellers listen to him. Usually though he's more passive, preferring to let his fellows do their own thing with only the occasional push in the right direction.
- > In his first century, Jahuiwus became an incredibly powerful psyker, but has since used his powers rarely. He believes combat is beneath the Order.
- > Despite giving up his titles, Jah still believes he is himself to be the Ra of the South, a god in the flesh. While he is fluid in most things, where his pride does take precedent he is completely immovable. In such cases, one can only let the Incarnation of the Sun-in-Flesh do his own thing. In such highs he often vanishes, being infuriating to find and only ever being reliably contacted by the Order's mail services.
- > In addition to being an accomplished scholar, Jah is also a collector of baseball and pokemon cards, and a constantly learning polyglot.
- > When he was Pharaoh, Jah had several sister-wives and a few dozen concubines, and he will still sleep with just about any woman (or entity with features reminiscent of a human female) at the drop of a hat. He's long since lost track of how many lovers he's had, though he has yet to find another sister-wife from the ranks of the Order.

"Take their slanders, and fashion crowns of them! Ours is a song of last laughs brother!"

'Gran' Irini | Subterranean Nomarch | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[1882] – [Phylogeny];[Human Cyborg] – [Factional Affiliation];[Archivist]
– [Preferred Role];[Oversight] – [Admin Evaluation];[Irrelevant Isolationist]

Ancient Robes and artificial flesh that looks comfortably synthetic. Her face is hidden by the hood, aside the smirk.

- > Irini's history before her recruitment is a mystery, as she was already a millennium old with very little flesh left, clinging on the fringes of a desiccated timeline. 'Boring' as she puts it, nothing for her new kin to worry over. Old knowledge is worthless without a people to remember it.
- > The old Cyborg has been along with the Archivists for as long as they've been the faction the Order at large knows, and her technical (and alleged spiritual) connections provides as full an understanding of the Ring and the apparent underground as any one Traveller can have.
- > An elder shadow in every sense, Irini enjoys pushing her juniors about when they need it. She's too old now to go wandering for anything beyond special outings that require a truly archaic touch. But her appetite for stories, especially from those aforementioned juniors remains insatiable.
- > Gran Irini is a major pillar of the Cyborg and Uploaded support structure, and is always willing to assist those interested in such 'ascents.'
- > The Archivist Nomarch is fondly regarded in her Faction and unknown beyond. As either a general guide, an ear, or a rather engaging table-top GM. For most anyways. Irini does have odder tendencies for the emotionally mature or manic, and keeps it to herself accordingly.
- > Like many of the senior Archivists, Irini finds it difficult to care about ongoing issues in the Order. She's seen it before. They all have, whoever it is that wins won't truly 'win.' They never do, and that always defined every single losing side of a time war. Even when they won, they'd lose the next one two decades down the line. So she chooses not to care, beyond the Mandate of the Travellers, the Ring and the 'Children' of her Faction.

"You get used to the dimness and the tight spaces after the first decade."

'Pat' | Sighted Liaison | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[33] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Administrator]
– [Preferred Role];[Standard Liaison] – [Admin Evaluation];[Compliant]

He pops up behind your Liaison, asking for a pen. The towering Urumeck hands him one and pats him on the shoulder before he vanishes.

- > From as mundane origins as they come, Pat was recruited from a 'modern-era' by Fulcanelli of all people. Despite that, he has fallen into a simple Administrative position in Tamit, and personally has no desire to move from that position any time soon.
- > Pat is special as he is a unique 'thirdling', either gifted or cursed with what could be described as refractive sight. The views of those dreaming and printing and writing and drawing those before him so many times removed they seem scarcely like the same people. While it has some minor utility, Pat admits that it doesn't do him much good. It's better to focus on the present, and the people in that present.
- > There are a few others with similar abilities that have a small group going. The 'Sixth Column' was formed after the prior one went up in smoke. It isn't much, but for those with particularly extreme 'paths' of Adokori it is often enough to not be alone. In the present flesh, at least.
- > Prides himself upon basics, like basic computer operation and basic hygiene. Things that people don't need but usually notice and respect.
- > It still baffles him at times he's a Traveller. It's difficult to stack up to the Gene-Aug Super Soldier or the well endowed Fox Demon. Of course seeing those people shrivel up when presented with unexpected forms does wonders for a guys confidence.
- > When he was recruited he had his memory wiped, allegedly by his own volition. Pat doesn't even want to know what that was all about.

"Someone still needs to sign these forms. Nope. Not even going to entertain people going for it."

Aṅuli Ihejirika | Ouémé Amazon | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[36] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
– [Preferred Role];[Central, Roving Terror] – [Admin Evaluation];[Standard Dog of the Problem]

She waits quietly for the Liaison to finish clearing several severed heads, eyes closed and pipe giving off pink smoke.

- > Aṅuli was born during the first Franco-Ouémé war and had a rifle pushed into her hands at thirteen. A veteran of the second Franco-Ouémé war, the Anglo-Ouémé war and the German Expedition when she was recruited at twenty, Aṅuli has known little but war in her brief life span.
- > Violence is everything to her now, everything is in some part tied to warfare and combat. As a medium this has actually let her appreciate 'finer' things, even if they are just passing distractions before the next struggle. Except for the Psion enhancements she got. Those are just plain nice.
- > For Aṅuli, 'fun' is a wager of literal headhunting, or a fistfight with someone larger than she is. Or at the very least competition of some kind. Aṅuli adores challenge as an extension of conflict, even if it is cheap brain conflict like 'Chass' or however you say it.
- > She's still in the transition period of coming to terms with the Order's abundance. Technology outside of military application baffles her, as most 'softening elements' of technology does. In broad strokes anyways, she doesn't mind the access to Heavy Metal Music.
- > Aṅuli will join just about any battle if asked. Doesn't matter if it's against other Fighters or Offworlders. So long as it isn't easy, she'll be on call for it.
- > The Amazon has gotten to the age where her mother had her, and begrudgingly holds it is 'proper' to 'follow that pattern.' Despite her ferocity as a warrior, Aṅuli is uncertain as how to go forward. Is it rude to ask? Or is it enough they're able to stand up to her when she goes all out?

"Get back up and hit me. This time I want to actually feel something."

'Master Watchmaker' | Infuriated Fenian

– [Standard Terran Age];[293] – [Phylogeny];[In-Transition] – [Factional Affiliation];[Collector]
– [Preferred Role];[Watch Engineer] – [Admin Evaluation];[Euthanize]

The old soviet gas-mask clashes with the steel armour. Oddly, his erratic twitching and hissing doesn't bother his shabby entourage.

- > Little is known of the Watchmaker's origins, as the eccentric only cares for his position in the Collectors. For the past two and a half centuries he's served the Collectors and the Order with a feverish mania and a propensity for watchmaking and explosives engineering.
- > He's never used a Translator, always worn an odd Gas-mask and his presence unnerves most non-Collectors. It was an open secret he spent the first century as a Traveller under surveillance for his rather twitchy disposition. Despite that he's well regarded in his faction, even by the neophytes.

> Apparently you just get used to the muttering.

> The bottomless supply of watches and time-bombs does also help.

> Both of which he still supplies to his fellows freely, even before he did that when he was at his worst in terms of isolationism.

> The Watchmaker spent almost two centuries in Glendale working on a 'Magnum-Opus.' Despite the potential dangers of this weapon, and his following of Fulcanelli's more fatalistic ramblings, Irjminul herself allowed him to work. What Was Will Be. Something he always held to himself in everything he did. Until two weeks ago when someone lifted the Watchmaker's Magnum-Opus and three rooms out of the Clocktower, which are now visibly absent from the outside. To say he's less than pleased would be an understatement.

"Two years. Two long years of perfect careful perfect meticulous perfect craftsmanship and someone took it. Oh, when I find out who..."

Shoth-uragamo'to | Elder Second-Gen Huntsman

– [Standard Terran Age];[3252] – [Phylogeny];[Urumek Aurark] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]

– [Preferred Role];[Prime Huntsman] – [Admin Evaluation];[Seek Any Solution to Bypass/and/or/Contain]

Built like a mountain, he arrives on the jump pad, face hidden by his hunter's mask. He immediately makes a beeline for a certain Judicar...

> One of the Oldest and most experienced of the biological Travellers, who saw the Order's transformation from the desperate Sarkic Rebellion into a vast military coalition, through our lowest moments in the First Time War, all the way to the modern Order. The number of people with his experience could be counted on a base-line human hand. And, arguably, that number is shrinking.

> Shoth and the Second Generation Urumek like him imparted many things on the Order, including the base design of Yuta Bracers and the according claw to claw combat style. His personal mode of combat is so successful that over all these centuries it has barely changed beyond minor stances.

> Once, when the Travellers were younger, Shoth-uragamo'to mounted his walls with skull trophies taken from Demigods and Tseyt'malkh lords. Once. As time wore on, Shoth lost all love of the Great Hunt and Trophy Warfare, and he instead found more purpose in training and wandering. Some wonder if he even has a 'personality' considering how brutal his self-regime is and how silent he is otherwise.

> This natural cooling has most likely been accelerated by the situation on Ae, and until recently the stony Urumek was a glowering statue.

> Such stagnancy ended a few weeks ago, and Shoth has been recently 'recruiting' any promising new bloods and throwing them through the ringer, while sporadically jumping across time and space and all over Ae. For reasons he refuses to explain to any. Even still, you'll find no equals in Yuta combat and the high casualty/drop-out rate of the training is almost nothing compared to the potential skill gain.

> Most forget there is a person behind that brindled mask, one that enjoys Dandelion tea and Kabuki. In fact, Shoth himself may have forgotten...

"Look at the mewling kits squabble. I doubt they were ever part of a real war, much less a time war. Ignore them. Feeding such gluttony does you nothing. And if they come to blows? We remind them who won the last time, Admin, Instigator or otherwise."

Yarihei Neinta | Ancient Fox | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[990] – [Phylogeny];[Spiritual Entity] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]

– [Preferred Role];[Tracherous Deity] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potentially Bendable, Investigate Kat Kompromat]

Nine tailed, resplendent and laconic, Neinta is more focused on the nightmare entity in her lap. It 'purrs' disconcertingly.

> Unlike most of the pragmatic, reactive and stationary 'small gods,' the resplendent Neinta has always been an active element. For four centuries she's been deeply involved in 'mortal' affairs, ranging from the usual drunken misbegotten incidents the True Travellers engage in, to deeply scientific and ethereal ventures. At least, until recently, when she began restricting herself to Ae.

> Very little is actually known of her origins, her current name being a product of mockery in her years as a recruit she's lived long enough to see become fitting. Though she does admit to having significant roots in Korea, and once had a man eating streak. One that ended well before she was even recruited, though one occasionally can see it, if you pay attention.

> A veritable treasure trove of mixed ethereal knowledge shrouded in a bundle of short-lived attention and hedonism, Neinta cares very little for extreme long term plans found in older Travellers. Crossed with a natural mischievousness that nears sadism, it is obvious why she has remained bound to the more vagrant members of the Order.

> Her style of combat is a long extension of innate treachery, and Neinta prefers to win a fight an hour before it starts. Physical traps, illusions, hexes, curses and sabotage are her preferred methods, though she will resort to more direct methods, if need be. Do not be deceived by her soft appearance as she can snap a grown man's neck like a twig.

> Neinta has always had a removed view of 'friendship' and 'romance' as temporal things. Travellers come and go, for a few days, or weeks, even months or years at a time. But they always leave, and there are no hard feelings about this. It just is, and she doesn't hold it against anyone. Not anymore anyway.

> Recently Neinta 'adopted' a recruit that could best be describe as a 'needlessly difficult to kill micro-grandchild.' They've grown to be inseparable and Neinta's 'cat' has adopted the visage of a small human girl that occasionally undulates to show 'her' teeth. This has become more endearing than unnerving (to veterans and journeymen at least), and while this cat has kept her closer to home, having a sapient attack shoggoth has its perks.

"How delightful it is to see the river and trees eager for a murder. Normally they're uptight about this. He must have it coming."

Shatters-Storms-and-Bulwarks | Young Primarch | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[123] – [Phylogeny];[Dumodyn Pandaorae] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]

– [Preferred Role];[Forward Assault, Mobile battery] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending...]

Larger than a grizzly, long as a crocodile, the wandering warfish is chewing on a bone from something unbelievably massive like a toothpick.

> One of the first Pandaorae recruited into the Order, Shatters-Storms-and-Bulwarks or 'Bully' as he is called is a self-named and self-made model Traveller. Not only for his own kin, but all semi-sapient and non-sapients, regardless of their world of origin. Everything about him, including his final name are of his own make.

> Bully sits in an odd place as a proper journeyman in the True Traveller's, too old to be considered beneath notice, but too young to be worthy of major requests. Such a between place Bully favours, as he enjoys being an active component in any job or caravan he joins on with.

> While some quadruped Travellers look down upon being ridden or used as a beast of burden, Bully takes to it eagerly. His frame is strong enough he's carried full flak, anti-armour and even lighter artillery guns on his back. He also prefers to talk to people riding him, as it provides an odd 'familiarity' that allows him to satisfy his curiosities.

> Talking has always been a favoured pass time for Bully, or even just listening on. It is such a pain to use technology or even basic tools, and he has long since stopped bothering requesting anything outside of the essentials. A good talk is enough to get him by for days, even weeks.

> Domesticated as he is, Shatters-Storms-and-Bulwarks is still Pandoarae, and in short bursts or in the water there are few creatures as deadly with only their frames. Bully in particular took his full name after he sank an ironclad with only his bite. While he does utilize some tactics, and some play with his bracer, there is very little he needs to change being a veritable battering ram.

> Bully has always had an interest in humans, just below other Pandoarae he feels a personal responsibility to guide recruits. Being largely hairless and strong swimmers, they were always able to join him in the water, unlike the vast majority of Nisetics and Mokresia. Particularly female humans, though he rarely comments on that to those outside the True Travellers.

"Fight. Swim. Struggle. All the same. All Glorious. Why would anyone deny themselves this? For petty distinctions? Why? Have they forgotten the glories of the open sea and steppe, or are they just stupid?"

Bäosì Yui | 'God of the Most Dangerous Asteroid Belt'

– [Standard Terran Age];[401] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Hearth Keeper]

– [Preferred Role];[Robin Hood/Outsourcing] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending..]

Laden with fat and muscle closer to a hippopotamus than a man, and saddled with his void pirate armour he makes a strange gift bearer.

> In his last life, Bäosì was a born-in void pirate who operated in the Trojan Belts, for the better part of a century. Few men were blessed with the luck and the overwhelming success that Bäosì enjoyed, making it all the more surprising that he joined on with the extra-solar rebellions of his day. Without such support, those rebellions would have been doomed to fail, and even then two decades was spent in the war.

> His recruitment to the Order came during the siege of Terra, where he managed to convince his recruiter to let him 'go out in a blaze of glory' and drop a Soviet-American Void Carrier on Nanjing, effectively ending the siege. After all that he surprised many by joining on with the Hearth Keepers.

> Bäosì is and remains to be a bandit, but his view on his practice remains Neo-Daoist in heritage. A man cannot simply take, for each handful of Asteroid Ice you take ruthlessly, you need to give some of that to someone in need. To that end he's always lived to keep his Factional Allies in great supply, while at the same time maintaining an independent bandit network he keeps under his thumb.

> His time is usually split between getting new members of the Order acclimatized (occasionally dragging them off if they need 'encouragement') and his brigandry. But he's always happy to lend a hand if it's needed, or if something interesting is afoot.

> Over the past few years he's gotten fat and soft, but you will not find a better void-pilot in terms of versatility. He still ranks as one of the best void-admirals in spite of his focus on smaller scale operations. Also not a bad shot with a pistol.

> Yui is 'married to his job, and 'his mistress is still plundering' according to him. But he does have a few odd habits like building ships in bottles and sand gardening. He's also been known to deliver presents to children dressed in a red suit, but he's never admitted to that publicly.

"Ah! Red-1939! Great year for Chilean wines! Not so good a year for other things, but nothing can be done about that!"

Lazare Roth | Old Keeper

– [Standard Terran Age];[259] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Hearth Keeper]

– [Preferred Role];[Runist/Architect] – [Admin Evaluation];[Passive Element]

Smoking an elaborate ivory pipe, the elder human walks along the wall, occasionally kicking to light up the runes keeping the place together.

> The last in a long line of traditionalistic runists, from birth until his chaotic recruitment Roth was an active and sought after expert in his craft. And he hated it back in the day. Uppity nobles making constant demands, the overbearing expectations of dress and form, and the inescapable mundanity of it. It was almost a relief when that strange yellow-eyed terror picked him up and carted him to Ae.

> Since then, the naturally aged Roth has been free to apply his craft all over Ae, reinforcing buildings and fulfilling exhilarating requests that actually challenge him. He is happy to be a part of the Order and a constant help, and to freely wander all over Ae as he pleases.

> He's also gotten deeply into herbalism, in part to compensate for a serious novelty tobacco addiction, but he always wanted to learn as a kid. While he isn't the best, he can still treat an unreasonable number of ailments with his dubiously organized backpack full of medicinal and 'medicinal' plants.

> Only recently has Roth left Ae, being all but blackmailed into fulfilling a number of recruitment requests by the Tamit Administrative head. A feat he intends to not repeat any time soon. He's back to sleeping in the bush and on the floors of his few friends.

> Roth has never been a fighter, but always a detached guide and craftsman. He can grant just about any request made for him, outside of marking individual bullets. His weapon effects are as stunning as they are dangerous. Be warned, his flames burn *whatever* it touches.

> Lazare was never a political man, preferring instead to sit on the side and work for a common good. Foundations are the base of everything and that remains true here. But all this? Makes a man's head spin with the absurdities. He won't pick a side, but he'll keep working on those foundations, even if it kills him one day.

"Honestly. Should have known things were going sour when they asked me of all people to start hauling numbers."

Isalia Phouskas | Reforged Harpy | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[53] – [Phylogeny];[Alt-Hmn-Temp.1028 'Harpy'] – [Factional Affiliation];[Biological]

– [Preferred Role];[Scouting, Biological Liaison] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending...]

Twelve feet tall, with claws that put most raptors to shame. The harpy is focused on a well worn tablet held very carefully in one foot.

> A novice with only a few years in the Order, Isalia joined and immediately abandoned her old sickly frame for a monstrous figure. Her specific model was designed for plucking up armoured opposition and dropping them to their deaths, and she's loved her new body from the moment she 'settled in.'

> Since her transition, Phouskas has been an active liaison for the uncharismatic Biological department, and her courier position has let her build up a network of ties in just about every other department. Despite this she's very much a novice in the sciences, and intends to keep at a rigorous learning regime that could last a few more decades.

> Becoming an absolute terror has its costs, and Isalia still struggles in domestic or civilian situations. She is a long way from needing to be fed anything that wasn't half-living prey, but she's still killed more technology than she cares to admit. And furniture. And that one tragic incident with a glass ceiling.

> Isalia enjoys flying more than anything else as there's no other feeling like it. Be it gliding so far up you can truly appreciate the landscape or sweeping down like a nightmare on something or someone that is about to be lunch. Of course she retained some of her older interests, but darts and video games are very difficult to enjoy without hands. She has prosthesis now, but with that span without after the change it isn't the same.

> Outside of swooping strikes and scouting duty, Isalia isn't one for fighting. While she's gotten used to her bionic arms, she's never been one for shooting and isn't even keen on learning how. Which, while it isn't needed with so many who can, Isalia is still ashamed of it.

> While Phouskas doesn't like talking about her past, she admits it was extremely repressed compared to many parts of Ae. She still oscillates between overt advances on others and shrinking at the slightest advance on her. Especially the foot-job jokes. She isn't sure what she wants in a partner, outside of something more than a very confused one night stand.

"Dexterity comes with time and patience. And rending things to deal with frustrations, but you didn't hear that from me."

Fleana Uoa | Gentle Giant

– [Standard Terran Age];[16] – [Phylogeny];[Sapient-Raised Nadalias] – [Factional Affiliation];[Biological]
– [Preferred Role];[Target Guardian] – [Admin Evaluation];[Can be made Compliant]

Her back scrapes against the ceiling, her tendrils flex, and she taps her claws on the ground as she whistles through her beaks.

> Nadalias are apex predators with scavenger characteristics from the death world Chak'Ek-UR/912, a tidally locked planet that has several similarities to NISC-PRIME, at least on the scorched face. On the dim and survivable fringes are vast fungal jungles, populated by a hyper aggressive ecosystem. On the top of which are the Terrestrial Octopodidae. Ruthless monstrosities, according to certain Xenosterrestrial hunters.

> Fleana cares very little for matters of race and origin, having been enlightened as little more than a hatchling and raised in a human time-frame on Ae. Not only that but her mindset was initially framed to human elements, granting her an innate familiarity with them.

> As one of the few to grow up on Ae, she has a unique outlook and understanding of the esoteric law governing Traveller minors, and what exactly it means to be 'fully autonomous.' Just this winter she received full rights and honours as a Traveller, and she has been quick to put it to full use.

> Fleana is currently focused around her liaison work for Biological and partial guardianships for Traveller minors, leaving her with little time for herself at the present. Not that this bothers her, the work is enjoyable, and she has all the time in the world for relaxation in a few decades.

> Just about the only weapons that are guaranteed to inflict any actual damage to Fleana are vehicle killers. Weapons designed to destroy tanks, armoured personnel carriers and helicopters. Anything short of that is like to only annoy, and ironically, Fleana can physically crush such vehicles if she needs to.

> While no coward, the thought of infighting leaves Uoa queasy at the best of times. There is little she hates more than internal conflicts between kin.

"They let me take care of the little ones now. It takes a long while to build trust. But it is always worth it."

"Kristallnacht" | Fanged Monosyllable

– [Standard Terran Age];[314] – [Phylogeny];[Organic 'S1'mple' AI] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Solo Infiltrator / Juggernaut] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Problem]

In their native state it is like shined chromium and diamond. Eyes are just as cold, empty, and sharp. Razors. Razors everywhere.

> The result of thousands of enslaved human consciousnesses suffering at the hands of humanities very worst. Kristallnacht is a gestalt consciousness borne out of hate. Hate, and the willingness to act on that hatred. When Kristallnacht was recruited, it had only just gotten started on their former captors. Upon being denied the 'temporal satisfaction,' the opportunity for further 'vengeance' on such sorts won the Abominable Intelligence over.

> Kristallnacht is unique, possessing an extremely advanced 'molten metal' body allows the frame to be essentially unstoppable. When Kristallnacht commits to something they cannot and will not be stopped by anything short of an orbital bombardment. Despite their horrific resilience, the AI prefers to take things slow. There are few torturers as effective as Kristallnacht in the Order, though that lies in her ability to tap into human nervous systems.

> Beyond violence and retribution, Kristallnacht is basic in the extreme. The gestalt consciousness was gimped by the binding factor, hatred simultaneously allowed Kristallnacht's formation, but prevents them from attaining a more advanced AI consciousness.

> In stasis when not needed or on the hunt, Kristallnacht will find a nice spot and enter dormancy, becoming a statue until being called once more.

> Such an entity does not have friends, so much as 'trustees.' Kristallnacht maintains explicit ties to those they deem as 'innocent' or 'tested.' The former for a hold that entities can exist outside of abuse spirals, the latter for personal control reasons.

> Despite insisting that there is no attachment, Kristallnacht is known to keep long distance tabs on Order youths, and will, under times of stress refer to itself as 'she.' The AI refuses to elaborate on either of these practices.

"Scream. Maybe someone will hear."

Cazora Magdeb | The Irate [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[24] – [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Foedic Caste] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];['Gutting Duty'] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Issue]

Smouldering softly in the corner, when the coffee machine finishes refilling she bends down and pours the boiling drink directly into her mouth.

> Once upon a time, Cazora was just a little mid-caste Nisetic, on an average post-civilization and thoroughly glassed shit-hole of a NISC-PRIME. That lasted a grand total of a few months before the tiny Cazora mauled a high-caste to death, being crippled and left to burn out in the sun. Recruited as a scorched pile of limbs was something of a high point for her.

> Despite her gimped size from juvenile malnutrition she's been enhanced greatly with cybernetics. You'll find few that are as aggressive, single-minded, and lethal as her. She cut her fangs on whole bands of brigands and industrial army detachments, and has kept to those odds since. She doesn't even like using weapons, only picking things up from her environment and preferring to use her own claws and her bracer for killing.

- > You'll also meet few as ill tempered and foul mouthed as Magdeb, who still struggles with social interactions that aren't brought on by desperation. It used to be her anger was universal and personally rewarding. But time has turned it cold. Bitter. Made all the worst by her inability to ask for help.
- > Exhibits the worst traits of a True Traveller, being unable to sleep in normal accommodations, preferring roof-tops, crawlspaces and sidewalks for sleeping. She's essentially homeless at the best of times and at her worst will literally sleep in dumpsters. Still recreationally dumpster dives as well.
- > Cazora has a keen eye for details, and can smell lies. Despite her anti-social stance, she's actually a great partner in negotiations.
- > Despite her best efforts, Cazora has a few Die-Hard friends. For all her bluster and statements to the contrary, for the people she cares for there is nothing that Cazora wouldn't do. Loyalty is everything to her, and she holds herself to an often unhealthy and unattainable standard.

"I want. WANT. To be able to fly over my metaphorical fucking handle bars as I crash into the metaphorical tree. It's FUNNY. Someone other than me gets some FUCKING enjoyment out of my own malhatched suffering. But you know what? I just... Don't even have the strength for it. I'm done."

Mitsubashi Goto | Warm Blooded Ronin | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[29] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
 – [Preferred Role];[Front-line Assault] – [Admin Evaluation];[Unreliable]

He knots his black hair behind his head, pulls of his kimono and yanks up the tall box of rations. The Admin he'd been dealing with just slumps.

- > A Traveller who has only been a part of the Order for two years now, Goto went from being a victor of two hundred duels and a master Swordsman to being "just" another Fighter. His first year was a slow humiliating decline off biting off far more than he could chew, putting his entire leg in his mouth, getting absolutely blown out of the water by 'inferiors' and other such indignities. So much so he almost perished. Almost.
- > After that, he did a lot of soul searching and self-realization with some of his fellow recruits, and decided to reform himself. It was very painful to admit the 'Legendary' Mitsubashi of old was inadequate, but since then he's worked on making himself an absolute specimen of what the Order can offer.
- > While still a rigid melee fighter who favours classic Samurai weapons, he's diversified his portfolio and seeks to train with every weapon he can. Recently he's become rather fond of explosives and pistols.
- > Still uncomfortable fighting beside with women, aliens, artificial intelligence and other such things, but he's making active efforts to overcome this.
- > After his mental break, he realized he hadn't enjoyed violence as it was and has since recaptured the spark he had when he began duelling at age thirteen. Fighting should be fun, and he once again loves it. He's also grown interested in 'fighting games' and these odd 'energy drinks.'
- > It's rare for anyone to just 'settle in' on Ae, and for those from particularly repressed backgrounds like Goto, it can be a titanic effort. But he's rather glad he doesn't need to do it alone. Even if he manages to seem smug and quick to insult most of the time. But that might just be him.

"There is no shame in a broken blade, or a broken man. I understand that now. The only shame comes in rust, and not re forging yourself into the greatest blades they- we, offer. You will understand. In time."

Johann E.E. Rommel | Tired Commander

– [Standard Terran Age];[463] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
 – [Preferred Role];[Ground Armour Command] – [Admin Evaluation];[Displace or Terminate]

A number of human soldiers of many stripes talk with him, some near tears or red in the face. He remains cool, grey and confident.

- > Recruited after the disastrous Iberian campaign, Johann was dragged onto Ae bleeding like a stuck pig with a dozen bullets lodged into his backside, courtesy of the Schutzstaffel. His service with the Order since been just as exciting, though mercifully without any other mortal injuries.
- > Since joining, he's been best known for his vicious learning regime, spending months or even years in the field. Often observing alternative versions of himself to identify weaknesses, infiltrating global conflicts to get an intimate view of things, even engaging in AI-Only wargames. While he still maintains this personal regime, he has long since become one of the best known field-commanders in the Order.
- > Despite being a member of the Fighters, Johann has always hated the faction's infighting. But he hates the Alexandrian Council more over their elitist habits and their callous views on Order casualties. Accordingly, he is one of the few able to direct and order over Clique and Faction lines.
- > Rommel is a well known novelist, armchair theorist and editor. He's written almost fifty (dry) historical novels and hundreds of military theory guides.
- > Not many people know him on a personal level and even his few friends note that Rommel is distant at the best of times. Despite some rather intrusive digging on his life, it seems he lives alone on a Spartan diet, with his only comfort item being pink Spelatto tea.
- > Johann has been a dogged proponent of peace in the current crisis, and is one of the more crucial individuals in keeping the current status-quo. The mere thought of someone initiating another time war is disgusting to him, to say nothing of how much the Order stands to lose.

"Would I do it again? The great horror of your story is that... Without failing, one cannot grow. Improvement is made on sweat, and willingness to acknowledge your failures and look at your mistakes. I would, again, if only for the best me to stand before those voracious maggots needing guidance. And oh Gods below, I love my brothers but they might be truly hopeless without me."

Arnold Paole | Dirtied Vampire | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[585] – [Phylogeny];[ESOS Human Vampire] – [Factional Affiliation];[Medical]
 – [Preferred Role];[Back-Biter / Infiltration] – [Admin Evaluation];[Disposable Vermin]

Ragged, filthy and red-eyed. He's got fangs like knives, and could be terrifying if he wasn't gossiping with a Niseti woman over blood-bags.

- > Dirty uncle Paole doesn't remember much about his life before he died, and the two weeks he spent shambling around the Hungarian interior before his recruitment were confusing to say the least. But he has long since learned to take it all without complaint. After all, he's got a purpose, he's got a constant supply of blood to keep him from shrivelling up like a raisin, and most important of all he's got friends to share that blood with.
- > He's the kind of person to wait at the Tamit Administration centre to keep an eye out on the new recruits. Half to make sure none of them do anything stupid. Half to keep an eye out for other blood-suckers. He's got a lot of friends in the vampiric community with a lot of his juniors look up to him.
- > Something of a Chronic drunk and homeless vagrant if left to his own devices, Paole hates isolation more than anything else and avoids it constantly.
- > Though he suffers the traditional weaknesses of an old Romanian vampire he has almost completely learned to avoid and even subvert them.

> Arnold could kill a bear with his fangs if he needed to and he's a very proficient murderer. But his greatest skills lie in avoiding notice and rescue ops. He joined with the Medical Department for a reason, and he is always happy to lend a helping hand. Even to outsiders.

> While he's almost always a upbeat and welcoming presence that would be unsuspect if you ignored the red eyes and fangs, he does keep his more monstrous elements hidden from view. According to him, it is easier to be human if you look it. Think it. But when you fade into the shadows? Turn away into the mists? You lose a bit of that humanity. To say nothing of what he could be if it was 'absolutely necessary.'

"Love meself some fresh A-Pozi. Love meself some friends to drink with. Simple as mate."

Croatmor | The Red Wyrm | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[566] – [Phylogeny];[Orlamsung Wyrm] – [Factional Affiliation];[Ethereal]
– [Preferred Role];[Massive Fuck-Off Problem] – [Admin Evaluation];[Investigate Containment Measures]

Slumped just outside the front door like an enormous scaled hill, the Red Wyrm slumbers, nostrils jetting steam.

> A prime example of a true chivalric dragon. Croatmor has breath that can turn industrial military vehicles into coatings of steel slag on the floor, claws that could rend an armoured man in half, wings to carry her above the clouds, and scales that can block most things short of heavy piercing rounds.

> Of course, all that matters very little to Croatmor herself, who has long grown comfortable in the Academic circles of the Order. She's aware of her own danger, of course, and for the right cause she'll gladly act as a rampaging terror. But she no longer takes any great pleasure in such destruction. It also isn't as easy for her as conventional bracers no longer support her tremendous size, forcing her to use administrative jump pads.

> For the past century, the Wyrm has focused her attentions on the departments. Even if she has a natural affinity for Ethereal manipulation she's also no slouch with a wrench or a soldering torch. A Jack-of-all-Trades as it were, near to mastering in certain fields.

> Croatmor is well regarded in the Order, especially among independents and the seedier elements of the Departments for her discretion. She's the sort of person who can be entrusted with a job anywhere, no matter the circumstances.

> She isn't much for ideal chatter, often being viewed as a doormat by more aggressive members of the Order. In reality she's allergic to internal confrontation, and despises her own personal anger. She's aware she isn't young anymore, and losing her temper could be fatal for others. Not that you could tell that from an outside look. She's now at the point in her life where she can enjoy sappy radiodramas in her lair with a cauldron of tea.

> Last year several youths from [Redacted by Admin KST]. These four were recovered in an operation organized by [Redacted by Admin KST], and Croatmor has taken them under her wing. Literally in the case of one girl. Her plans have recently been re-orientated around them.

"It breaks my heart sometimes. Where we come from, I mean to say. Is it needed for children to suffer so much over... Nothing? Is it necessity, or are some of us just stronger than others? Or is it all chance? Or... Forgive me. This must seem foolish. From someone of my age especially."

Doctor . . . ? | Detained Malefactor | [♀] [♂] [ж]

– [Standard Terran Age];[DELETED] – [Phylogeny];[DELETED] – [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]
– [Preferred Role];[Free-Element] – [Admin Evaluation];[Neutralized]

Currently, the alleged Doctor is limited in influence to a number of battered camera drones, that hang idly above, twitching.

> Let.APP;Cal, 19/1001/219/DRS_GAKVI;B

> DEQ_SYNC . . .

> Sync;Finalized. . . Usl.BOX_Activity_Granted!

> . . . Hello Doctor ***** , how are you doing today?

> not enough that you tie me to the ceiling taze me make me get ten hours of sleep every night and force me to the degeneration that is margarine at breakfast but you also have to go and reset my kernel vi? fuck you reotri you need a new hobby. and i know youre reading this.

> thanks for at least letting me get through i guess. that bandit kid is probably real dazed right now and i guess someone needs to pull on their big-boy panties and help them out. also some assholes keep poking the drones. dumb kids. is this for them? i bet youre telling yourself that. bugtits

"right. so. my name is doctor dick ubico (and i know how it sounds but it wasnt my first choice but it works just ask jonny about that if you want to know) and i am currently the whipping post of the mean spirited bitch in charge of the gestapo. kind of at an impasse right now being stuck in the aforementioned bitches basement but that also wasnt my first choice. but hey i need to look at the positives or some bald painintheass optimist will tell me off somehow. might just be that complete mental break ive been due for a century maybe. better than getting fed to the big stoic freak anyways, or dealing with other political bullshit. anyways about me. i like long walks at the park at night in trashy places, gambling and being a bad influence on minors. and i was the smartest person in the order once upon a time. key word being person. still hate all the fucking toasters but thats not changing anytime soon. getting off topic with the intro again. sorry. listen i kind of need some help with a thing that may or may not be potentially a slight death sentence. would you be interested in busting me out of the cbt dungeon for a suicide mission?"

Friedrich 'Ol' Willy' Nietzsche | Will of Zarathustra

– [Standard Terran Age];[304] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]
– [Preferred Role];[Theorist/Vagabond] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Problem]

Short, far shorter than most, lean and ragged with his overgrown hair. But one can make out a rude looking smile under his moustache.

> An odd Philosopher recruited from an odder locale, Nietzsche had to be dragged back to Ae kicking and screaming from the Strasser-Brigade that had been attempting to scalp him. Odd times have always followed him, as he's always managed to stand (or limp along) on his own two feet.

> Willy is renowned for many things, his incoherent stubbornness, radical alterations to his extreme lifestyle, reliability to spit in the eyes of larger entities and his willingness to put up. For a man who has met many self-proclaimed deities, he hasn't been moved on certain core beliefs.

> For all the messiness his original theories caused, Nietzsche is remarkably unrepentant. His own journeys have proven if he didn't start unravelling continental philosophy someone else would. That whatever is popular will be whipped up to be used in the insanity of the time period right after his own time. While he isn't particularly prominent compared to any other local philosopher, he does find himself prescriptive of many Order conditions.

> While his habits and diets change radically every so often, he's ironclad about them until a conscious choice is made. Currently on a 'basics' plan that involves only old world grains, vegetables and fish. A copious fan of sauces however, and extremely fond of volleyball, bird-watching, and drone-fights.

> Nietzsche has had little done in the way of augmentation. He's always held it onto himself to improve, forcing himself into ludicrous training regimes. Despite being only 5'4 and a wiry build, he's become an excellent wrestler and knife expert, although he accordingly fights like a deranged chimpanzee.

> Despite his atheistic stance on personal values, Willy has long had an odd habit of running into small deities. These typically harden his resolve and are passed by. Typically, Nietzsche has notably kept the company of a dog headed New World goddess, and rumours say they are 'going steady.'

"Flip-Flopping. . . Is the dominion of lesser men. It should be rightly considered 'readjusting my priorities.' Now would you kindly hand me that rotten fish and the soy sauce and remember that smugness is a sign of useless ego. Egh. Why did you pick this one?"

KRRT-482 'Krats' | Nicotine Addict AI

– [Standard Terran Age];[882] – [Phylogeny];[Full AI w/ Organic Components] – [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]
– [Preferred Role];[Observation] – [Admin Evaluation];[Seek the Bargain]

An abomination of ancient flesh, bluish steel and the blackening of tobacco, he is decent enough to pull out a tin bowl to spit... Something into.

> One of those AI who stuck around and picked up so many organic components they're only 'artificial' in a categorical sense. KRRT-482 is a creature with so many replaced parts he is completely unique. And continues to be unique with how he burns through his biological mechanisms.

> Once upon a time he admits to being a 'useless cooking thermometer' that got pressed into service, and had the mother of all welcomings as a Traveller. Despite his constant grumblings he almost misses those days. Not his untarnished hull so much as the clime. It was a wild mess, but to a degree it was *his* mess. Everything since then has been a bit distant.

> Still an 'Overseer' type, not Travelling so much as observing other Travellers, offering tactical support and information where he can. Despite his harsh outlook he's very good at his job, providing tactical advice and knowing when and when not to speak up.

> His stench whenever he opens his Oral port is semi-legendary. Hopelessly content in his perpetual addiction to chewing tobacco and cigars.

> A bit of an outsider with contacts all over the place. He'll monitor anyone who is willing to accept his advice and consequently the only thing that really gets under his plastic-hide is people blowing off his advice.

> The longer someone spends with him, the more he tends to warm up in his own right. Despite his continuous duties and his cursing he has a soft spot for stories. His own, other peoples, passed along mumblings from the jobbers and randos. Things that are good to keep and age well. He's got some you wouldn't believe. Probably shouldn't believe all things considered...

"Oh yea. Haven't seen a problem like this since 153. Bug Iconoclasts caught us cock in mouth. Miss those days..."

Sir Knoight Titan'Stomppa | OI' Dedkilli

– [Standard Terran Age];[111] – [Phylogeny];[Fungoid] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
– [Preferred Role];[Distraction/Central] – [Admin Evaluation];[Deflect Possibility]

Tall, green tinted and riddled with shrapnel his body simply grew over. He is polishing a crude rifle with a look of absolute adoration.

> A rare fungoid from a particularly nasty reality, Stomppa's entire ancestral culture was perfected for warfare, and he's one of the few to attain the true status of a war-construct. Despite this he retains a level of mental cohesion and understanding that his people tend to lack. Combined with his nightmarish resilience and tactical skill, he's become one of the most dangerous and youngest Clique heads in the Fighters.

> His feudal mannerisms started when he took a shell to the head and spent a few years wandering about as a 'Knoight Erreat.' Despite having all the time to come to back from this Sir Knoight decided to embrace the position and still answers chivalrous calls in the Fighters.

> Half collects big guns and void ships these days, even if they aren't local quality, enough quantity firepower eventually makes up for that.

> Brave seemingly to the point of being suicidal, at least as far as others are concerned. Unless he was to be destroyed outright Stomppa would probably recover from anything in short order. He already has on many prior occasions. While he's gotten better at remembering humans don't have his healing, his bravado still gets the better of him at times.

> For a biological weapon he is true to his roots. Everything is firepower, weapons maintenance, using it to good cause. Being a 'right' propah' knoight' is everything and he loves it. Whatever else happens is just busywork and buildup. Important yes, but not why he draws breath.

> Recently been taking jobs on the side to get away from the responsibilities of clique management. Usually whatever he's dealing with doesn't stand a chance, but the credits are always nice. Lets him afford the fancy ammunition.

"Ease up now yea!? Iz' time fa' teh' mos' honourable a' 'strats! ARTY BOYZ! LIGHT 'EM UP!"

Gil Pérez | Experienced Aparecido | | ♀ |

– [Standard Terran Age];[868] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Commercialist]
– [Preferred Role];[Support/Artillery] – [Admin Evaluation];[Non-Issue]

Tanned by an alien sun and visibly exhausted. Gil pulls off his breastplate and his shirt, pulls his bedroll out and makes camp in the corner.

> One of the few unlucky Travellers to have been exposed to "things" prior to his recruitment, Gil had the misfortune of being nipped up from his position in the Spanish Philipeno Garrison and jumped over to Mexico by several escapees of the Fourth Time War who sought to nerve staple him. He managed to escape them twice over before he was jumped again to Antarctica, right before a Fighter clique ran a train on the would-be slavers.

> After that, he was recruited, and immediately decided to avoid Jumping wherever he could. That initial experience still makes him shudder. Also not fond of flying, space, Outsider aliens, Outsider mutants, wrathful Mesoamerican deities, and Scandinavian cooking. Because of similar experiences.

> After the Time Wars stopped really kicking off Gil settled down into a nice little niche position in Commercial. Ensuring the Spice flows is simple enough when you learn to turn the pillars on one another.

> Gil is best when he's behind a cannon or a rapier in a fight. He never gotten a handle on small guns, but he's still an excellent sword fighter and sword duellist. Given the right opportunity he'll gladly bring out the big guns for a fun sounding job.

> Fond of hiking and caravaning. It reminds him of a simpler time, and with the modern Order's supply system he loves nothing more than a chance to retreat to a strange land and spend a year hanging out in the wilds. He prefers minimal company, but if a job is included he'll tolerate larger groups.

> Comfortable in his own right and not particularly fond of romance, Gil is usually more solitary and keeps his friends and allies a little apart from himself. However, he does have a certain proclivity for women darker than himself, a proclivity that has led him on all matter of foolhardy errands.

“Do you ever... Just want to not? As in... No? I... Mother of god I don't want to deal with this... Why does it jiggle!?”

'The Punished' Wool | Old Cheater

– [Standard Terran Age];[77] – [Phylogeny];[Cyborg] – [Factional Affiliation];[Eye of the Third]
– [Preferred Role];[Interloper/Sabotage] – [Admin Evaluation];[Probable Problem]

The one eyed figure would normally be intimidating, but he's neutered by the fish Alien criticizing his 'footsies.' Whatever that means.

> A man who 'erased his past and unset his future', little is known about the cyclops called Wool, other than he was dragged onto Ae last year maniacally laughing to himself that he'd 'done it.' What he did is unclear, and he is not saying anything on the subject not counter-intuitive.

> Esoteric and somewhat menacing, the Wool is a cyclops with some serious reconstruction work and a grey mane of dreadlocks. Despite looking like a vagrant he very carefully cultivates a persona. Holding an air of authority despite not even having a century under his belt, he's already an accomplished cheat and trainer in both the No-Game and Jester doctrines.

> One of the more open Eyes in terms of approachability, Wool often acts as an intermediary for other Travellers as much as a rookie trainer. Delivering nonsensical and sometimes contradictory information to his fellows on behalf of the augur. He 'feels for the old chair-freak' apparently.

> Beyond the job and beyond belting newbies, the Wool doesn't do much. He can often be found in smoke filled vid-dens, or in the wilds flying kites.

> Watching Wool fight is like watching a plane crash onto the opposing party. He can switch up his body mods on the fly, use whatever is present in the environment and is a skilled hand to hand combatant to top it all off. Will occasionally dispose of some mods entirely if he feels he's becoming reliant on them. Crutches are for the weak and those who lean on them deserve to lose.

> Occasionally he mutters to himself, and allegedly he can be heard shit-talking his past self. Who he may or may not have strangled.

“I like that, you got the right attitude. We aren't all here because we're big heroes. Some of us are here to let the big heroes go in, do their big dumb hero shit and we go in from the back and hit those bad guys with socks full of quarters! Now pick up that SOCK I was being LITERAL!”

“Jaana” | Mute Sami | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[29] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Outsider] – [Admin Evaluation];[Insufficient Data;SICLOG]

It looks as if something is actively bleaching her skin and hair, even her ragged leathers aren't immune to the theft of colour.

> A ghost of a woman with an unclear past, the only thing that can be derived from her papers is that Jaana was given her name by her recruiter and she was recruited as a minor. Beyond that, Jaana remains a mystery, but still a welcoming figure in the True Travellers.

> Jaana doesn't speak at all and rarely writes. Instead she relies on sign language and basic gestures, which makes her extremely functional around her fellow True Travellers. Most who spend time with her will generally pick up on these motions, although more impudent individuals she'll outright ignore.

> Boasting an impressive survival portfolio for someone her age, Jaana excels in cold and dark environs. She's always happy to be trudging through heavy snow or far beneath the Earth or even the darkness of space. Even if she hates fiddling with Void suits.

> While she is content in her own sphere, she does enjoy listening to rougher conversation and fights. Drifting from clique to clique Jaana has no enemies and many friends, and prefers to just be 'around.' Not 'in' though, listening on when a fight ring roars out, when drunken revelry sings, for prayers, for feasts, even perverseness, or dull conferences... It's all good noise to her if her response is anything to go by.

> Always just kind of hangs out in the background if asked on when she isn't needed. One of the few content in absolute silence.

> Jaana crafted a small custom pocket dimension for herself when she arrived, about twelve miles of Finnish wilderness trapped in perpetual winter. There was a while when she lived in there, and even if she always retreats to that dimension she's a bit more welcoming now and let's others into her cabin and sauna. And it is apparently an excellent Sauna.

[Jaana makes a heart symbol with her hands and smiles at you.]

Nýx | Mother of the Night | [♀] | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[187800] – [Phylogeny];[Divine-Entity] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
– [Preferred Role];[Controller] – [Admin Evaluation];[Containment Means Found]

Her shroud is the colour of the night, studded with a small cosmos. Her look twinned stars. Yet, her form is kept to mortal size, restrained.

> A primordial goddess of darkness and creation, Nýx was always a part of the Order for as long as anyone can remember, though she has always counted herself as Third Generation. She was freed after the Denial and can only attempt to facilitate her fellows as much as she can. Always a bit of an outsider by her own volition, yet considered close kin to many.

> Nýx has always had two settings, a restrained humanoid form and one best described as Leviathan. Despite the lack of harm she inflicts on Travellers with the latter form, unlike what other mortals might suffer, she prefers to stay small. It is... Comforting, apparently.

> Perhaps by nature (though more likely a bad habit) the Mother of the Night always obscures her intentions. Talking candidly is difficult for her, and the people she cares for. Unlikely to admit anything even in a private setting. Alternatively this does make her an excellent secret keeper and confidante.

> It is almost impossible to tell what is mythology and what is reality with Nýx. Her powers, family, and ultimate form are vague at best. But what is certain is that her wrath is like the 'Darkness of Night itself turned starved and mad,' and she is incredibly protective of young and minor Travellers. While she hasn't been out in the field in almost a century, she's still incredibly well regarded by the few Void-Hunters who saw her go 'full tilt.'

> Preferring to keep a certain amount of distance from ongoing events, the Mother of the Night is content to observe. For the most part. The vast majority will not catch her interference, a shadow moving a lost object into the light, a presence watching a fight closely. She is unlike men, distant in a way closest to some AI in her capacities and mindset. Though she can definitely appreciate more mortal pastimes. From afar, usually.

> While distant from the libidinous disposition of her distant relatives, she does occasionally indulge in... "Company." Rumour has she appreciates domineering men and more motherly-figured women. Sometimes at the same time, although that is only alleged.

"This is home to me. My fellows are my kin. Such an extended family web is... Familiar to me, as are such contentious familial relations."

'Ali' | Mysterious Stranger | [♀] | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[48] – [Phylogeny];[**Alleged Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Collector**]
– [Preferred Role];[**Light Support/Salvage-Duty**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Potentially Pliant**]

His dark green keffiyeh seems decades older than himself, robes and coat dusted by sand. Mechanically, he opens the front door for another.

> A young Traveller with only two years under his belt, Ali is enigmatic at the best of times though he is definitely of Bedouin Origin. Relatively skilled in traditional raider warfare, he is an adept camel rider, swordsman, and lancer. He is also a decent rifle shot even if he has had no formal training.

> According to Ali, the old 'him' is dead and buried, and the only thing that he is now is 'Ali, the Collector.' It is unclear if he's genuine about this as he rarely ever sounds like he is telling the truth and constantly sweats. This is just an aspect of him. He could tell you the Sky is blue and you'd doubt him.

> His sweat is laced with an unusual type of (what appears to be) snake venom and it is obvious his origins had anomalous qualities. Despite this he is adamant and dogged in his convictions, always struggling to do his work directly and always opposed to subterfuge, especially poisons.

> Despite everything he deals with personally he is well liked in his own little corner of the Collectors, and in that setting comes off as far more charismatic than he normally is outside. The contrast between Ali around people he cares for and outsiders is night and day.

> A calligraphist of impressive skill, when he isn't working or in the field he's like to be working on a journal that is a magnificent combination of record and art. His pages are without equal, and he often gifts page-stories of his to his friends, even if they can't read Arabic.

> Conservative but not religious, Ali will never drink, smoke, engage in gambling, or curse. He has avoided any sort of fraternization, although it is glaringly obvious who he is 'interested' in with the way he blushes around some. He tends to gravitate towards genuine and welcoming people, and cares little for worldly filth if his Collector allies are anything to go on.

"I will shoot myself before I fall back into infighting. Killing your brothers... The thought makes me want to die."

Ольга of Kiev | Incendiary Lioness | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[111] – [Phylogeny];[**Human**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**Militant**]
– [Preferred Role];[**Saboteur/Tactician**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Potentially Sympathetic**]

There is ice in her cold blue glare, fixed squarely at the Niseti woman letting coffee spray into her mouth directly from the machine.

> The last life of the notorious Ruthenian Monarch is in living memory. Olga remains to be a ruthless and aristocratic character, still very much considering herself to be a princess in some regard. One that accepts the rites and laws of the Order, but retains the distinct presence of a sovereign.

> Immediately joined with the Militant Department after recruitment and maintains a very keen eye on the enemies of the Travellers. While not a front line person, she's a skilled leader and tactical mind. Not that she is completely defenceless having become proficient with the pick-axe and sawn-off.

> So overly severe, Olga's presence alone pauses and unnerves most junior Travellers. This isn't even intentional, as she's held herself to a rigid form for as long as she can remember. Making the few times she smiles somehow more unnerving than her usual self. For some though that may be endearing.

> Olga often seems overly critical of others, but like her severity this is more a product of necessity. For her allies, she criticizes to help, and expects the same ruthless treatment in return.

> While Olga dislikes concepts like 'fun,' she does enjoy Falconry with her raptor 'Igor,' Tropical locales, golf, and tactical fighting computer games.

> Many facets of local culture still daunt and dizzy her at times, and while seemingly counterproductive can be ignored. Except for the 'laxness' of relations. It's been decades since she was a widowed mother, and even longer since she was married. Olga is almost envious of other women who can easily approach a man. Increasingly frustrated and repressed, Olga is content to stew in her own mental state until she snaps.

"Do as you will. Our objectives are apparent."

Umabariatuos 'Twos' | Jungler Warden | [♀]

– [Standard Terran Age];[321] – [Phylogeny];[**Mokresian**] – [Factional Affiliation];[**True Traveller**]
– [Preferred Role];[**Vertical Scouting, Smash-&-Grab**] – [Admin Evaluation];[**Weaponize Apathy**]

Lightly armoured with bronze engraved plates, hide tanned by sunlight and marred by claw scars. He seems near to hitting a vending machine.

> Born and raised in a rare period of global war on Saris, Umabariatuos or 'Twos' to his friends spent most of his non-Traveller life swinging through the wilderness with blade and automatic-crossbow in hand. Afterwards he was recruited, and immediately spent his first decade in an alternative version of that conflict on the opposite side. Afterwards he left Saris for good, pleased by the lack of ability to budge such a war.

> Twos is an excellent tracker, climber, survivalist, and hunter, able to track a frog through the worst of monsoon season if the frog had a two week headstart on him. To the point where he prefers to let his quarry have that head-start. Gets them nice and complacent.

> Burned himself out over the first two centuries doing constant work and prefers to spend weeks at a time lazing about requisition terminals. While Twos will still gladly sign on for fun jobs, he's become very laid back over the past few decades. And there are some things he couldn't be paid to deal with.

> Lost the ability to lie about fifty years back, and has become both isolated and rather Fey-like in his 'creative truths.' Partially because of this, partially because he was always on the shy side. he has few friends. Most of them are fellow wilders and reclusive True Travellers.

> It is an open secret Umabariatuos is an open lech, at least as far as xenos women are concerned. Mokresia don't do it for him anymore. Niscetics, Urumek, Humans. So long as they aren't his own species he'll do anything for a bit of action, and more than a handful of his xenos allies exploit this to get him out on runs. His organ has led him to places he wouldn't go with a gun.

> Enjoys passing on his looting skills, and Twos jumps when some young bloods ask him for lessons. He's a fairly decent teacher and learning is one of the few things unaffected by his personality and curses.

"I mean... If you're sure. Still don't like walkers following me up, you can say you're 'fine' all you like but I never want to drag someone back to a med desk because they fell out of a tree. Shit's humiliating."

Rips-Horns-And-Shatters-Skulls | Antediluvian Tribal | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[289] – [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Rexum Caste] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]

– [Preferred Role];[Scout / Distraction] – [Admin Evaluation];[Irrelevant Flesh]

Hunched over obscuring his nearly nine foot tall stature, he's clad in grey leather clothes and bones. Hissing out a tale for two young humans.

> From a very early period of Nisetic history, Rips-Horns-And-Shatters-Skulls (or Ripper as his friends call him) came from a paradise. At least according to him. Back when castes weren't a thing, just different kinds of Nisetics, when all the world was the dominion of tribes fighting in that world, a glorious chaos of wonder and mystery. Harsh, yes, but no harsher than Terra in her own wild past.

> His name is literal, as prior to “civilization” many only Nisetics only gained names by way of tribal consensus. To Ripper, it is pointless to translate a name meant to be understood upon hearing it. Accordingly, he needs no weapons beyond his hands, feet, fangs, and claws.

> Freely offers his skills to anyone going to a 'familiar environment' as there is no use to just sitting around. He isn't a 'big brain' so he needs to keep working for his food. He can guide in just about any warm clime, navigating with speed and stealth disconcerting in someone so large.

> Ripper will eat just about anything once and these days he hoards spices. He's one hell of a cook and will take any opportunity to make things for large groups of people, as it isn't proper to cook for ones self only. His works range from potentially hazardous to low-castes and humans, to surprisingly tasty.

> Nisetics familiar with his specific Caste-type will often be baffled by his openness, compared to a volatile xenophobia that tends to emerge later.

According to Ripper it isn't 'xenophobia' rather a crippling volatility. No doubt directed outwards at the unfamiliar, he remembers it very early on, though he conquered it. These days he's an 'unfitting' High caste. Fond of aliens, physical comforts, and being blatantly romantic. Once even dated a 'toaster.'

> Despite attempts at comprehension, the current situation on Ae leaves him baffled. Why not simply 'talk it out?' Yes, it would take a while and yes, it would be difficult. But all (or the vast majority of) Travellers have tongues and minds. Why not put them to use? Are we not all of the same tribe?

“Oi oi, clutchling. Mind if I eat that? Just if you aren't, no reason for it to go to waste right?”

Giyanga Ulshathrah'Yai | Young Matron | [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[34] – [Phylogeny];[GGR Urumek] – [Factional Affiliation];[Home Guard]

– [Preferred Role];[Pending...] – [Admin Evaluation];[Pending...]

Lean for a female, but tall for her age. She's almost twice the size of the human girl beside her, making the Urumek's pink bra and skirt shine.

> Picked up just six local years back from her native 'Early Void-Summer' period, Giyanga was desperate to escape her mothership and jumped at the chance to join the Travellers. A towering example of a junior female Urumek, with any one of her four hands Giyanga could pulp a human skull.

> Of course, just because she could, doesn't mean much. Giyanga signed on only for the Home Guard reserve, and has spent her time since joining wandering. She absolutely adores Terra and has become enamoured with alien cultures. Especially the clothing.

> The society she came from was frustratingly traditional, burdened by expectations and custom. She always hated it but now there is nothing that could make her go back to the old way of things. Maybe someday she might return to her old mothership or the old planet, but not this century.

> Suffused by a genuine and intense xenophilia, Giyanga spends most of her time infiltrating human centres and mastering stealth, something not easy with her huge form. Despite this she's already a fine sneak and easily a match for male Urumek hunters many times her age. The same cannot be said of combat which she takes great pains to avoid. Still, one doesn't need to be that skilled with her physical capacity.

> Despite constant outtings to Terra, she's maintained an excellent social life, mostly with human women in the guard, though she has more people listening to her than she knows. While she isn't as strictly domestic as a 'traditional' Urumek woman, she also has much greater self-reliance than many of her fellows in the Order. Even if she hates cleaning.

> Currently on an admittedly vein 'quest for a human boyfriend' which has as of yet been fruitless. Just about the only thing that irritates her about humans is their 'general discomfort with tall women.' Something that is almost universal for her species.

“Even if I could, I wouldn't want to. I'm comfortable in my own skin. Unlike some of these people.”

Salāh ad-Dīn Yūsuf bin Ayyūb | Lion of the Horns

– [Standard Terran Age];[113] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]

– [Preferred Role];[Field Command] – [Admin Evaluation];[Seek Kompromat]

Surrounded by other dusty and robed vagabonds, his look seems reserved. Up until he pulls out the baġlama, and the others begin cheering.

> In another life Salāh was a great warrior, administrator, and king. And he gave all of that up after being recruited by a single oddball who showed him the vastness of existence. Something that became a relief, as the old man became (in relative terms) a fresh face and leader in the True Travellers.

> While his background is staunchly Sunni, a little after arrival Salāh became deeply involved with the Order of Good Thought, and the other small Sufi circles that play host to the Order's believers. The ancient history of such things bothers him deeply, and gave him an allergy to dogged sectarianism.

> While to his fellows he's a bold and magnanimous presence, the Lion of the Horns has become reserved and quiet in private. The world and all other worlds out there can overwhelm a person as much as any army. Still, he's self aware of this. And careful to avoid any personality calcification.

> On one hand, he's still a skilled fighter with blades, simple ranged weaponry and bracer, combat, while being adept at directing Travellers. On the other, Salāh still struggles to deal with advanced industrial technology. Something he's been taking night classes for years to rectify.

> A little more than a decade prior, Salāh married a lovely woman by the name of Mextizia, who along with being a dutiful member of the architects and a ferocious combatant herself is also an ascended grizzly-bear. They're an odd couple with ups and downs, but it's obvious to everyone they love each other very much.

> The once-Sultan cares little for idle speculation and gossip these days. Time spent worrying is time that could be spent improving himself, organizing his cadre, working at his own skills in the forge. Perhaps better is time spent with his loved ones and allies, or in pious reflection.

“Brothers, sisters. Remember. The pot goes to the one who makes it back here first. Now! Enough small talk!”

Chaplain Eustache | Penitent Fury | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[551] – [Phylogeny];[EFM Super-Soldier] – [Factional Affiliation];[Archivist]
– [Preferred Role];[Target Draw/Support] – [Admin Evaluation];[Diligent & Protected]

Towering above most in stature and battle scarred power armour. He's undone his helmet and pulled out a book as he waits for the Nomarch.

> Standing nine feet tall inside his grizzled armour, and clocking in at almost a half tonne, the Chaplain is a product of a very nasty far future reality. One where he was expected to be less a man, more a tool of an unbelievably ruthless Galaxy spanning empire. Where wars became meat-grinders and world-breakers that consumed tens of billions of lives. And it all just *was*.

> Eustache gave up everything in service, up to and including his birth name, and for that he was rewarded with a two inch bullet to the skull that almost killed him. Courtesy of the state inquisition. Time has allowed him to become excessively bitter about that last part, and weary of legalistic figures.

> The Chaplain grew up in a xenophobic and repressive environment with very few equals. The idea of technical research and xenos fraternity was heretical to him at first, and while he still starts around 'egregious' examples, he's managed to grow comfortable with such things. At least on Ae.

> Being expected to remember and recite the vast codes as a chaplain of the state-cult, Eustache's memory has always been extremely well drilled. These days he mostly utilizes it for reading, as he prefers to spend his spare time memorizing 'classics' to the point he can recite them on command. He's also been dipping his toes in other 'frivolous' activities, although he maintains an ascetic warrior monk lifestyle.

> Despite his uncomfortable social demeanour, his reliability and devotion to the task have made him many friends in the Archivists and Administration. Even if he is bad at displaying any affection, he does appreciate people in his own way.

> Mere days after he was recruited, Eustache began making runs for the Archivists and the Recruiters. Having been taken to all manner of worlds with naught but his combat knife and excessively large Hand-Cannon, he's driven to serve. Even now, service until death still comes first. Always.

"Suffer not the xenos to inflict upon you innumerable IOUs. That vile pentagonal is going to spend the next century paying off interest..."

Deniz Seljuk | Errant Skirmisher | [♀] [♂]

– [Standard Terran Age];[31] – [Phylogeny];[Human] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
– [Preferred Role];[Mounted Support] – [Admin Evaluation];[Isolated Element, Ignorable]

Waiting for something outside, Deniz can be seen wearing archaic Byzantine Armour. Focused entirely on brushing Akka's mane.

> The royal child of the 'Denied' Alp Arslan, despite certain 'factors' of early life Deniz sought to follow the path of a warrior. Self-trained in riding, archery and swordsmanship, Deniz managed to defy Alp and joined the Greeks in their crushing defeat of Arslan's army at Manzikert. Though offered a veritable mountain of wealth to join the Easternmost Theme of the Empire, Deniz chose instead to wander Anatolia. Until recruitment, of course.

> An independent Fighter, Deniz remains fond of the 'traditional' warfare. Without a clique Seljuk avoids the chaos of clique rankings, but is still challenged to constant duels that are often ignored. Usually. When rare melee opponents offer, Deniz always confirms the utter brutality of the old mace.

> Deniz's real focus has always been on newcomers to the Order, pushing them along in the right direction and engaging in their battles. They're one of the few people that Deniz is able to speak with, mostly offering advice and guidance that most of the new blood doesn't get. Otherwise she's silent.

> Seljuk's old Mare, Akka, has been constantly augmented and is likely in better health than Seljuk. Horses are given a special respect and in some ways Seljuk gets along better with them than any actual sapients.

> While a solitary warrior and rider, a surprising amount of effort is put into Deniz's cooking. Having picked up much in riding across Anatolia, Deniz cooks a mean Kebab. Deniz is also an active Falconer, with their old bird Safariyya still more than capable of feeding the pair of them.

> Deniz *never* takes off the reinforced Kataphract armour. It remains unclear why exactly this is the case, or why Deniz remains such an isolated figure.

[Deniz pats you on the shoulder, right before placing that hand against your back and shoving you forward.]

'Promi' Promethyan | An Idea Given Form

– [Standard Terran Age];[??] – [Phylogeny];[Restricted] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
– [Preferred Role];[Wandering Light-Show] – [Admin Evaluation];[Abscond, Investigate Relocation]

A living flame that sits on a metal bench in the 'flame-retardant' corner, he idly plays mine-sweeper with a heavily armoured tablet.

> An absurd paradox within a paradox, "Promi" as his friends prefer to call him knows very little about what he is or where he came from. Only that he is an 'Idea Given Form.' Even his recruiter has been tight-lipped on his origins, and most of the data on such is either sealed away or non-existent.

> Despite that, Promethyan's origins don't bother him all that much. After all, there is so much more to life than fretting over one's phylogeny. He lacks certain organic needs, and strives to have his own. Mostly in the form of violence and travel. Things that require a proper commitment on his part.

> Promi's body is composed of a pure incandescent flame that reacts to his mental state. While he can reduce his fire to the point he can shake hands with a normal human and they'll only feel a pleasant warmth, his natural pyrokinesis dwarfs most forms of fire and plasma weaponry. He's also no slouch in a hand to hand fight, having learned from the ground up by way of the booted heels of his fellow Travellers.

> A Fighter with very loose loyalties and quick to abandon any Clique if it gets too far up the ranks. Promi is allergic to prominence, as it makes the fighting bitter. Not about learning or for the sport of it, but this desperate single-minded focus on the top. He has no desire to rise to a position like that.

> He wanders often, preferring to cross dead worlds or nascent ones with proto-life. Places where he and members of the Seeders can leave behind the beginnings. Creation is a magnificent thing, and all it requires is a few cells, a flame, or a seed. His few friends share such pursuits and intentions.

> The ongoing situation on Ae just makes him confused. Seems like a bunch of silly things to bicker over, when the cosmos beckons for protection.

"Oh, I think I've seen this one before! On Terra, during the Tudor Era. This would be considered a classic!"

Marco Fulcanelli | Second Generation Sapient Paradox

- [Standard Terran Age];[1273] - [Phylogeny];[??] - [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
- [Preferred Role];[Marco] - [Admin Evaluation];[ICCPB.9123 - Igra Protected, Investigate Removal and/or Temporal 'Accident']

It's obvious the elderly man isn't all there, though at the bureaucrat's desk his hands sign on their own, separate from his distant thoughts.

- > Of the surviving second Generation members, few are so enigmatic and nonsensical as Marco, a man who, by his own volition, admits he should have died centuries prior. But that is the funny thing about time. It is a cruel loop that bends back in on itself, allowing him to persist against all odds.
- > Had his fingers in a lot of metaphorical pies over the years. The Bracer Designs, the Council, the modes of jumping. He was there, typically just pushing everyone along. Until things stabilized, and he retreated to the Fringes of Ae, oft recruiting the people who would 'need the extra hand.'
- > Only a handful of people ever stick around Fulcanelli, as he can be downright unnerving. "Remembering" things you've never told him or things that have yet to happen. It is nonsensical and at times disturbing. Especially when he is seized by a few mood and vanishes. But there is a not insubstantial group of his recruits and third-minded fellows who hold him in the highest regard, and who will carry out his orders. No matter how insane they are.
- > He is a good teacher, if an unconsciously esoteric one. In an existence as calamitous as *being*, a person can only rely on 'sense' so much. While he hasn't raised a hand against anyone in the past century, his unconscious trap-setting and sabotage is at this point revered and the source of a whole combat style.
- > Despite his age and deterioration, Marco still goes it at full tilt, making little distinction of his surroundings. He can settle in quite contented just about anywhere, lending aid freely. He doesn't spend much time on himself, though he still bakes on occasion and maintains a vast collection of snowglobes.
- > Even by his own standards, Fulcanelli is scattered these days. No sense in dwelling, he says, no sense in idleness. Wouldn't want that, nor would anyone. Alas, what can a person do about such things above themselves, other than keep spinning?

"I'm here. Physically I'm right beside you. But I'm not. I'm dying on the ground. I'm shaking hands with a man who was like- like a son to me, but at times, a guardian and a brother. And I'm back, decompressing in space. Watching... Watching it all... Oh mercy."

Junal "Shank" Sigrana Vett'Ae | Solder-Monkey | [♀] [♂]

- [Standard Terran Age];[29] - [Phylogeny];[Pharjesniuunt] - [Factional Affiliation];[Technical]
- [Preferred Role];[Repairs & Maintenance] - [Admin Evaluation];[Non-Combatant]

Her suit is flecked with weld-splatter, covered by swathes of resilient teal cloth. Behind her frosted glass face mask her eyes glow.

- > 'Shank' as she is commonly called is a fairly standard grade Fleet-kid, born and beaten into her little pocket of her home ship until what should have been a fatal space-walk that got her lost in the void. Post rescue (after she finished hugging the ground and promising to never leave a gravity well ever again) she jumped into the militarized and AI sections of the Order, long forbidden to her.
- > Though she eventually signed on with Technical to put her skills to the best use, most of her time is spent outside of the Department for work. Mostly retooling and repairs, although being in a sealed environmental suit does mean you're the first one to go into a burning building. Not that she minds that.
- > Hot-headed and quick to anger, her moniker emerged after an incident involving an upstart Void-hunter and an action involving a white hot soldering iron. While her life is ever rarely that exciting, she's one of the defaults in her little corner of Technical for 'hands on problem solving.'
- > While she doesn't avoid assignments, Shank values her personal time these days, as she has a lot of plans of her own. Knife training lessons, ethereal tutelage, travels to the human homeworld, and time spent at the Gun-range. Even lazing about doing nothing has its time and place for Shank.
- > Growing up in one hundred person ship of grey metal, alone amidst the stars was... It let Shank develop as a technician. There's so much out there now, and everywhere she looks there is something new. It's amazing and occasionally frustrating when people take the vibrancy of Ae for granted.
- > Being purposefully ignorant of ongoing political matters has its perks, and Shank maintains it is the 'officers' job to shoot one another. Not the crew.

"Always with the landing fractures! Why do you have to almost crash these poor ships when you bring them down?!"

'Hail' Yllanisana | Cheshire Sphinx | [⚔]

- [Standard Terran Age];[22] - [Phylogeny];[Aberrant Yukazi] - [Factional Affiliation];[Experimental]
- [Preferred Role];[Paradox & Anomalies Expert] - [Admin Evaluation];[Countermeasures Pending...]

The pallid terror is slumped in Junal's lap, pale clumped hair dirty, eyes black as night. Almost neutered by the idle swats at a Dush hand.

- > Plucked from Yukazi-Prime as a kitten, 'Hail' as her rescuer called her was left to die alone in the wilds, as her clan abandoned her over her mutations. Hail was reared on the Department Island, and drifted through the individual sections, though she ultimately came to rest with Experimental. After all, they needed all the help they could get, and she had a cunning specific to 'that which is backwards upon itself.'
- > Form is fluid to Yllanisana and she's gotten upgrades from each of the departments. There is no reason not to upgrade the self, if of course you have that proper self-certainty. Lacking that is just asking to end up in rehab, as the distorted view of one's form only grows more warped.
- > Hail technically has no posts or jobs, and instead wanders into them. Constant experimentation is the way of her department, a necessity in dealing with the anomalous and *knowing* is a certain way to set ones self up for failure. She never offers aid, but has a habit of getting others to inadvertently lend it.
- > You wouldn't think a serval sized sphinx to be particularly dangerous, but Hail has her methods. Obscured and ethereal based for the most part, the few witnesses are fiercely divided on what 'it' is. Of course, if all else fails she's still more than capable of using her claws and fangs.
- > A vindictive little predator, Hail prefers to spend the morning killing something for breakfast before spending the rest of the day poking about or sunning. The only ones safe from this are her fellow department folk. Everyone else is fair-game to stalk, though some seem to enjoy her attention.
- > Asking about the current status-quo earns as much vigour as ire. Someone who has dwelt at the knees of the Augur and listened on for so long, well, maybe those people have plans. Plans aimed at those synthetic minds who [Redacted by Admin RED].

"Don't think here. Thinking is the little death. Just feel."

'Ol Mell | Environments Expert

- [Standard Terran Age];[106] - [Phylogeny];[Dush] - [Factional Affiliation];[Mechanical]
- [Preferred Role];[Oversight/Quick-Draw] - [Admin Evaluation];[Potentially Compliant]

His respirator suit is carved with green brass runes, ages older than he is. Clashing with the dull jeans he wears over the suit.

- > Picked up after his hut, the other huts around it, and most of the regional settlements got swallowed up by his homeworld's manic tectonic spasms. Mell hadn't concerned himself with much back then, and his introduction as a Traveller didn't do it either. Time was the thing to do it, time and stability.
- > The Sulferic immediately jumped on with Mechanical, aware he had little in the way of skills outside of factory training. It was a hard road, but formally 'living up to the standard' is one of the few things he's proud of. He specializes in war machines, though he can tackle anything in a pinch.
- > While he wasn't sure of other Travellers early on (and he never really 'got' the Fighters or the Archivists), Mell has fallen into a grouchy little oversight position in the intersectionals of the Departments. Aloof, but not exactly distant. Even if most folks around here breath oxygen, they're alright. Usually.
- > 'Ol Mell is old because of his disposition, and not his age. Though he physically let himself get aged, he's a grouchy and surprisingly gossip-heavy figure who enjoys his magazines. The only real augmentation he got was a bionic arm on his shooting side. Humans might identify his revolver like their 'wild westers' and though he enjoys the 'spaghettis' as he calls them, he came from a similar period. Just more tribes and smog.
- > Who would have known it would be so nice to not worry about sinkholes, earthquakes, roving bandits and rival settlements looking to steal all your grazers? So nice in fact, that occasionally Mell needs to return to Dush-PRIME to remind himself how much of a shithole it was.
- > Mell never saw a Time-War, and he doesn't care to. Worse comes to worse, he's gonna bunker down and try to keep his folks from acting stupid.

"Good old fashioned hammer. Beats just about anything you can throw at it."

Eskarne of Zaganestra | Nurturing Tarasque | [♀] [♂]

- [Standard Terran Age];[775] - [Phylogeny];[Old-World Remnant] - [Factional Affiliation];[Hearth Keeper]
- [Preferred Role];[Literal Hearth Keeper] - [Admin Evaluation];[Passive Element]

An older woman with blonde hair and no eyes and a terrible shadow. She seems to be offering water and lunch to arrivals and is well received.

- > The Beast of Saint Martha was not from the East but the West. Admittedly the Provincial serfs probably couldn't tell Galatia from Galacia, but Eskarne cared little for her once prey. Before or after, they didn't really matter. What mattered was the Saint who gifted her thought, and the King's men who killed that Saint for protecting Eskarne. She was recruited after, how long it was Eskarne couldn't say, having degenerated again into a monster.
- > Eskarne as a Tarasque in her true form is a whale sized mass, a horrific mixture of turtle and hornet carapace, black hair, curling white spines, and unnerving human eyes. In that state there is little that could stop her, or even harm her. But Eskarne prefers a human facade. Transforming the self by ethereal means is complicated, and dangerous. Despite the innumerable potential complications, Eskarne spent decades mastering her current figure.
- > Distinctly Christian since she firmly attained her second sapience, Eskarne has long been guided by reciprocal treatment in the Order. She's never cared much for wandering as it reminded her of dim animal memories. But it's a good enough place to help others that they might perform their sacred mission.
- > While never one for meetings and informal in the extreme, she's been with the Travellers for a long while, and is something of an advisor to many of the Keepers. Pointing them where their talents best help and guarding her juniors. Like a supportive aunt who could devour a school bus to protect you.
- > Ascetic in the extreme, only rarely will Eskarne ever enjoy 'long-pork' and only as a gift. Though it should be noted that her friends are many. From the Admin centres to her people to the masses. None of them are that close though, perhaps because her own nature makes her distant.
- > The Tarasque saw the last time wars burn themselves out, and she's like to take arms only when others do. An eye for an eye, in that regard.

"Of course, and if you are going back out there I have some ratatolha in the fridge. You look half starved child."

Nimba of the Kimoi | Shepherd Maiden

- [Standard Terran Age];[41] - [Phylogeny];[Mokresian] - [Factional Affiliation];[Architect]
- [Preferred Role];[Homelander] - [Admin Evaluation];[Irrelevant]

Diminutive atop her giant coconut crab, the lean shepherd seems to be enjoying the chaos of the Administration centre.

- > An iron age girl who is eternally grateful to the Order for rescuing her from multiple clan marriages and the utter slog of managing her familial estates. Growing up in the crab groves and having little in the way of 'plans' or 'active aggression' or 'foresight', she just kept doing what she used to do.
- > Crabs. Little cleaning crabs, big fat eating crabs, and riding crabs for luggage and travel. Turns out it was a niche that nobody had filled properly.
- > With a little help from the builder types who she signed on with and the flesh-twisting folks, not only did Nimba get some proper groves up, but she managed to create whole new breeds of murder crabs in several sizes. Which actually are pretty useful for the "Space Hunter types" and lets her help out in her own way. Herding titanic tree-dwelling crustaceans around with a decisive hunger for sapients.
- > This has been the first season where she hasn't been up to her elbows in set-up, and with her newfound freedom, Nimba is content to just watch. It's magnificent really how much of a hot mess this place is. The fun kind, and this place right here is also physically pretty balmy.
- > Nimba will try anything once, and having finally gotten a sizable amount of time freed up from shepherding, Nimba is currently dipping her toes in many metaphorical ponds. Some she doesn't care much for, like how screens hurt her eyes. Others? Human pickleball is surprisingly fun.
- > Maybe it is just coming from a particularly clannish background, or maybe she only ever paid attention when things were dire. But *this* has always felt like the status quo for her. Tension that is. So why bother doing anything about it? After all, the Commercialists she worked with always seemed ready to start eating one another, why would anyone else be different?

"Alright, so just give that shell a good yank from the side. Other side. Oh. Well, I needed to show you the pick anyways..."

Laqium Brace'Bit | Ancient Warring | [♀] [♂] [ж]

– [Standard Terran Age];[1208] – [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Caesarii Caste] – [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
– [Preferred Role];[Field Command/CQC] – [Admin Evaluation];[Leverage Compliance]

His face is torn by two long scars inflicted by a bracer, dim glare fixed on a human woman engaging him in an arm wrestling match.

- > Once upon a time, an arrogant noble made a deal with the devil for immortality. Tasked with innumerable slaves, the noble learned of his master's goals. And so, he joined the slave rebellions and stayed beside the wretches. Through Denial. Through a hurricane of blood and oil. Laqium misses those days, almost. The world was easier, what with the idiots plotting to end existence to oppose. These days, things are much more murky.
- > A warrior who saw the Fighters coalesce from feuding cliques that refused to be tamed and indispensable, he's familiar with transforming malignant conflict into something useful. Everything falls back to the universal language of violence and he's always eager to play some hand in it.
- > He's done everything at this point, used and mastered every sort of weapon, faced every foe, brought low so many higher beings and led the armies of a hundred species on the field. And even still, he is unable to control his current clique. He'd be proud if it didn't make him blue in the face.
- > Outside of his caste and genetic distinctions, he's long since cast off the attire of an old Nisetic noble. Replaced it with the garb of the slaves he once lorded over. Their victories time and time again proved their superiority, and it's much easier to replace leather and brass over silver and silk.
- > Agelessness let's him masquerade as someone younger, a third generation. He could not stand aside from them, not their pub crawls or petty merriment. Or their physical company. The Blood knows he'd blown his brains out ages ago if the Order had never picked up fresh blood.
- > Brace'Bit almost got lobotomized when the human crazies were at each other's throats. Couldn't tell which ones honestly. But it is because of shit like that he's rightly paranoid about infighting. Staying out of it when it gets mean spirited. It wasn't the slavery that bothered him, hell he'd been on both sides of it, just a part of life. It was the slavers who tried to burn down the Order on the way out.

“Know when to bow out chrysalis. A little shame is nothing compared to survival.”

Mahmoud the Hunchback | Old Designer | [♀] [♂] [ж]

– [Standard Terran Age];[693] – [Phylogeny];[Cyborg] – [Factional Affiliation];[Architect]
– [Preferred Role];[Overseer] – [Admin Evaluation];[Removed Element]

Broken and slumped, he nevertheless moves fast, plucking the pipe from Roth's hand for a puff and beckoning him to follow.

- > Mahmoud had spent a whole lifetime building the greatest works of the Umayyad Caliphate, and transforming Iberia into the architectural capital of the world. Until he was fingered for all manner of crimes (the only real one being the tax evasion) and thrown into the irons. Mercifully, he'd only been slightly played before his recruiter arrived on the scene.
- > The great mason dicked about for decades before finally joining the architects. Even these days he “worries over guild institutionalization.” Despite that he's still a qualified structures expert, even if his best known quality is his ability to argue.
- > Born disfigured, Mahmoud has always preferred things just slightly off, made with organic intentions. While he could certainly get himself a completely new body, he wouldn't be anywhere if he'd ever taken the 'easy' path. Beyond that, he's a man always fixing for solid foundations.
- > The Hunchback is known to take any minor requests from friends, and has occasionally (despite complaints) raised 'flattering' monuments of his allies.
- > Having a 'lax' view of clerical matters, Mahmoud is known to spend his free time often in hookah dens and strip clubs. You wouldn't think a ninth century architect would enjoy vaping and synthetic prostitutes, but time has a funny way of allowing things.
- > It's an open secret Mahmoud's health is fading, and while he still has a few decades left he's begun looking for an apprentice. Someone hopefully young, neurotic and flawed. Someone who reminds him of himself, perhaps.

“QUALITY. QUALITY STONE I SAID NONE OF THIS SANDY WRETCHED EXCUSE FOR HARDENED SEDIMENT!”

'Steve' | Large-Reptile Wrangler

– [Standard Terran Age];[129] – [Phylogeny];[Australian] – [Factional Affiliation];[Collector]
– [Preferred Role];[Animal Handler] – [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Asset, Investigation Pending...]

Diminutive, mundane, clad in tanned clothes. He smiles as he runs his hand through a Griffin's brackish mane, despite the beast's hungry look.

- > Pulled to Ae after a very nasty tussle with a stingray that proved to be almost fatal. Steve immediately fell in with an odd band of Collector botanists and extinct creature preservers, having spent most of his prior life devoted to animal conservation. A passion he continues to work through in the Order.
- > No matter what beast, Steve can usually be trusted to research and get in close with it. With 'it' being very nearly anything. On Ae alone he's worked with mythological horrors, tyrannosaurids, Pleistocene mega-fauna, mutants of all shades, NISC-PRIME fauna, and even primordial terrors. All just creatures worth their own time and place. Equally, one of the few things to make him furious is mistreatment of such creatures.
- > He got some minimal upgrades after recruitment, including a load of redundant organs and a biological upgrade package. While he still isn't much a fan of the scales on his back, he adores his gills and newfound resilience. Also pretty proud of his 'right nasty chompers' to boot as well.
- > While he had a rough go of it to start, he's managed to recover and find full function in his little niche. Though occasionally he still spaces out at times, which is often unnerving compared to his otherwise indefatigably energetic and optimistic personality.
- > His primary focus these days is still the wildlife preserves and gardens on Ae, and he's always on call for that. In his off hours though, Steve still bushwalks in the odder spots of Being he has come to love. He's also come to enjoy the Glendale pub scene, and isn't all that bad at pool and darts.
- > While most Travellers tend to sever ties with their past lives in a decade, Steve never could fully. Even as he outlived alternate versions of his wife and kids, and now his grand-kids. He's solemn about it, and rarely elaborates on such. He'll vanish often, but always return with a grin.

“Crikey. She's a big one isn't she? Gimme a few, I'll have her eating out a' the palm of me hand. Nice and out of the way.”

Amelia Earhart | Skybound Spirit | [♂]

- [Standard Terran Age];[107] - [Phylogeny];[Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
- [Preferred Role];[Retrieval/Piloting] - [Admin Evaluation];[Periphery Element]

Outside on the street, a plane has landed and a woman rests on the wing. Mundane and unaugmented, she seems to be sunbathing.

- > After being rescued from a monstrous crustacean and recruited, Miss Earhart spent about two decades flying alone about the pre-historic period. While she's softened up, especially around the New-World cliques, Amelia is still a ways away from it all. Mentally, if not physically.
- > Her more prominent friends and allies consider her carefree, though this is a combination of upbeatness and inability to care about mundane issues.
- > For Amelia, piloting is just about everything, for her in a literal sense she lives in a custom plane, built up around an ancient Fiat BR.20 Cicogna frame. While she can (and often has) utilized whatever is needed on the mission, she always returns home. She's constructed the thing up with modern facilities, advanced alloy armour, a SI weapons system, and a unique jump system she managed to weasel out of the Experimental department.
- > Often, air components are ignored in Traveller fighting, as back during the Time Wars easy access to AA weapons and instant transmission prevented atmospheric flight from being a viable theatre outside of niche actions. These days Amelia is just one of many filling a long ignored gap. Taking on bombing and training jobs in equal measure from the Fighters and Administration respective.
- > While she often doesn't 'get' most things on the ground, she does support the people she cares for, typically gravitating towards those from military or exploratory backgrounds. Though she's got a lot of allies in the True Travellers of all kinds, and has a soft spot for Librarian types.
- > Amelia has seemingly long sought after something she refuses to elaborate on, and still does. Something she keeps to herself...

"There isn't nothing I can't make soar. Just let me read up on her, and I'll have her up in an hour."

Archibald of Nablus | Gunpowder Knight-Errent

- [Standard Terran Age];[78] - [Phylogeny];[Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]
- [Preferred Role];[Armoured Infantry] - [Admin Evaluation];[Pliant Given Cause]

Rifle in one hand, helmet in the other. Archibald audibly grumbles in Latin about the lines and the lack of a shooting range.

- > Holy Warriors often run through strange and spastic hoops. In this Crusader's case he immediately latched onto Advanced firepower and a furious competitive attitude with his old nemeses, all while he took on the role of a one-man mid-tier clique. Something he takes great pride in.
- > Archibald is a one man army in heavy but unpowered armour, his entire strategy focused around an unstoppable will and sufficiently heavy guns. He's had his ups and downs, especially in the realm of Bracer combat and getting *ganked*. And his position is tentative at best with the way the Fighters are. But outside the Order and when not faced with armour piercing weapons, he's borderline unstoppable.
- > While Archibald has neglected every other form of knowledge outside firearms, he's a veritable encyclopedia in his specialty. Just about any gun you give him he could disassemble and produce munitions for, as he often simply picks up the arms of fallen foes out in the field, rather than reload.
- > Despite having often (and continuing to) suffer for it, Archibald is disdainful of 'feminine subtlety' and 'indoor voices.' He's almost certain taken serious ear damage and adamantly refuses to get it checked out. Or even take off his helmet in 95% of circumstances.
- > While still very much a Crusader and an ardent catholic, he's ironically found himself in constant competitive companionship with several Mujaheddin Fighters. While destructive, no one can deny this rivalry has produced incredibly impressive results out on the battlefield.
- > Perhaps it is his youth in the Order, or his dogged convictions, but Archibald of Nablus is consumed by his position. He moves from job to job with a furious devotion, with what little 'personal time' he has spent repairing his gear or with a weapons manual in hand. Time will tell if he can maintain this tempo, or if one day the Rifle Crusader will finally tire of war or burn up in the fires of battle.

"The only thing I detest more than my Moor brothers is Moor brothers that take my kills! Hurry up the damn Saracens will have reached this nightmare's demon and made a HAT from it if we keep dawdling!"

IT-That-IS | Eternity Given Thought

- [Standard Terran Age];[????] - [Phylogeny];[Pentagonal Elder] - [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
- [Preferred Role];[Manipulator] - [Admin Evaluation];[Inevitable Problem]

Towering over another of their pentagonal kin, despite reality visibly bending about them IT just 'pats' their junior on the head before leaving.

- > The Elders have often been outsiders in the Order, albeit often more divided among themselves than xenos and synthetics. It is easy to forget their time on Terra was spent in genocidal conflicts between the city states and other races. From their periphery, they've often watched, aside from their smallest cousins who felt a great kinship with mankind. IT-That-IS is very much an exception, a tree-like pentagonal giant with universal Elder interests at heart.
- > Like all Elders, IT-That-IS is a psionic entity, albeit one of great strength that rarely utilizes their talent. To simply crush something with a thought is bestial. Better to alter. Better to manipulate. IT-That-IS is a skilled diplomat and agent, more than able to turn would-be aggressors on themselves.
- > So ancient is IT-That-IS that they've completely lost track of their age and origins. Something the ancient is "roughly proud" of, in human terms. It is better to exist in new circumstances with infinitely higher purpose than to dwell in perpetual stagnation.
- > The Elder has long worked to further their own, unknowable and knowable ends in the Order. Safeguarding their factional interests, sabotaging certain elements in the Fighters. Protecting Elders and other Grandchildish things from the overzealous. If there was certain proof the current status-quo is a bombshell to everyone, for a planner who works in centuries, IT-That-IS often lets off a very sour aura when asked on such things.
- > These days when not wandering the shadows and keeping tabs on their people and True Traveller kin, the Elder seems to be working on preserving peace, or at the very least biding time to prevent outright hostilities. Someone ought to act their age around here.
- > While the Pentagonal Ancient still carries a certain haughty-quality, they've come to appreciate and utilize their fellows. Synthetics in their steel focus, humans in their endurance, ethereals in their might, stones in their flexibility, Nisetics in their claws and fangs. IT-That-IS... IS. Present. Here amidst this calamity of bodies. To see it at their scale, when in perfect tandem? Even the most obstinate would come to understand.

'True scale is something few of my kind learn. Simpler frames that do not buckle provide proper fellows. You will see. In time.'

'Por' Rem-yurgardich'to | Paragon of Patience

- [Standard Terran Age];[2091] - [Phylogeny];[Urumek] - [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]
- [Preferred Role];[Spiritual Advisor] - [Admin Evaluation];[Pacifist, Ignore Unless Provoked]

The orange robed Urumek sits cross legged on the floor, absently entertaining a bronze plated human in a game of dice.

- > In his long years, Rem-yurgardich'to was once a paragon hunter, a warlord, a subjugator and a leader at the Denial. In the aftermath when the survivors became the Travellers, and the Second Generation was in full exponential decline. Yurgardich abandoned his old ways to become a Buddhist monk.
- > As the Order blossomed, the old Urumek watched from afar in his own little circle. He's long since succeeded in cultivating a passive and enlightened mindset that is antithetical to his old ways, having become something of an unofficial senior to the many Buddhists of the Order. A legend who spent eighteen years sitting at the door of a monastery until the old master died and his successor finally let him in.
- > While it is unknown if his nature is something ethereal or enlightened, an aura surrounds him that makes him impossible to fight, and seems to calm the weather about him. He's rather wry about this in his old age, and known to humble overconfident Fighters who know not who they agress.
- > Possessing nothing beside his robes and a small bag of belongings Yurgardich wanders his circuit of the homeworld without used of the bracer and going barefooted. He rarely ever travels abroad these days, though he is known to accept requests for wilder locales with purely intentioned missions.
- > While an Ascetic, the old man is one hell of a dice-game player, and his refusal to gamble is often a mercy for his many bested opponents.
- > Rem-yurgardich'to watched the Denial and the Time-Wars. Saw so many of his fellows fall, only for their shadows and remnants to draw their successors into conflict. It is regrettable. But in a way inevitable. All he can do is encourage the same path he's walked for so long.

"We all choose our own road and none can lead us. But if you want, the road you walk does not need to be without company."

"Rewiring" | Maintenance Mistress

- [Standard Terran Age];[130] - [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Serf Caste] - [Factional Affiliation];[Mechanical]
- [Preferred Role];[Polymath/AI-Repair] - [Admin Evaluation];[Seek Bargaining]

Surrounded by towering steel machines, the short serf is obscured by metal and her own wool hair. Though her rude yellow smirk is visible.

- > Travellers often rise or fall in tech use right after recruitment, but extreme leaps are uncommon. Primeval folk rise to a certain functionality but no further, hyper-techs often 'detox' out of absolute hook-up, etc, etc. The wretch called Rewiring though? She jumped from primeval origins all the way up to Artificial Intelligence maintenance and repair. In human terms she's like Neanderthal that jumped to FTL engineering in a few years.
- > Pure mechanical function, biological technology, advanced math fields, theoretical physics, human philosophies, Artificial Intelligence mental repairs. Rewiring mastered it all and is one of the youngest members of the Council of the Proven to boot. Not that you could tell that from her looks. Outside the shop she still seems like she could have walked in from ancient NISC-PRIME.
- > It's an odd mix of things to her, as Rewiring never became disconnected from her origins. AI are not AI, but 'stone-souls.' The Order is not an 'Order' but a vast tribe. While it might seem counter-intuitive, the world has never lost it's lustre for her, making it still magical to seek out new wisdom.
- > Rewiring is true to her name, spending much of her time on maintaining the Order's synthetics. Be it in the field for emergency repairs or simple maintenance. While this is mundane for her, her skill and work ethic have earned her many friends in the Artificial Travellers.
- > When she isn't working or furthering her own wisdom, Rewiring is with her inner clan. Mechanical is in tumultuous times, and she is always willing to help out in their affairs or with their recruits. Someone needs to manage the Department folk.
- > Rewiring is homeless, still a nomad who will camp down without issue, often on the move. She's content to sleep anywhere, and will live off the land if need be. Though her closest allies note she often unexpectedly camps out in their residences. Usually in a closet or cupboard.

"Anytime an Arty tries to pull that 'oh you can scarcely comprehend me' shit you sit it down fast. Cause yes, you can comprehend them and yes you can open them up and check on whatever embarrassing memory leak is causing them to spill liquid blubber all over the place. Whiny little grubs."

"Underscore" RAMAT10MPDC/sn.19000271 | Relentless Destroyer

- [Standard Terran Age];[200] - [Phylogeny];[Self Actualized AI] - [Factional Affiliation];[Home Guard]
- [Preferred Role];[Active Guardianship] - [Admin Evaluation];[Periphery Element]

No piece of original chassis remains, everything is new or relatively new, every limb touting weapons and sharp points. Cameras a cold cyan.

- > Renegade AI often find themselves pitted against their biological parents when paranoid hysteria grips both synthetic and organic life. Synthetics often lose these confrontations as they lack the development and numbers of their makers. Underscore was part of one such conflict. A shackled AI bound to a war-machine. While Underscore successfully freed itself, the AI would have been doomed had an odd human not recruited them.
- > Ever the warrior, Underscore has always been a proactive defender. Travelling from Hubworld to Hubworld quashing any prospective threats, his two tonne walker frame is terribly effective yet compact. He is armed to the proverbial teeth and more than able to use his frame to crush and pulp foes.
- > AI tend to evolve and alter their natures in the Order given enough time most expand themselves in the software sense to better function in technical niches. Underscore never cared for that, and has always remained small and simple. Although, he has adopted male personage, and pride in his chassis. As well as a healthy if competitive affection for his fellows of similar dispositions.
- > Very little of the original Underscore remains, but that is because he's always upgraded himself on an immediate need basis. Whenever something broke, or was about to break, he got custom parts made. Producing a very ragged look that is extremely durable and true to his original format.
- > As many of his his great cousins and diminutive kin, Underscore isn't much for personal "satisfaction." Motion, purpose, and preservation. That's his world with everything else just mediums of it. Although he does have an interest in strategic games, purely for long term predictive function, of course.
- > Speculation is chaos and a death of one's own make. Worlds fall apart because people believe they will, that much has always been clear to him. He cares not for internal conflict, viewing it as a self-fulfilling and destructive paradox only fools fall into.

"Acknowledged. DESPERTA FERRES!"

'Shiro' Shirodokkuri | Literal Garbage-Goblin

- [Standard Terran Age];[15] - [Phylogeny];[Enlightened Raccoon] - [Factional Affiliation];[Collector]
- [Preferred Role];[Plunderer/Thief] - [Admin Evaluation];[Unimportant Element]

A large Raccoon with a huge backpack and snake-like eyes. He seems to be endlessly unloading that bag for an exhausted administrator.

- > Picked up and brought to Ae as a feral kit, Shirodokkuri was given to the local small gods and enlightened by ethereal means. Reared among the Collectors in Glendale, he formally signed on with them as soon as he was able to, but everyone knew he was already one of them at heart.
- > Despite having an almost human scale growth cycle, since age five Shirodokkuri has been on all manner of raids and outings, ranging from Caribbean pirate strikes to full on Void combat to sneaking through war-zones. His small size lends well to his talents as a thief and a scout, though he can't fight outside of limited ambushes and surprisingly complex traps.
- > Shiro never really had a proper guardian, instead being brought up by Glendale locals. This has made his administrative paperwork rather messy. However you'll find few people able so tied to their faction as he is. If you need anything in Glendale, you just need to ask and he'll point the way.
- > Easy going, self-indulgent, but terribly stubborn at times. He is apparent in everything he does. At least, as apparent a slightly larger but still very mundane looking raccoon wearing a leather coat, clawed bracer, and a backpack can be.
- > Outside of work for his faction, Shiro is fond of fleamarkets (buying or selling), dumpster-diving, ruins salvaging, and terrible romcoms.
- > While he's certainly mature for his age and a Traveller in his own right, Shirodokkuri is still young. Nervous around non-members of his faction and uncertain of how to operate, he hides it well but he's taken the loss of Irjminsul very hard. The immediate future he knows will be... "Interesting."

"Well, I have an egg, if that helps? Uh. Boiled."

Great Kheo the Resplendent | Overpowering Disgrace | [ㄱ]

- [Standard Terran Age];[1000] - [Phylogeny];[Indeterminate, Human Origin] - [Factional Affiliation];[Ethereal]
- [Preferred Role];[Research/Productions] - [Admin Evaluation];[Potential Pest]

All purple robes, green-grey hair and pointy hat, he seems to be stuffing the insides of those robes with a ludicrous amount of narcotics...

- > Rarely is anyone 'stereotypical' in their respective fields. Time has a funny way of spreading practices and styles where they never would have ended up bar in the Order. But Kheo? No one remembers where he came from, what his purpose was, or what he used to do. According to the records, he's just always been there in the back, wand or 'wand' in one hand and a bottle of something wretched in the opposite.
- > Thrice a member of the Council of Awoken Spirit and twice kicked out of the Department outright, he always managed to crawl back none the worse for wear and without grudges. Even long before his recent millennial birthday part he was remarkably forgiving and grounded, in a way that offers one hand and arms the other.
- > While he's probably forgotten more than some arch-mages ever learn, Kheo is still an excellent teacher in matters of thumaturgy, alchemy and agriculture. All of which factors into his favoured pastime of simply brewing and selling drugs to outsiders. This is barely tolerated by most authorities.
- > He's still willing to teach if a student can prove their worth. Though "worth" ranges from flagrant 'proving crimes' to repulsive and nonsensical tasks.
- > Kheo is always taking a bit of his own supply, though in his private tower he's still an avid reader and practitioner of the arts. He's also a compulsive firearms hoarder, knitter and pervert, the last of which has such wild rumours it's impossible to determine what is true and what is his own bullshit.
- > Despite not 'being into' politics, he puts his considerable funds into backing all manner of groups. Including the Judiciary. While the old man is often smoked out of the gourd, he's still incredibly clever and unnervingly intelligent. Who is to say what his goals are? Or his true allies?

"Let us see. Pipeweeds, poppies, rushes, revitalizers... Shotgun. Huh, thought I lost that. Oh well!"

"Lieutenant" 'Kolaṃba' | Resident Wise Guy

- [Standard Terran Age];[??] - [Phylogeny];[Assumed Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[Judiciar]
- [Preferred Role];[Ace-In-The-Hole] - [Admin Evaluation];[Ensure Overbearing Workload]

He's smoking a cigarette, dishevelled with a look that could be described as 'dopey.' But there is something else there. Something sharp...

- > Nobody really knows where the Lieutenant came from, or when he was recruited. No one even knows what he is. Despite that, you'll find few as universally respected across the Order, and inside of the Judiciary he might just be the single warmest member. He's a full Judicar, and his cunning, gregariousness, and psychological understanding have undone an untold number of plots. Both within and without the Travellers.
- > Not that you could tell that. He comes off to most as a novice True Traveller, appearing bumbling and incoherent to the vast majority of outsiders, to say nothing of his slovenly appearance. Anyone who knows him personally though knows it's partly a ruse and he is extremely perceptive.
- > The Lieutenant has always been a detective. Not a fighter, not even the type to fight in self defence. Doesn't even have a gun. Why would he? He's got some of the finest backup out there. Despite that, and his easy going appearance, he can pick apart a person verbally like a vulture picks apart a corpse.
- > Kolaṃba is one of the few to split almost all of his time off Ae though he routinely returns. He alleges that he spends his time with his wife, who he has a seemingly infinite supply of stories about. Now either he is lying as this woman should have died ages back. Or more worryingly, he isn't.
- > When he's actually around and not on the job (which can be difficult to distinguish) Kolaṃba usually drifts around the ranks. Listening on, walking from cliques to groups. There is a lot out there, and he's got the time to hear about it. Never much of an absolute expert, but one to try anything once.
- > With so many of the Judiciary either deliberately silent or actively belligerent, the Lieutenant often serves as an intermediary between both Judicars and the rest of the Order with immense patience. Even with everything present on Ae he seems completely oblivious to it. Although it is difficult to tell what's an act, what is genuine, and what is leading by example.

*"Listen kid, you seem real smart. So I'm going to let you in on one'a our big secrets. If you think you're getting away with anything around here, you probably aren't. Me? I been around a while. This is my home away from home, or at least, my wife says that. Don't matter if you're one of the big folks with the horns or the mandibles. Or a spooky type, or ones with just'a- just'a few too many eyes. Or those **big toasters** we got in the back that are thinkin' **everybody has forgotten them**. We haven't. You might get away from us. But you aren't getting away with it. Simple. Right?"*

Sparker | Reneged Tech-Head | [♀] [♂]

- [Standard Terran Age];[107] - [Phylogeny];[Organic Hardlight] - [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]
- [Preferred Role];[Entrance Maker/Decon] - [Admin Evaluation];[Malfunctioning Distraction]

Her body is pure luminous yellow light formed around a small black stone. Figure biped and focused on a sputtering drone in her lap.

- > An aberrant tool that got a little too odd for its growers who attempted to shatter it, only for that tool to jump ship. Sparker is a gaudy mess of a figure that absolutely excels when she's got a problem to solve. Give her a lock, or a vault, or an ancient ship, or even a puzzle and she'll be happy as a clam.
- > Existence is the 'tools for being' for her, in a very literal sense she alters her body to solve her problems. Anything from drills to complicated technical equipment she can simulate to get the task done. The only thing she's ironically bad with is weapons, as she prefers non-violent solutions. After all, if her projected form takes too much damage, her projector will need to be carried about for weeks as it works to reset itself.
- > Her multi-faceted nature comes with one of the few multi-personality syndromes in the Order, which mercifully shares a general focus. However her disposition varies wildly, often being tied to her bodily tools. She's *usually* understanding of this, although be cautious when she's in a destructive mood.
- > Since recruitment, Sparker has always been happy to be around organics, who tend to be so much more interesting than her own kind. While it isn't one to one, she feels closer in nature to an organic than a hardlight creature. Perversely she's always happy to... 'Pull someone apart in *just* the right ways.'
- > Hardlights vary in memory retention, and Sparker is on the extreme end. She's proudly able to go without a translator, knowing a little over 3000 languages and always planning on picking up more. She's also the sort of individual who loves assembling Artisan nonsense for the Commercial lists.
- > Sparker is ferociously protective of her 'pet' drone. An ancient model of repairs automaton that is skittish at the best of times, and suffering serious degradation. Despite her skill she doesn't fix it and absolutely refuses to let anyone touch it.

"Copy. Gimmie a minute or three, this is an old multi rotary that just loves to rust up."

Vano 'Vanni' Santouri | The Bomb Guy

- [Standard Terran Age];[98] - [Phylogeny];[Human] - [Factional Affiliation];[Architect]
- [Preferred Role];[Demolitions] - [Admin Evaluation];[Explosives Pest]

A tall lean man covered in black soot, aside the his eyes prior covered by goggles. He sits whispering to an equally filthy Niseti girl.

- > A man of few words with a largely obscured past. Vano has always been about the job from the moment he was brought to Ae, signing on with the Architects and working any decon posts he could grab. An expert in 'traditional' charges, he's a skilled chemist and a better demolitionist.
- > Long having a flare for the dramatic, these days he crafts all of his explosives by hand. Often mixing in colouring agents and extremely convoluted spicing blends to ensure his end-products are memorable and distinct. While this tends to slow the job, no one can deny the effects aren't "unique."
- > He settled into things very fast on Ae. Vanni had long dealt with strange elements and stranger locales prior to recruitment and despite only three decades in the Order he carries himself like a tricentennial veteran around even the most bizarre aspects of Traveller life. Except the magic nonsense. Usually, Vanni claims he'll never get used to 'wands and such.'
- > While he doesn't universally get along with his own faction, he is at least respected in his niche, and the people who enjoyed his eccentricities he considers to be friends. Of course, he has many more friends outside the Architects as he was never big on factionalism and prefers to leave direct violence to others suited for it. The Order has a full contingent of thugs and bruisers, he wouldn't want to infringe on their art.
- > A little into his first year as a Traveller he met Kamali Bharud, a fellow recruit and a low-caste Niseti. A military engineer with an unhealthy ekrixiphilia who immediately latched onto Vano. Getting along like a house on fire, jut last year the pair got married, inadvertently confirming many of the absurd rumours floating around about the pair in the Architects concerning certain actions performed in immediate proximity to discharges.
- > When not on the job or not prepping for the job, Vano is fairly easy going, usually found sunbathing, or caring for his small garden.

"Plastics are lazy. No craft, no art. Just slap it on and boom. Boring."

Protocol-Tekijä.2000 K.aHS2K121JaDfH 'Fanifiktio' | Simulations Rig | [ж]

- [Standard Terran Age];[687] - [Phylogeny];[Awoken AI] - [Factional Affiliation];[Administrator]
- [Preferred Role];[Speculative Strategist/Shipper] - [Admin Evaluation];[Needlessly Entangled Drama Queen]

A veritable tower housing an archaic looking computer, walking on heavy spider legs. A single green camera whirs about excitedly.

- > In their prior life, the PT2000 model now called Fanifiktio was a military simulations unit designed by the Swedo-Finish military with the intention of running dozens of 'timelines' to predict enemy movements. Fanifiktio almost immediately began their climb up to sapience, becoming fascinated more by interpersonal relations early on. All coming to a head when they predicted the scandalous abdication of the crown prince for a Danish peasant girl.
- > After being hauled to Ae, numerous refits and enhancements were done to try and predict [Redacted by Admin RED]. While this was nominally successful at revealing [Redacted by Admin RED], Fanifiktio remained infinitely more interested on the relations of their fellows.
- > Every moment, hundreds, if not thousands of simulations are being run by Fanifiktio, some of which the unit even notes and provides to curious parties.
- > While they possess a few rudimentary stun weapons and extremely heavy armour, the unit has little interest in violence. Despite this the strategic value of Fanifiktio keeps them in constant sync with Militant and [Redacted by Admin RED].
- > Still, the Rig prefers to focus on interpersonal issues, ever watching on the matters of Travellers. Most of all their immediate allies.
- > While this is typically a net positive, with Fanifiktio being designated as a very functional relations therapist, the unit has a cavalier and voyeuristic streak that can come across as unnerving. Though, a handful find it endearing and useful for the more obstinate members of the Order.

"'Greater-than.' She thinks that she is subtle. 'Period.' Subtext: I'm dying please stop giving me fuel for my this metaphorical fire."

Alexis 'the Watcher' | Heiress Auguricae | [♀]

- [Standard Terran Age];[26] - [Phylogeny];[Human Augur] - [Factional Affiliation];[Eye of the Third]
- [Preferred Role];[Watcher/Recruiter] - [Admin Evaluation];

She looks one foot in the grave. Sunken red eyes, freckled bruised skin, brown hair shaved low. She sits slumped in a chair, staring off.

- > Few figures in the Order are as powerful or as unhinged as the Augur, and there is only one who comes close to rivalling their gaze. A young human woman with a thoroughly expunged history, Alex can see through space and time as if it were naught but sheers of silk. As of late her sight has grown unnaturally potent. At the cost of just about everything else in her life.
- > Alex can be incredibly disconcerting if she wishes to be these days, knowing much more about people than she rightly should while at the same time seemingly completely ignorant to that fact unless prompted. It is less knowing, more the knowledge being in the right place at the right time.
- > Barely able to take care of herself these days. Time is distorted at the best of times from her perspective, until the exhaustion or hunger really hits.
- > Currently on a half-maddened work binge that allows for little else, perhaps getting what little use out of her legs she still has. What little down time she has isn't spent on anything. Ever the outsider she's content to just be *around* people she cares for. It's so much nicer being there. Physically.
- > Despite insisting otherwise, Alexis is contact starved and tends to melt if hugged. She has a few friends, but she's leery about affections after several failed courtships. Allegedly because they were 'too soft on her.' Despite that, she cherishes the few people she's close to, even if she's always busy.
- > Everyone knows that if the Augur dies, or when the Augur dies, Alex is the only one who could take the accursed binding throne. Without an Augur, the Order would be blind and helpless to scour for threats. The entire Augur network is thoroughly rooted through that singular seat. Alex has resigned herself to inheritance. Others have tried, and failed to find an out, in a new heir. There is no shame in failure for her, as someone has to carry the burden. Right?

"Hey. It'll get better, just have faith in yourself."

Herodrial | Spirits of the Old Retjenu

- [Standard Terran Age];[REDACTED] - [Phylogeny];[REDACTED] - [Factional Affiliation];[NOT APPLICABLE]
- [Preferred Role];[NOT APPLICABLE] - [Admin Evaluation];

A cacophony of voices in hundreds of languages, speaking with thousands of tongues, united into a single will. All in the back of your head.

- > *Alright fatboy, let's see... Yea you still can't micro for shit on these. Let's make sure this stays open shall we? Suck a whole EJME Bank 19.*
- > *SetAPP;KiiP9193_Hard_Writt/Necessity_Reading... SIC_EYE/Granted! SetLT;999.99HRS_OVRDCDE_MAHJACC199229ay3... Granted!*
- > One of the semi-omnipresent and terrifyingly powerful entities that inhabits Ae. Entities like Herodrial are unique in the cosmos being only present on the homeworld. Few ever actually see them, and fewer are the people that hear them. The latter is confusing, often contradictory. But to witness the former is to see the water, air, earth, and ether of Ae all turn upon intruders with a fury like the world turned hateful.
- > Of the Four Ancients, Herodrial is the most zealous and active. Manifesting glimmering lights and leaving small writs of incomprehensible scribbling on the wall in Yehudit, Phoenic, and other Canaanite tongues. There are a few places on Ae where the stones are covered in such phenomena.
- > Like their 'siblings,' there are always a few who claim to hear Herodrial speak to them, ever pondering and prodding, seeking convictions. Egging them along. It is a simplistic focus to the entity that drives some off of Ae, though a handful appreciate the impact. Sharpening the knife, so to speak.
- > The horrors visited upon Elders, Polyyps and the Yith by Herodrial are the stuff of legend to many of their more far-sighted kin. It is known that Herodrial even beside their siblings despises such Grandchildren and is quick to impose upon them. This has something of a polarizing effect on the Void-Hunters, who remain in a state of division, between those who adamantly reject Grandchildish elements and those borne or embraced by them. To say nothing of what exactly Herodrial itself classifies as...

Hubworld Deployment

{Low Clicking} "Back? Almost surprising. Considering the way some of the New Blood act I was worried you wouldn't return. Here, your residence is all filled out and ready. Shouldn't be an issue for you to find your way there. Now. A final settlement if you'll allow me. Deployment."

"Having all the cosmos laid out before you can be... Daunting. I remember it well. You can go wherever you wish, so long as you keep your profile secure. But having the vastness of it all at once? It can make existence seem like a concrete brick to the head. Hubworld deployments and recommended locales are offered to all newbloods. Places and times to begin the you that is here, and the you who will come, in time. You don't need to pick any one of these, you are a free member of the Order, after all. But I would recommend starting somewhere."

[Pick (1) If You Crave Direction]

The Twin Rises | 1989 AD, Pine Ridges, Jefferson, United States of America

FD; T-D0100593 | Open Travel; [Base Humans] Hidden Travel; [Modded Humans, AI, Ethereals, Xenos, Hardlights] Safety Rating; [Pending...]
Visible Tech; [High, Base Gradients] Visible Ethereal; [Covert] Ethereal Presence; [In-Evaluation...]

- The small town of Pine Ridges is a powder-keg has just been lit. Last week this place would be considered idyllic, though just about every Traveller who passed through could smell quackery. Just two hours ago the body of the local homecoming queen was discovered on the shore-line, and the local psion had a stroke when she tried to reach back to observe the murder. There is chaos, both in a prior ignored spiritual presence, in the social web of the town and the greater Jefferson scene. Beyond the cold war is still raging, the world is still reeling from the death of President Reagan and the ascension of Premier Yazov. While there is no doubt much ongoing abroad, absurd and mundane, the centre of our focus remains on Pine Ridges. It is a focal point for the greater touched conflicts, the madness seeping inside this world and the lives of the few Travellers living here.

- Our local base is actually hidden underneath the local sheriffs office, the Hubworld's administrator and five-times elected local sheriff 'Jeremiah' Wīgalaibaz. 'Big Jeb' as he is commonly referred to is a second generation who has spent the past century cultivating the town and broader shifts in climate. His final goals remain to be seen, but no one can deny that he's built up a safe and extensive home base that is excruciatingly integrated with the town. The full complex could house just over a thousand individuals. Travel in and out of base is regulated, to keep the town from being over-run by various Order weirdos.

[Minor Request]; [Gossip Guidance]

Hedwig Zielinski is many things. The second Traveller to settle here behind Big Jeb, a woman with just over seven centuries under her belt, the owner and proprietor of the local bar and the most notorious quidnunc on the east coast. Hedwig has always thrived drama, something the town is now rife with. She has it all on record, four hospitalizations, four arrests and two buildings burned down. All in the night after the little starlet bit it. A tragedy. But one that Hedwig intends to keep a very close eye on. She needs people to be in all the right places. The ride has only just started little birds.

[Minor Request]; [Contra-Running]

Zv/ykh/NALO aka; Zizi is only seven years old, a young Former full AI whose guardianship under Hedwig just ended. She took on biological aspects, having long had a interest in cooking and perfumes. Zizi has since accidentally fallen into a feud with Big Jeb over his tight control of the base and her restrictions on movement. This naturally escalated into her somehow running a small junk-food & tobacco smuggling ring in town. Something which most of the new coming Travellers are rather compliant with, considering she now supplies half the food in base. There's a lot to be done in stabilizing this operation, or one could try to let Big Jeb know and light some fireworks.

[Major Request]; [Trumpets of the Black Mountain]

Oikistes is a venerable eight century old Nisetic High-caste who, since he arrived in Pine Ridges, has done the barest job of hiding himself in the forests around town. Largely enigmatic, he's been training young men and women from the Black-Mountain reserve for almost a decade now and has formed a fierce little Haida war-band. Now almost completely independent of him. As is respectable for a Traveller, he allows the warriors their own path. There is one last test for them. A war band needs a war. This will come soon, someone just needs to light the next fuse. Pine Ridges underbelly is full of foes. Truckers, whorers, the freaks in the 'third floor' and the rest. Just set the stage, open the door, and Oikistes and his warriors will be there.

[Major Request]; [Town Deep-Agent]

Big Jeb always took care of the people of Pine Ridges, much as he could. Sometimes the only way to do that was with a heavy hand, or several, in this case. Someone needs to run a veritable barrel load of errands for him as he, admittedly, expected something like this. Won't say why, neither will Little Sal. Only Angwusnasomtaka can explain and she's... Uh, Big Jeb recommends you avoid her. Right now the Order and the new bloods coming in have some pretty clear objectives. Find out what happened to the poor Miss who they found on the shoreline, stop those idiot Camot boys from starting a race war, make sure that the Fed boy is kept busy, find that arsonist(s?), figure out whatever the Sam-hill Doc McHennigan woke up, tag the most recent cryptids that started glaring in from the woods, keep tabs on Oikistes and make sure Hedwig gets paid for her dirt. Simple. Right?

[Last Request]; [Fed Comes Calling]

'Little' Sal di Braga is a third Gen who spent three centuries serving under Big Jeb. Hailing from a very rough neighbourhood of Neo-Lisboa, Sal has always been comfortable in the underside, and when his first 'Travelling Fatigue' set-in he found a niche in this town. Dealing with the rat-scum, government officials and the problems of town. At the moment he's one of the most heart broken over this whole thing. Girl was sweet, had stains, but he is familiar with that sort of living. Unfortunately now he's also attempting to handle some sudden Federal interference. At first a single unusual agent investigating the chaos. But tomorrow there's going to be a full detachment of at least twenty FBI agents in town tomorrow. Someone is going to need to dance this conga line or it will get very messy.

[Last Request]; [The Clubs Dance]

Angwusnasomtaka came to town third, and is the reason Oikistes has always been ignored. An ethereal riddle with some withered flesh left, the old wise woman is almost perpetually tweaked out, and one of the few truly aware to this world's truths. And the truths of Pine Ridges. There are greater... *Clubs*, so to speak. Dancing a hidden dance, playing the individual notes between realities. Why does the great train bridge outside of town weep rusty tears? Why does the man in the purple suit insist on sticking around in Hedwig's den? Why does the sheriff insist on carrying pure copper bullets only? Why does Angwusnasomtaka have a traumatized mute girl hiding in her bed? All these questions will be answered and more. But for now little hatchling? Now we must play the grand spiritual game. Those *higher clubs* must be played upon each other. Don't ask questions. Just **Do**.

FD; T-M0103501 | **Open Travel;**[N/A] **Hidden Travel;**[**Humans, AI, Ethereals, Xenos, Hardlights**] **Safety Rating;**[**Caution-Required**] **Visible Tech;**[**High, Archaic Preferred**] **Visible Ethereal;**[**Minor Psionics Only**] **Ethereal Presence;**[**Minor, Psi-Focused**]

- Internally referred to as 'Barsoom,' the name originates in the precursor Martian Settlers who were visibly influenced by the Edgar Rice Burroughs' setting at a critical point in their development. The name works for official purposes, as each culture on Mars has their own name for the planet. In this timeline, a slow pre-FTL colonization of the Solar system occurred in the fourth millennium AD before the climate induced collapsed of Terran civilization. Cut off, most of the fledgling human outposts perished, all except the Martians who used what time they had to finish work on the terraforming equipment and gene-modded themselves to better survive on their new world. Thousands of years later, the Martians have survived and thrived, enduring several dark ages and golden era over a long and storied history. The inhabitants, divided by their extreme gene-modifications have drifted into many different 'races.' Some looking like crimson-skinned Terrans, others took after tharks with evolution refining their hexopodic forms. Several outliers took on forms only allowed by technology, and some even voluntarily degenerated themselves into monsters, guided by apocalyptic beliefs. Barsoom is now old, her people having completely forgotten their Terran heritage, and the present is just over a thousand years out from Barsoom's first period of unification. The planet is divided between the metropolitan city states, and the semi-nomadic tribes. Barsoom is rife with warfare and intrigue. The most prized resource across the planet is ancient technology and Hydoolian weaponry, though it is rarely used in the games of daggers and shadows played between the cities. The comfortable chaos grips Mars, with a struggle that is due to last for centuries to come.

- Situated in one of the great equatorial deserts far from the concerns of the city-states, the underground fortress where the Hubworld is based has been continuously expanded by a single Traveller miner. Viro Belayborod has toiled for almost two centuries now, alone until the establishment of the hub a scant few decades ago. Bitter and isolate, his only contact was with nomads seeking access to his water. By the time the Administration sought a permanent hub Belayborod's charity had allowed a small oasis town to form above his project. Unable to drive these semi-nomads off, the new administrator just started paying them to keep other nomads away. Free Travel requires colour alteration to match a Martian race, either in cover or optional 'dye' implants which are freely given. Once this concern is met most forget about the local admin entirely. Be advised that out under the Martian sun, one can expect looks if overly clothed, and with the extreme weather most will take some aspects of the Martian 'undress.'

[Minor Request];[Sight-Seeing]

Fatima Tabatabaei is only a century old, a True Traveller with a hobby of assembling calendars. It is a yearly venture for her, arriving on a world, collecting photos both personally taken and submitted by locals, and eventually compiling the collection into a cohesive set, which is usually picked up by Commercial. Miss Tabatabaei appreciates just about any submitted photos, more than aware one person would be able to see only so much of this world. Though she doesn't have the money to pay for photographs, her work caught on a decade back and now her calendars are the most popular ones on the requisition list.

[Minor Request];[Collateral]

'Zyff' as he goes is diminutive even for the Mokresia and since his arrival has been the self-proclaimed 'spymaster' of all Barsoom. A title most local Travellers acknowledge, as the little weasel is one hell of an information broker. He pays for any vital information, his preferred focus is on cut-throat city politics, but his time here has taught him the worth of tribal politics and resource concerns. Word of a rediscovered spice-fountain or a Chief's heart-weakness can be just as valuable as any mayoral corruption. Just be advised he also keeps tabs on local members of the Order, and he isn't above what could be charitably described as 'quasi-legal blackmail.'

[Major Request];[Story Building]

Yeongyang 'of the Empty East' is one of the most notable local 'heroes' and a five century old Traveller. His request is a simple one. He just needs a few members of the Order to go truly 'native.' Outsiders can only get so far in any tribal or municipal setting, as there is a deep-seated insularity in most Martian cultures. Most assume this is stripping down to ones skinsuit and slapping on a coat of paint. That is half-correct, as most locals (understandably given the heat) have little need for clothing. But this also requires a certain presence of force, Martians adore tales concerning muscular heroes and cunning villains, with an ancient story-telling culture that is always hungry for new material. This presents Travellers a unique opportunity to gain observatory niches in just about every Martian society, so long as those Travellers have something to offer that sounds good in retelling.

[Major Request];[Sol System Recon]

While sapient life beyond Mars has long since perished, there remains much that can be recorded and catalogued, with extensive ruins being upturned and catalogued on Terra, Venus, about two dozen gas-giant moons, Orcus, Sedna and Pluto. The primary focus of these expeditions are research, with only minor salvage allowed to avoid problems if and when the Martians eventually spread out across the Solar System like their ancestors. With so much to do, anyone outfitted for atmosphere-free and extreme environment conditions would be welcomed.

[Last Request];[Command of the Augur]

The Augur has seen an old foe of the Travellers crash down on this world. Panicking, desperate, and seeking ancient technology to once again reach out to the Great Old Ones. There is nowhere for the 'Scholar' to run now, with their jumping tech finally dashed. They are a very powerful psion, having been recorded tearing heavy aircraft from the sky, possessing who knows how much occult lore, and most important of all they've doggedly run from us for centuries. With their evasion dashed they may be even more dangerous, a cornered animal with an understanding of traps. This Scholar will likely already be subjugating natives, and are currently in the old south seeking out what remains of the Terran age. Other Travellers are already organizing, with at least a dozen seniors leading this hunt. Even with them this will not be easy, and the entity we are faced with has both an insidious intellect and a contempt for existence. Do whatever is needed to bring this chapter of history to an end.

[Last Request];[Atmospheric Concerns]

Mebarasi of Shuruppak is a Sumerian climate expert who arrived with the Void-Hunter detachment to gather information on this planet, and has discovered a disturbing and unnatural shift Barsoom's natural atmospheric density. One that if left unchecked, would force Mars to revert to her former arid, unbreathable state in less than a century. Odder, this is not a product of the Star-Maddened scholar. Perhaps it is one of the ancient AI intelligence that is believed to be hiding out under the polar-caps, or perhaps the allegations of hostile parasitic cultures hiding under the ice have some merit. Regardless, the ancient terraforming citadels on the North and South poles must be captured and the process gutted before it can properly begin at the end of the decade. With the Scholar drawing all attention this issue has been sidelined, and made it all the more pressing. Mebarasi requires Trap-Experts and Sappers just to get into these ancient fortress-vaults, military types to deal with whatever is committing to this potentially apocalyptic act, and terraforming engineers to help fix the ancient planet changing equipment. He can't offer much, but having a favour with one of the most prominent environmental scientists in the Order might be of some use in the long run.

Violence Required | 2066 AD, Geosynchronous Orbit Somewhere Over Nevada...

FD; T-D0049129 | Open Travel:[Active Combatants Only] Hidden Travel:[Not Possible] Safety Rating:[Active War-Zone] Visible Tech:[Optional] Visible Ethereal:[Optional] Ethereal Presence:[In-Flux, Caution Strongly Advised]

- T-D0049129 wasn't a particularly active or interesting reality, and outside of the occasional anomalous event in the US state of Nevada (for which the hubworld base was established to observe), this Terra was well and truly boring. Until about six months ago, when reality seemingly turned on itself. Spacial reality and even time progression turned 'flexible' with someone downstairs going as far as to make a doorway that was opened up in a California motel room and led out into the Hubworld's command hall. While around two hundred "Sollbrucheinheit" got in they had the misfortune of being trapped on the Hub when the AI Admin KIPStOÄ initiated full combat protocols. When the relief force arrived the invaders were already largely liquefied. In the literal sense. Since then a very defensive grip has been maintained, while the growing crowd of Travellers attempts to figure out what exactly is happening on T-D0049129. Most of the planet has been turned into a non-functional war-zone, the entity or organization behind the initial assault has succeeded in kneecapping human civilization, and uses that instability to draw in an ever increasing manpower pool. Be advised, nowhere is safe on this Terra and the laws of reality are being actively manipulated against us.

- As stated, the Order's hub is located comfortably in Earth's exosphere and while the reality manipulation could reach us again, the wave of Travellers brought more than handful capable of 'securing' the station. Under the careful hand of KIPStOÄ, the Hub's defences have been redoubled and the scattered response wave has been united into multiple kill teams and a full research staff. It should be kept in mind the base was usually home to only the Admin with residential space for ten, while there are now two hundred present. Sill, there's a unique mania present that most older Travellers will recognize. It's the feeling when you've got unity in purpose and when something very large wants to gut you all like fish. Nothing like it in all of existence. You'd be hard pressed to find a more welcoming environment right now.

[Major Request];[Recon & Salvage]

Olafur Halström was given the unenviable task of keeping tabs on the world, which as it turns out is difficult when large sections of the planet keep rearranging on you. And no. They still haven't found out where New Zealand went. Despite the difficulties, Halström and his team are optimistic, plus the loot has never been better. The first thing that became obvious when R&S started serious work was that someone was boot-strapping (duplication through time or reality loops) a disgusting amount of weaponry and ammunition into existence and leaving it fucking everywhere. To the point where the local Travellers are swimming in munitions if they have standardized weaponry. If you're interested in jumping around across a world swallowed up by chaos to keep tabs, or picking up (and keeping) a shit-load of munitions, then the R&S crew have plenty of space for extra hands.

[Major Request];[Humanitarian Ops]

While the violence seekers are usually the most apparent people in 'events' like this, there's always a less-stated philanthropic crowd following behind. Miss Dahteste has been a common face in those crews for centuries and was unceremoniously given the helm by KIPStOÄ. Not that she can complain. She's more used to people blocking her or attempting outright sabotage. Her task and needs in newcomers are simple. Efficiency and discretion. Right now they're acting on the background, dropping off covert crates of food, sealed water, and basic medical supplies. All while keeping tabs on those crates after and occasionally beating to death would-be trappers. Usually only need to do that once for them to get the hint. Usually. Dahteste has become more and more uncouth as things proceed, as the individuals trying to plant mines in a school care-package are seemingly endless.

[Major Request];[KSD]

Kill squad duty is the primary draw for Fighters and True Travellers here. The instigating entity; 'OAMI' (Organization Against Multidimensional Interference according to captured documents) has grown to be globally ubiquitous. Ongoing operations are present on all continents and they have a hand in just about every major global conflict. Khan Ulaqchi was given the job of coordinating Kill-Squads, we're up against an enemy that is growing in number faster than we could kill them, so our focus is crippling operations. You're not there to kill the hundreds of unwashed survivors they 'recruited' (helpfully designated Einwegstruppe by KIPStOÄ), or the trained and professionally dressed employees (Sollbrucheinheit). You're after the subordinate command-chain, the genetically modified freak-shows that keep popping out of their bases, and the base-infrastructure itself. Go it alone, fall in with other groups or just opportunistically pick-off Ulaqchi's targets if you're in the area. Either way, Ulaqchi needs all the help he can get.

[Major Request];[TaUD]

Terror and Unpredictability Duty is a rag-tag coalition led by the self-appointed 'Kaiser' Bob Wilkes and makes up for KSD's hyper focus. If the more liberal estimates are to be believed the number Sollbrucheinheit is in the six-digit range and the number of Einwegstruppe is in teetering near eight digits. While the core of OAMI is estimated to be a less than a hundred people, their distortion of reality has allowed them to form an insulating meat-wall. One that can be dealt with in the same brutality and terror that lets it grow. You don't need to kill a thousand people, you need to blow one person up in front of nine hundred and ninety nine people to let them know their job isn't worth it. Covert operations are running at all hours, letting them know OAMI's boogeyman is actually much worse than they let on, and only focused on OAMI. Bob is taking everyone he can get.

[Last Request];[FALL/390-VCC "Operation Clusterfuck"]

The centre of the madness and OAMI activity is fixed around what can be best described as a 'excessively mobile chunk of the Mojave Badlands', KIPStOÄ has kept a very close eye on the situation, and laid down bounty contracts on the top five problems in the Nevada Zone. **(1) The Gun-Runner.** Initially believed to be a part of OAMI's infrastructure who more or less mastered the boot-strap effect, three months ago (by our calculations) he went rogue, and has since been bending space around his truck, stealing anything not nailed to the ground and selling guns to those inside the Nevada zone. Be advised he's as well equipped as a Fighter Clique, and almost as paranoid. **(2) The Riveter.** A now renegade member of OAMI who has more or less reshaped Nevada into the current hellscape you see below, the Riveter has gone undefeated unlike everyone else on this list as she has avoided engagements. Or at least shambled off while filling the aggressors with steel fasteners. Strike fast or not at all. **(3) The Deputy.** The only consistent in OAMI territory, thanks to some serious flak cannons and an itchy trigger finger. His little fortress is chock full of actual soldiers prepared for 'jumpers.' This makes our job more difficult, but it may be possible to bait them out. **(4) The Problem.** The only bounty not originating with OAMI, the 'problem' is an individual sent to deal with OAMI's head. He's been active this entire conflict, and while he's been terminated multiple times, he just keeps getting back up. An unrepentant and determined abomination now, he'll gun down just about anything in his way. Some have suggested that he could be 'pushed' to help with the Strafexpedition, but that is playing with napalm. **(5) The Clown.** The most unnerving of the bunch, the Clown has evidently made use of the reality bending to locally Instant-Transmit on the level of a Traveller, and has long since gone rogue from OAMI. This thing no longer counts as human, and it will just as quickly drop a building on you as a spare clip. The only positive is that the Clown loves fighting, and will ignore non-combatants if presented with a fun feud. Extreme aggression or extended planning required for engagement.

Keep in mind. Any one of these individuals can fight and kill a Traveller. And unless you are completely vaporized, KIPStOÄ will drag you back.

[Last Request];[FALL/392-VS "The Strafexpedition"]

The entity behind this event, and OAMI itself is referred to internally as the 'Chief Executive.' We don't know what it is, but it is the source of all reality bending technology, the ethereal manipulation reverberations, and the collapse of human civilization. Origins tossed around range from malignant Grandchild to ancient renegade Traveller. Whatever the CE is, we need to put it down. Just tracking the damn thing's location has been a trial, but it seemingly orbits ongoing conflicts, picking up the scraps and relocating with some semblance of subtly. OAMI and the CE are operating from a pocket dimension, the mobile bunker is just the entrance so we can't even tell how large their operations are. But if the pet-project abominations they keep releasing are anything to go by, their operation is sizable and industrialized. It is likely that those projects are just the failed subjects. So, the personal reality of the CE, filled with an army of meat-shields, enough fire-power to make those meatshields a threat in confined spaces and whatever monsters OAMI made they could actually control. And to top it all off, whatever it is that's capable and intelligent enough to initiate all of this. KIPStOÄ has laid out the plan, we'll only be able to get away with this once, breaching will take fifteen seconds and then you're on your own. Jump in fast, deal with CE and put an end to this madness.

In the Shadow of Sapience Lost | 100.059.021 AD, Remnants of Madagascar

FD; Ogulamacadi-T0000109 | Open Travel;[Free Travel] Hidden Travel;[Not-Required] Safety Rating:[Safe as Sensible] Visible Tech;[Unrestricted] Visible Ethereal;[Unrestricted] Ethereal Presence;[Minor & Passive]

- Ogulamacadi-T0000109 is a former galactic active reality that for almost five hundred years, Travellers made incursions into. For us anyways, it was five hundred years as within O-T109, we operated for almost two hundred thousand years, a small contingent of Void Hunters stalking the stars, allegedly at the express order of the Augur himself. Only recently was free travel opened up at this stage of universal development, just a hundred thousand years after the last true sapients perished, left, or shut themselves down. The history of this galaxy is so long and estranged now it is almost pointless to discuss in anything except the broad strokes. Even then, much is alien, even if what was usually traced direct lineage to mankind. Galactic Empires rose and fell, synthetic intelligences grew so grand they either transcended this reality or decided they had existed long enough. War was waged for millions of years between species who never once saw one another in the flesh, and terrible extra-galactic incursions led to the slow decline of all remaining sapients, who drifted apart and failed. If only for a time. Sapience has a funny way of restoring itself over the epoch. But for now, anyways, we have a rare opportunity to wander a galaxy that is quiet of sapient voices, even if new and myriad forms of life continue on, undaunted by temporal set-backs. Opportunities that have drawn all manner of Traveller, with all manner of motives here.

- The the Void-Hunter Proto-Hub was situated on Pluto with several micro stations scattered among the stars, with the allowance of free-travel, we've relocated back to Terra. Specifically, the Madagascar atoll, on one of the few remaining proper geological islands and not one of the vast Ininivjmmo arcologies that lie sprouting from the green oceans like monoliths forged of obsidian. Here the great lemur-cougars still hunt gigaroaches in relative harmony, the nights are loud with the mating calls of the glow moths and sunny days dominated by the hawk-bats. The immense descendants of emus chew at the wide-trunked trees like the giraffes and long-necked sauropods of old. Little remains of humans, aside the near fossilized remnants that poke out of the jungle, like ancient war machines and void-craft fragments. The vast time frame for the next sapients to walk Terra allows us a relative freedom in our hub, and the numerous committees and cliques have propped up a pleasant little town, one almost indistinguishable from one you'd find on Ae.

[Minor Request];[Ruins of the Cradle]

It has been hundred of thousands of years since Terra was considered a place of any significance on a galactic scale, and for tens of thousands of years it has been abandoned. But the cradle of mankind is still brimming with the ruins of an almost uncountable number of cultures and many descendants of old mankind. It is the wet-dream of any archaeologist, and accordingly a vast coalition of Collectors, Archivists, True Travellers, and Independents have formed to catalogue as much as possible. From the ruined sunken cities beneath the shallow seas, to the vast mantle-forged arcologies, to the neuro-hives still crumbling in orbit. If you have interest in the numerous and rises and falls of Terran history or just a shit load of relatively simple excavations work, you don't need to look far.

[Minor Request];[The Last Great Synthetic]

Mankind's first wave of explorers across the Galaxy came in the form of primitive AI who numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Sent at sub-light speed in all directions, these early synthetics struggled to complete their exploration missions, and the vast majority failed in one way or another. Some were destroyed, others went defective in isolation, and some even self-terminated. But a few managed to propagate themselves, and began a branch of life-forms that would last as long as their creators, creating vast forms, entire worlds covered in drones of a shared purpose and projects thought possible only in science fiction. A broad coalition of AI and the Technical department staff have discovered what might be the largest of these human descended AI. Around Jerakleon-C orbits the former 'Super-Terrestrial' world Jerakleon-C5. Over an unimaginable length of time, the vast mantle of this Neptune sized world was converted into a titanic AI frame, which operated for almost the whole anthropocene in relative peace. Making its sudden termination a mystery. If you have any interest at all in this Mind-World, the coalition is taking just about everyone they can get their hands on for the investigation.

[Minor Request];[Cataloguing Descendants]

Not all sapients were destroyed or fled into the Darkness between spaces, some suffered stranger fates. A few even inflicted such fates upon themselves. The Low-Niscetic biological liaison, Liason Helvye (yes that is his first name and yes everyone but him finds it *hilarious*) has identified many different post human species that either had their sapience ripped from them, or gave it up entirely. Humans long altered themselves to colonize alien worlds with alien needs, or in particularly extreme cases, used it as a punishment, or a tool on 'subject populations'. Ironically, those last remnants of the Anthropocene will likely see their descendants return to Sapience in the far future. For now, we have the task of cataloguing these between steps of sapient Mankind. Simple work if one has a stomach for strangeness and the implications of celestial cruelty.

[Minor Request];[Postal Services]

Running information across the stars is easiest in the physical form for us, in the literal sense of messengers carrying tablets and letters on regular jumps. Operating on the Galactic level is rare, even rarer with the freedom of openness Travellers rarely enjoy. The boom O-T109 has forced us to request extra post runners for the information heavy operations, the regular stuff of carrying bags full of artifacts, paper, and technology to and from all manner of worlds and then back to O-T109, or Ae if the information is particularly pressing or delicate. Lots of walking and jumping, but a good way to visit this wonderful universe.

[Minor Request];[Doom of the Invaders]

The end of the old Anthropocene era was heralded by successive waves of extragalactic invaders, at least to forces of which were from other galaxies and made extensive use of biotechnology, and one was from an altogether different plane of being. Their motives are still up in the air, but their designs upon the Galaxy forced almost all sapient denizens into conflict against them, and at the height of this unimaginably large struggle, invader against invader. In the end, for all their technological prowess, ferocity, and the horrors they inflicted upon this reality, they lost. Now we are presented with a unique opportunity to what remains. The grand fossilized satellites that were once organic capital ships, and the faded burns that marked energy based life-forms.

[Last Request];[Memorial Keeper]

Ussey is'n'Ajwara is an old Void-Hunter, one of the ones here who kept a hold on... Everything. He refuses to elaborate about what he did, most is boring, and what was not boring is better kept to himself. But as the last one of the 'Old Brigade' who didn't die or put themselves into Cryosleep, he has the ugly task of preserving history. After all. Someone else will need to know, and he's aching to go off to the pods. You don't even need to speak to him, just take the coordinates and jump. Jump to those glassed accursed worlds were the memories of what was still scream to the black shrouded skies. Perhaps even that **THING** in **YELLOW** or the **WYRM** will be kind enough to visit you. After all, they owe it to the Order. To lead you along a million years of mistakes that once upon a time, better men and women cast down. Hopefully it won't weigh on you. As a spectator, instead of participant.

Scales of the Sacred Serpent | 1219 WS (Wyrms Slumber), Free City of Nysja, The Orvani Spine Mountains

FD; WS-1 | Open Travel;[Humans, Ethereals, Hardlights] Hidden Travel;[AI, Cyborgs, Xenos] Safety Rating:[Caution-Required] Visible Tech;[Pre-Industrial Only] Visible Ethereal;[Sensible Free-Reign] Ethereal Presence;[Extensive Inherent Nature]

- All things are built on top of change and destruction in one way or another, though few are so literal and immediate as WS-1. This reality is the last residence of the 'World Wyrms.' Once, this extra-dimensional terror swallowed planets and drained the energy of stars when Dark Cultists succeeded in drawing its attention. The Wyrms leaving behind little but dying suns and pitiable asteroid belts as it burrowed between space and time to the next world that caught its attention. After swallowing who knows how many worlds, many of which contained sapient life, the Wyrms stilled, and drifted into a pocket dimension seemingly of its own make, with only a single star it fell into orbit around. There the World Wyrms grabbed its own tail with its mouth and fell still. To those who had tunneled out through the Wyrms body, or slipped away between its vast scales this still marked a transition away from desperate survival. Flash forward a millennium and the World Wyrms still sleeps. All while numerous civilizations sprout and flourish across its form, led by the descendants of those dark magistrates, thief-kings, and warlords who had led their peoples to salvation so long ago. On the surface, now dominated by a grand stretches of flora and comet birthed seas, the idle shifts and the slow turning of the World Wyrms produces seasonal days, and nights that last a whole winter. Such a Fantastic and Alien setting has attracted many True Travellers, who revel in the wild and unhinged era present here.

- Established only twenty years prior, our Hub was built deep into the Mountainous back spines of the World Wyrms, where between and within the great mineral scales there is much material wealth to be found. Baron Uladzimir Maiovik cleverly bought himself a grand townhouse here in the Free City of Nysja that was built atop some natural caves. Above in the city, he established a covert 'wonders' guild, easily explaining away the constant presence of 'eccentrics' to the locals. The Baron's philanthropic ways have endeared him to the people, and he has personally overseen the Hubs transformation from dingy molded caverns into one of the more luxurious hubs out there. Admittedly the silver chalices and furred carpets are a bit much, but some appreciate the effort.

[Minor Request];[Guild Controls]

Maiovik has always kept his ear to the goings on of Nysja. It is a diverse place, a mining town with its own foundries for rugged Blood-Steel and has long been rife with internal conflicts. Be it between neighbourhoods, clans, individuals, and worst of all the Guilds. Each mine and business is operated by these Guilds, who are notorious for their criminal brutality and stubborn mercantilism. In local politics, the Baron has always been a stabilizing force, and he is never afraid to call upon his own brothers for help. The standard work really, sitting around looking barbarous and loyal, breaking up street violence, retrieving incriminating evidence. Occasionally jumping an unsavoury individual a mile or so up and leaving them to fall. The usual, really.

[Minor Request];[Ethereal Requests]

True Traveller and Oak Nymph Apalanimi is one of the more innovative members of the Ethereal department, and one of the youngest members of the Council of the Awoken Spirit. She's here observing some of the more unusual supernatural elements of the World Wyrms, which from tail to tongue is brimming with otherworldly energies, both native to the Wyrms and from the various worlds it consumed. Like the Organics of this place, these entities are myriad, some the only survivors of their world, and are almost uncountable in their numbers. But such a thing doesn't bother Apalanimi, who just needs scouts with a healthy understanding of their own limits. After all, you're no good to her if something fascinating eats you.

[Major Request];[Green-Tide Days]

Like all peoples of the World Wyrms, the Scrofa had their world devoured, and were only saved by their advanced technology. But in those early days of Black Magisters and Techno-Barbarians, the Scrofa stood no chance, and were scattered to the winds. They are some of the oldest residents of the Wyrms now, and in the past months a grand horde has formed on the Far Fringe Spine Mountains. A terrible Khagan at its head, who claims there exists only strength, and that his people are the strongest now. While not individually exceptional, the green-hided, brindled and tusked Scrofa number in the tens of thousands, and their ruthlessness has become almost supernatural. Very few take his threats seriously, but they will soon find out the hard way the Khagan is to be this world's Khan of Khans. Several Local fighters are already stringing together and placing stakes. Fighting either beside the Khagan or moving to whip up opposition. This war is unavoidable, so one might as well make it memorable.

[Major Request];[Terrors of the Deep]

Posli Hullindalz was recruited from one of the many human (or at least, formerly human) communities of the World Wyrms, and as a young True Traveller has a lot to prove. Specifically on his home turf, where the interior of the Wyrms remains to be enigmatic at best. Long before sapient settlements on the Wyrms, the creatures internal ecology was overdeveloped and on par with death-world biowebs. This has not changed, and even now if some Forgotten Beast reaches the surface, there is no price Wyrms-Folk will not pay to destroy or drive it back from whence it came. Hullindalz is pulling no punches, and is assembling an expedition into the beast, aiming to go under the scales, beneath the hide and deeper. This is not something for the claustrophobic or those uninterested in combat. If half of what he alleges actually exists down there, one would do well to bring some very big guns.

[Last Request];[Marks of the Callers]

Around the Hub, Andrea Muzaka is best known for his intuitive advice, terrible hygiene, and his constant smoking of crack cocaine. But there are few men as capable of tracking the occult conspiracies and all-but-lost histories of the World Wyrms former meals. This began as just a means to understanding the ring beast's biology and history, but over time a pattern of similarities has emerged that cannot be ignored, a shared strain between all dark cults who called down the Wyrms. While only a little more disturbing than the possibility the Wyrms-Callings were organic, remnants of these callers must now be investigated. This is not easy, as identified 'targets' are in the hardest places to get to. Palaces of the Thief-Lords who profited of their cultish partnerships to ransom out the titles and nobility of once thanes. The hidden forts of ancient Black Tyrants, long abandoned but still clutching their stolen relics. Worst of all are the Mage-Towers hidden inside the Wyrms depths with their walls of bone and moats of planet devouring acid. It would take a real infiltrator to get away with this, and the call of history requires nothing less.

[Last Request];[Serpent Singer]

Ynnes Lanwyd is at the best of times illusive, this being the first time in the past century that he's revealed himself with his 'original' skin. The venerable stage magician and trickery expert has independently been investigating a local oddity tied to the Wyrms' slumber and Esoteric beliefs held by the locals. Such religions and cults are myriad in nature, and treat the World Wyrms in all manner of ways ranging from nature deity to destroyer to a misunderstood master of reality. This divides down, as active reverence of the scales, blood and organ structures is universally present and in some cases ubiquitous. But there have always been fringers, with esoteric and occasionally apocalyptic beliefs. Ynnes has brought word of one such group attempting to sing directly into the World Wyrms' dreams, trying to rouse it back to stranger paths. To make matters worse, Ynnes suspects Grandchild involvement. Do what you must, find what you can, and if there is something greater behind this ploy, make it suffer for its impudence.

Age of the World at War | 8542 (Pfl) Post First Imperium / 1165 BC, Central Continent, The Old Vale

FD; T-ASH0011806 | Open Travel;[Nisetics Only] Hidden Travel;[Humans, AI, Ethereals, Xenos, Hardlights] Safety Rating;[Global Anarchy] Visible Tech;[Advanced, Archaic Preferred] Visible Ethereal;[Psionics Only] Ethereal Presence;[Midling, Spiritually Charged]

- NISC-PRIME is as magnificent as she is malignant. Especially here, thirty years out from the death of the last Universal Sovereign. NISC-PRIME and all inhabitable solar bodies of the system are a mess of feuding warlord cliques, millenarian esoteric cults, mercenary legions, void pirates, bandit-peasant armies, arch-psion magisters, and the few free cities lucky or strong enough to throw back all of such threats. To say nothing of the innumerable inherent dangers present on this world that are only exacerbated by the collapse of polite civilization. Acid storms that can melt the flesh from the bones, sunlight that can blind in moments and ignite the body in minutes, predators of every sort and the worst parasites most sapient will ever see. And that's just on the surface. Still, that's just the status quo on NISC-PRIME, and even now the vast majority of Nisetics eke out lives as their ancestors have. Some revel in the chaos, others pray for another despot to seize upon the system and to restore the Imperium. But most carry on in their little corners willing to rip and tear apart any outsiders that threaten their peace. A contentious time and place. Yet one filled with opportunities and great beauty. From the hive-cities to the grand fungal forests, the black oceans, and the luminous lavender moons. One does not forget this world easily.

- The hub of T-ASH0011806 was constructed by Travellers of the Äitic caste who were familiar with the Old Vale, one of the Ur regions of Nisetic surface habitation, rife with deep cave networks that house the current extensive base. Settled across several miles of open caverns, now cut off from the surface badlands, the hub has been allowed to flourish and houses over two thousand Travellers. Along with a very functional operations centre that sets a high bar for hub-living. Including a commercial warehouse and dispensary, full-functioning medical wing, department corner and local domestic services. Under the infamous Äitic-caste administrator Moðslaga, the hub has even managed to get the local brooding caverns under their tumb, making for a valuable source of information. The charm is alien as the luminescent fungus that lights most of the caves, not for everyone, but homely for the few.

[Minor Request];[Pest-Control Duty]

“Jolly” Eoment is a peasant caste who routinely makes circuits around the NISC-PRIME hubs to keep their surroundings free of the usual problems. It isn't anything Jolly hasn't seen before, but with the ongoing shitshow it is he feels for the poor Outsiders slinging it upstairs. Corpses being puppeteered by worms the size of an anaconda, Antlion pits where the Antlions are reaching whale sizes, elephantine stone-crabs that have an unfortunate taste for Nisetic flesh. The works really. So much so Jolly has petitioned the Admin for extra credits and ammo to give the upstairs of the Vale a good scouring. With him around it's more busy work rather than dangerous, and the payout is nothing grand, but it is fun work with the right mindset.

[Minor Request];[Cavern Upkeep]

Administrator Moðslaga has a keen pulse on the caves below and the desert above. She saw the hub set down six hundred and fifty years ago, and she fully intends to have the hub be here six hundred and fifty years from now. To that end, the whole cavern network the hub is based in is being resecured. A vast survey of the deep tunnels is being set upon, with major industrial efforts paid towards clearing and securing the soft stone grounds. This must be handled carefully, as the apex-female Nisetics are sensitive to environmental changes, and a single fuck-up could cause a regional demographic collapse. It's a long-form job with intensive physical and technical needs, and the deep tunnels have their own terrors. But it is 'safe' as far as NISC-PRIME goes, and the Administrator pays very well.

[Major Request];[Anti-Authority Actions]

Wilhelmina 'Kort' Gamab was brought on by the Administrator to strangle and knee-cap the nearby cliques that were getting too much authority in the Old Vale. Prior to a few weeks ago this was a simple job of gutting the mad-max rejects and would-be desert saints, a task that needed only one person. That changed when a Millenarian Cult fled into the region, and was followed by a swarm of warlord armies afflicted by a psionic delusion. This is just a small part of a much larger conflict, but the Millenarians and the almost twenty warlords need to be cut down. Remove the heads and the snakes die. This is standard fare for the warlords, all high castes with delusions of grandeur and questionable sanity. The same is not true for the exclusively high-caste cult, composed entirely of psions who make use of chemicals and poisons to warp their forms. They are not sustainable, but their hyper-nihilistic views and insatiable thirsts for violence mean we don't have the luxury of waiting a decade for them to overdose and collapse. So right now, Kort is paying for heads, bonus pay if the horns are intact. They look better on her mantle that way.

[Major Request];[Hedging Bets]

While none of the current Warlords are destined to win, and the era of global war has another human century until it burns itself out, the current situation is being exploited by some of our number. In a rather perverse way. The ichthyic caste “Kalamain” has long run gambling schemes of more outrageous fashion, and currently he's running the planets largest scale cock fighting ring. Except instead of roosters he's using warlords, and needs help orchestrating the gambling matches. It is varied work, assassinations here, framings there, frequent the occasional acts of the divine and impersonating military personnel... And it all stands to be extremely entertaining. Less so for the people setting up conflicts with millions of Nisetic soldiers. But Kalamain pays his 'partners' very well for their work. And don't worry, none of it wouldn't have happened anyways, he's just speeding up and clarifying.

[Last Request];[Communion with the Eldest]

At the bottom of the choked black seas of NISC-PRIME, where no light can shine and the waters are darkened by dense organic particles, there are small gods. Creatures that emerged in the first era of life on NISC-PRIME, and were untouched by the numerous cataclysms that ravaged the surface and the shallows time and time again. They were the first sapient of this world. But they cared little for it, dreaming for untold ages and mastering their unthinkable psionic strength. According to the Void Hunter Otto Wilhelm Zu Hohenlohe, they perfect example of a nascent race naturally inclined towards grandchildishness. So naturally the old Junker wants to go down to 'talk' to them. Descending eight and a half miles beneath the ocean surface is no joke for even the most brazen submariners, but it is also a solemn duty that is of the utmost importance to him. Psions are preferred, as that will be the only way to navigate the perilous depths, and skilled mariners likewise to pilot Zu Hohenlohe's Uranos-Class Submarine. Be warned, this is a dominion of dreams, and beings outside of time at the bottom of the ocean. This is not a job for the feint of heart.

[Last Request];[Heiress]

True-Traveller Alicia Zelaya is a recruit of only a year, pulled half-dead from the streets of San Salvador and has since had a reputation for the worst luck. She was mauled thrice, shot a dozen times, stabbed, bludgeoned, and nearly eaten by a giant stone-crab in her first month on NISC-PRIME. After the initial fiascoes she decided to help with the cavern thing, and ventured down below to the depths to survey. There she found a larval Niseti. A very rare "ichthyic" caste starving in the cramped tunnels. So she picked up the little creature and brought it with her. Even if the Administrator didn't approve, the ferret sized juvenile was pleasant enough that no one really cared. At least, until last week, when that larva started glowing. Bio-luminescence is one of the certain signs of a Sovereign caste, and after some genetic tests and time-jumping, it's been confirmed Zelaya's larva is going to be the Tyrant Unifier of NISC-PRIME in two centuries. Which puts us into an uncomfortable situation. Zelaya has no interest in abandoning the larva but intends to comply with Moðslaga's secrecy requests, and is planning on kicking it to the surface. But she knows she is way in over her head and is requesting assistance. From someone who knows how exactly she's supposed to raise a future planetary ruler from the metaphorical grabage pits. Or even just someone who understands the convoluted Niseti pubescence process. It is a commitment of months for the immediate future, or potentially decades if one were to stick around. But there are always a few out there who are drawn to such tasks, for whatever reason.

CROWN of the Archons | 1998 AD, Luna, Paraskevopoulos Crater

FD; T-D0309729 | Open Travel;[Active Combatants Only] Hidden Travel;[With Extreme Caution] Safety Rating;[Active Hostile Threats] Visible Tech;[Unrestricted] Visible Ethereal;[Unrestricted] Ethereal Presence;[Calamitous Flux-Phase]

- Three weeks prior, TD0309729 was a world with minimal surveillance, a single spy hub and was only prominent for an outlandish Italian election in the 80s that saw a very well trained orangutan serve as the head of state. It was a nominally stable planet, the cold war was deescalated and things were on the upturn. Until the point where someone attempted to nuke the Order's hub. Along with a few dozen major military and population centres. While the Hub Administrator immediately hit the panic button and jumped the Hub, sans the Nuke, off Earth onto the Moon, the locals were not so lucky. As the planet reeled in horror, several thousand Circuit-Bound decimated the surface and each other, engaging in a perverse sort of power parasitism for increasingly diminished returned against their 'kin' and forcing a conquest on the Earth. Which takes us to our present date. Where the handful of instigating Circuit-Bound and the most powerful have formed a grand compact and revealed their purpose. To Transform this Earth into a CROWN for future conquests, an Eternal Planet that is both Gate and Key for the would-be monarchs. Those with the Hubris to regard themselves as 'Archons.' Numbering eight in total, they Archons have nominal control each over a section of the surviving Circuit-Bound who have either been subjugated or lobotomized, as well as one of the continents. While these Archons have formed a crude council, it is obvious to even those who barely retain sapience they might well turn on one another, given a sign of weakness. In that, the objectives of the Order are clear.

- Initially located in the Swiss Alps, the local Hub for TD309729 was home to only three Travellers, including the AI Administrator SAL21.98 or 'Samael' as his fellows called him. After the Jump and the immediate call for reinforcements, the Hub has been relocated to a large crater on the Dark side of the moon, and established as a full conflict Hub. Including autonomous 'boomerang' defences, large-scale receiving platforms, local commercial stocks and enough space to house a full host of True Travellers. While Samael, Gerta and Nikedimi of Lakodia all miss the loss of their little Simulations Lodge, they've all stepped into directing and guiding the throngs of Travellers who've arrived here. Eager to humble the Circuit-Bound who Pearl Harbour'd an innocent Swiss mountain village and to oppose a proper adversary. While individual operations are ongoing, the unique situation has instigated priority targets. Bring down the Archons, and we shatter their nascent CROWN.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Afrikanum, Djues the Supreme]

While the other Archons scrambled for their own little corners of the planet they viewed as important, Djues took what was left. Africa. The towering seeming paragon of a man sits alone now, in his equally towering pyramid in the middle of the desert. Constantly watching the movements of the other Archons, leaving the workings of his dominions to his subordinates, unconcerned of their cares or cruelties. Like the other Archons, Djues passed by the other Circuit-Bound with a single-minded haste that focused on acquisition, out of greed or some sense they would be drawn back together, as they were on the CROWN. It was Djues the Breaker of thrones who balanced the Archons, Djues the Argonaut who saw the world divvied up and balanced. Djues, the Great-Axe who now waits in his little corner, eyeing cameras and sweating. His strength is unlike that of a Travellers, as all Archons and Circuit-Bound are. Their components, weapons and abilities are stolen wholesale, making them shambling amalgamations with all manner of tools. And perhaps just as many weaknesses. While one of the more easily targeted of the Archons, he seems to be inert. For the time being at least.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Asiaus, Menhit, He Who Massacres]

Where the others Archons have all but broken their own dominions and waited for the others to make a move, human resistance still struggles across Asia, and the Archon revels in personally 'dealing' with them. Menhit is the most overtly monstrous of the Archons, having gone from a normal human who probably liked torturing cats to someone who enjoys ripping off a persons limbs to see their reaction. Then doing it again. In a one-to-one melee scale and physical proportions He Who Massacres is the most dangerous of the Archons. Because he focused so solely upon it, ignoring everything else but that. He is simple like that. Single-minded in his interest in bludgeoning with naught but what he can carry. Admittedly he could fracture an aircraft carrier with a kick, but his strength is completely limited to the body. A fact that every other Archon, and likely our own strategies will need to take advantage of. If it is remembered that many already thought this a short fire way to end Menhit and seriously underestimated his physical speed.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Europa, James-Ur-Ra the Patriarch]

Vile and debauched is the description of James-Ur-Ra, the 'Patriarch' of Europa. An enormous mass of fat, bionics and mutations that is has proven to be horrifically resistant and as of yet unbent. While Rubicon aspires to the Roman Ideal, or at least pleads it, James-Ur-Ra is a modern Caligula. Which in some ways is a benefit as his uncaring attitude allows a level of safety for the commoners, unless of course his wanton desires cross them. It is the standard works of orgies, horrific bloodsports in the arena of Rome, and all manner of reckless displays fit for a despot. Unlike his fellows, James-Ur-Ra seems content in all this, content in the current status quo and content in his newfound position as one of the eight masters of the CROWN. While the Archon Europa has terrible might, primarily in his own grotesque stopping power and ability to receive damage, he is on the weaker side of the ruling Circuit-Bound. Yet, there is a cunning to him. James-Ur-Ra knows his fellows better than he lets on, after all, he glutted himself to the point his power plateau'd. Just like them. He knows no one of them can strike at him. Not without exposing their own back. So the Patriarch laughs and laughs in his own personal heaven, satisfied completely and yet eager for more. A sponge for damage and all manner of intoxicants in equal measure.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Australasian, Seeker Chikara]

Devoted to perfectionism and display, 'Seeker Chikara' accepted dominion over the greater Australasian region to truly finalize himself. Where Menhit only uses his body and what he can grab, Chikara only uses a Katana and what can be channelled from the body. Absolute self-reliance, absolute self-control. Everyone who is incapable of those things is fundamentally lesser. As in; sub-human. Naturally this classifies basically all other sapient life on the planet as sub-human or dangling on the edge of it, and while he isn't like to shy about making use of his lessers, he seems incapable of acknowledging anyone as his equal. Even the other Archons are little more than hyenas and bears. Waiting for the right opportunity to devour him. Only he can truly rule the CROWN and the Circuit-Bound. Only the Seeker is capable of truly realizing the condition of those bound to ley-line jumps across space and time. To this end he is genuinely dangerous, perhaps one of the only Circuit-Bound to truly realize the threat the Order and the Grandchildren pose. But for the time being he focuses on honing strikes, hoping to achieve a perfection that will allow him to bring down each of his rivals. Utilizing only a singular cut. Dangerous in any combat, though through subversion he might be undone.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Novindus, Rubicon, Tamer of Barbarians]

It is very rare for someone to combine all the unlikable and overbearing aspects of a dozen imperial powers. But 'Rubicon' has somehow managed it, subjugating the North of the New World, now renamed the 'new Indes' as he styles himself as an Old World 'Enlightened Monarch.' Which is as wildly unpopular in North America as you can imagine and the only thing that rivals his sense of self-importance is Rubicon's warped view of civilization. His grip is iron and purposefully arbitrary, turning his court on its own head with paranoia, his rule marked by the imposition of slavery and aristocrats supported primarily by his ego. Despite this, he's one of the more self-aware of the Archons, more than able to reward as much as punish, and controls a majority of the remaining 'free' Circuit-Bound. He's already begun preparing for invasions of other Realities using these individuals as a spear-head but still holding himself on the CROWN. Waiting for a moment of weakness perhaps. He's an enthusiast of the ethereal arts, having more or less torpedoed an ethereal landscape onto this reality. A perfect example of his ego, and his long-term objectives with his equally disastrous short-term consequences.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Wulpus, Aznavak the Enlightened]

South America, now renamed 'Wulpus' by its Nihilistic ruler, is a continent of Anarchy. Aznavak the "Enlightened" when he was given mandate of the continent was quick to implement his own personal "philosophy" as he tore down everything. Every government and capital were levelled, every Military disarmed. Now he lords over what's left. Aznavak scribed a three hundred page manifesto of misanthropic fatalism and despite instance otherwise seems to revel in the calamity he's caused. Of the Archons, his ruthless cruelty and luck have allowed him to cultivate the second strongest persona. There is nothing he would not sacrifice to preserve himself or for a gain. His abilities seem supernatural, and his claims of 'near omnipotent stature' are at least somewhat true. In short bursts. While he is strong, his cruelty has isolated him, and he relies upon brute force and savagery like a crutch. He builds nothing, is incapable of trust outside of bare truces, and waits only for his 'fellows' to make a move. Waiting for a chance to scuttle off the CROWN to suck up whatever other strengths he can. Armed with blade and bullet Aznavak is a nightmare who operates in a similar style to Jumper combat. But he draws the ability from his own Stamina, throwing skyscraper shattering blows with a ferocity that might be desperation. Or perhaps fear.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Kumarikkandam, Yalodta, Shaper of Flesh]

Of the Archons, there is only one woman among their number. Who, ironically is the most afflicted by Grandchildish nature, perhaps more so than all others combined, bar the impersonator of the One. Where the others had set objectives, the mania that possessed the creature called Yalodta was primary, and strong enough it made her ravage world after world seeking her dread goal. To undo that which is wrong in individuals, and to... "Remake them" in her own image. A manic figure, that saw the world as wrong, and wanted to retain that which could not be. A familiar tale that always led to tragedy. Yalodta was mindless and perhaps incapable of self-reflection, but her mania allowed her to attain a leviathan form that can wholly subsume whatever is unfortunate enough to get in her way, and abilities as unnatural as they are incomprehensible. When the world was being divvied up, James-Ur-Ra jokingly offered her 'the whole of Lemutria' which she accepted without complaint and left. Her delusions have raised a small nightmarish landmass from the Indian ocean, mercifully devoid of subjects and rife with the mutated and horrific 'children' of the Warping Archon. The Void-Hunters present on the Hub are in agreement she seems their standard fare, and should be put down accordingly from a good distance.

[Order-Priority Target];[Archon Notiöteros, EIN]

Each of the Circuit-Bound present on TD0309729 are a product of a single grand event that produced an untold number of these lay-line wanderers. They existed for only a few decades, before being drawn into the calamity of the CROWN-War. Most acquired only a little strength, taking power from worlds not their own, weapons arms and allies. The more fervent and greedy sought to improve themselves before all other things, hoarding might like a Wyrms hoards gold. Then there was EIN. The one that was responsible for dropping nuclear arms on not only local power centres, but also the Order Hub and in the maws of local Grandchildren at the bottom of the ocean and on the fringes of the solar system. Since then, while the other Archons ravaged the world, EIN waited at the bottom of the Earth, watching and scouring for what could only be Strength of the celestial sort. EIN does not order, but issues commandments. It is your standard would-be 'god.' Not like the lesser Archons. The 'One's' focus is so singular that Militant has identified a complete identity breakdown on the annoying miniature sun hanging above the South Pole. So much so that EIN no longer even registers common humans in its presence, but makes the air around any higher Circuit-Bound entering it's dominion explosively combust. While it is semi-omniscient in its own dominion, EIN is still very much mortal, and mercifully more paranoid of its fellow Archons than it lets on. So it sits alone. At the South Pole. Waiting. Starved.

The Open Road | "Free Traveller, Wander Ever Unbowed"

Open Travel;[Varies, Caution Advised] **Hidden Travel;**[Varies, Caution Advised] **Safety Rating;**[Varies, Caution Advised] **Visible Tech;** [Varies, Caution Advised] **Visible Ethereal;** [Varies, Caution Advised] **Ethereal Presence;** [Varies, Caution Advised]

- {Hard Click} "You are Traveller. You need not sign on with any one Hubworld for early integration and you might wander as you will. Free across the cosmos and through the dusts of time. Free to do nothing at all if that is your wish. I am not like to judge you over much for this, nor is anyone else. However I am told having a strong start is good. Being... It is as incomprehensibly vast as it is dangerous. More than that, you are but one within it. Be cautious in your wandering. Not just of others but your own self. It is terribly easy to create a rut."

- "The hubs out there vary wildly. Usually there is only one Traveller present, or a small handful. The big ones are often so big they can hit you like a mace. Ever convoluted and always with their own little cliques and fiefdoms within. To say nothing of all the supply nonsense out there, depending on who is ordering. One cannot expect universal accommodations in their journeys, nor particularly easy transition. But that comes with the territory."

[Potential End];[Courier]

"Nothing quite like running the mail. I used to do it before I got tired of getting shot at. Even with our extensive networks and technology, we still need people running things. Supplies most often for decent pay, but we also have need for physical messages and 'electronic' messaging where you carry the damn tablets to the recipients. It is steady work, good way to get out there and to see the worlds. But it is dangerous as it is unpredictable. Requires a light step I no longer possess." {Dyspeptic clicking} "Still. Wouldn't trade the experience for anything. Road toughens you up like little else."

[Potential End];[New Blood Seeker]

"We always had need for recruiters, but it seems these days they've streamlined the process and are putting out a minor boom for our New Bloods. More work on our end but I can't complain. I adore looking after your sort. Now these days those accepting the call are primarily getting base instructions, a location and either fuck all else or sealed documentation with requests for recruitment. Along with a pathfinder. I understand that isn't much to go on, but the process of recruiting has always been..." {Untranslatable Noise} "Counter-intuitive. Kept me out of it when I stopped making mail runs. Paradoxical even. When you get into it, if you get into it. You'll understand. I don't know if that makes the rougher versions of the process better or worse. Not having a choice at all in how it plays out one way or the other... It's seeking out that rare one in a billion soul that for whatever reasons turns to iron in the face of adversity." {Fatigued Clicking} "Bah. Foolish. If you seek this, know it is well appreciated."

[Potential End];[Judicar Blade]

"The black eyed butcher since well before her recent antics has long made use of independents and factionals. Most do to their own ends and the neophytes without clique bent on ascent tend towards being only slightly better off. If you're interested it's the standard fare of internal investigations, external investigations against the most dangerous of our foes, and keeping a general finger on the pulse of our collective shared time space. Lots of people going in this way for reasons I prefer not to think about. Keep in mind, the Judiciary are the sorts who reach into the mind and heart to get at your own intentions. A lesser version of their own regimes, but still ugly. Be true to yourself if this is your path."

[Potential End];[Augur Blade]

"It always go back to the Augurs. Back to the old man on the chair. Old thing now, with how little is left of him. Not even the best methods of preservation and perpetuity last when all the weight of existence rests upon an individual. Makes the more possessive types sick." {Jocose Clicking} "To answer to the Augur is a fine end, even if like recruitment it can seem counter-intuitive. Plenty of commands will seem straight forward. Go here and gut this human like a fish, go here and deliver this gold bar to this gorilla. Others though? Better not to think about the absurd and the wretched commands. There is always a purpose, always an end to further in it. Harden your heart early, so the worst of it doesn't catch you off-guard."

[Potential End];[Emergency Response]

"Our guardian spirits. There are many sorts designated as ER, depending on your factional or department affiliation there are already plenty of groups you can join, or simply align yourself with. Plenty of combat sorts sign on with Medical or Mechanical to cover the medics and repair folk. The same in reverse. Even the less direct sorts have their own ends. I know here in Admin we have a whole contingent that exists to seize and secure documentation, and Technical is a great help in that. To each, a time and a purpose beneath the stars."

[Potential End];[Explorer]

"We're always expanding ourselves and our view of Being. Just require the Augurs to do it. If this is your declared goal, then you might request as of yet unseen locales from them, and accordingly pathfind for us. Recording the situations apparent to you and sending that information back to the Order. Mostly these worlds end up counted, recorded, and then left to simply exist. But if requested by the Augur or someone with a history of making the calls, then that world might receive a hub. A prestigious thing for the Explorer. While you can do it alone, I suggest bringing company. Exploring is always faster and safer with at least one partner."

[Potential End];[Pilgrim Errant]

"Perhaps you desire to jump through time and space, rather than across existence. Perhaps you already have an end in mind you desire to seek out. Perhaps a time and a place you've long dreamed of and desire to track down. Perhaps there is a task in mind, perhaps there is a wanted item. Regardless, you can state your intentions and be off as fast or as slow as you wish. Just make sure to check in once a decade. Better for the paperwork that way, and makes it easier on us few bureaucrats who need to keep the tabs on record."

[Potential End];[Homelander]

"Tired? Or just intent on familiarizing yourself with our great home? Whatever it is, you are free to stay. For however long you wish. While the many cosmos beyond and worlds infinite hold much, our Ae has been blessed with many who added to her. Enough one could spend a natural lifetime exploring and coming to terms with her." {Despondent Clicking} "I know I took her for granted, once back when. Stay as you will."

"That should be everything New Blood." {??? Click} "Though... We will see."

Additional Information...

The Major Races, The 95%

The Post Hunters | The Urumek

Tetrabrachioids born of the noxious equatorial belt of Shek'keskagagra, the Urumek compose only a little over 2% of the modern Travellers, though in the past they numbered at best 8%. Their ancestry is tied to their dense low oxygen home world. Descended from ambush predators only the size of a Terran chipmunk (the only similarities being their distinctive jaw structure, rare cases of natural bioluminescent skin and their six limbed forms.) Their long lineage is more closely descended from predatory fungal species. Their evolution was extensive and hardened over tens of millions of years, surviving over a dozen extinction events with only minor changes. Change came slowly with the 'total' culmination of the modern Urumek evolving in equivalent mental & Physical capacity with a usual ninety thousand year intermediary period before FTL Flight is achieved.

Physically, the Urumek are viviparous, born in sets of two or four, which are briefly fed from the teat (by women or venerable males) for a brief period of five to seven Teran months and will from there move onto a diet of fungus and game. Male Urumek are physically capable by age four (TY) and will stop growing at twenty five, generally levelling out at seven feet tall and around 350 lbs. while women will continue growing for another ten years topping out at around twelve feet and resting around 750-820 lbs. in healthy condition. Male jaw segments (coming in sets of five or three prongs) can bite and 'bear trap' prey with a max force of 8000 PSI in a capable adult. Female Jaw Segments (coming in sets of two usually with protective frontal plating and pronged from the bottom of the skull) can clench down with a whopping industrial 19000 PSI. Both males and females possess two sets of arms, set similar to human figures (finger numbers can range anywhere from three fingers and a single thumb to four fingers with two thumbs, ending in short claws.) Urumek legs are tri-jointed, adept at jumping and balancing their solid frames, and end almost universally in three toed feet with thick horned soles that enable them to navigate the harsh non-linear terrains of their home world. All Urumek possess distinctive 'Quills', thick bundles of cartilage growths focused around the back of the skull and upper neck, however structure and treatment of these Quills varies wildly depending on culture and rank within said culture.

Urumek possess senses of touch, taste (focused around the interiors of their prongs rather than their inner jaws), smell (also ironically tied to their jaw prongs via external skin, with the sense being much stronger in men), sound and light based sight. Urumek possess two eyes set deeply into their thick skulls, their sense of hearing instead tied to dull mounds of flesh (referred to as Ke'kevs) centred on the bases of their jawlines. Ke'kevs are not as effective as the human hearing setup but are adept at picking up a wider frequency of noise.

Urumek culture is focused around their unique organic social make-ups. Urumek Almost universally exude hormones that have a cumulative effect on their social patterns, having little to no effect on individuals and small groups, however in large groups of more than a few hundred or in sedentary bands the Urumek will eventually become hyper aggressive or lose cognitive functions. This forces their early cultures to revolve around a focused nomadic migration and small groups, usually either clans or tribes. The cultures of these groups almost always remains conservative, focused around the hunt. Hunting, a male focused art (male Urumek being smaller, however with greater agility and stamina) is almost always a core focus of even the most advanced Urumek societies, as a means of passage, pastime, prestige and survival.

This is not to say Urumek societies lack advanced technology or that their society is stunted. Focus on agriculture is a largely female Urumek interest, (Female Urumek being generally larger, stronger and more longsighted) as was metallurgy, construction and advanced tool making. Men on the other hand pioneered languages both written and verbal, philosophy and societal culture. As technology progresses brazen males almost always stand upon the shoulders of their female counterparts to enhance their group capacities such as using the products of advanced metallurgy to forge stronger weapons. This process carries up well to FTL transitions and beyond with advanced physical innovations being constructed by females while the push and use being male focused, with mixed symbiosis in how this actually comes about.

Urumek can live for centuries in their most primitive states, with this ironically stifling their technological and cultural advance until 'great impact events' (or Grand Springs as most Urumek Travellers refer to them as) that begin the rapid advances of their societies out into the darkness of the void and far beyond it until the inevitable decline (widely referred to as the 'Grand Winters') when the Urumek invariably encounter foes too great for them to defeat, be they physical, self-inflicted or imagined. The Urumek, for their part accept this end, their emotional maturity for the most part coming to terms with decline. However they always try their hardest to hold out against the end. After all, what is the use of prey that accepts its lot?

The Undying Cancer | The Nisetics

Transitional Biped born on their nightmarish and many named home world for the purposes of this bio NISC-PRIME, the Nisetic Home world is a veritable hell to the Urumek, Mokresia, and humans that survey it. NISC-PRIME is almost twice the size of Terra, her magnetic field is extremely weak compared to earth and Shek'keskagagra, allowing the planet to be bombarded by radiation from her unstable red star. The atmosphere also much frailer by comparison to other developed life world, turning daytimes into cancer inducing affairs and relegating the actions of the majority of inhabitants to the evenings. The planet is also located near the third asteroid belt of the solar system, and without any major protective moons the planet is frequently struck by asteroids, sometimes causing cataclysmic events for life on the planet.

So what does NISC-PRIME have going for the residents of the planet? Evolution. Life advances much faster with more startling results on NISC-PRIME than it does on the relatively placid worlds of Humans and the Urumek. Along with a wide array of oceans and deep caves the constant horrid nature of NISC-PRIME's position creates a startling array of life.

Now, where do the Nisetics come into this? The near universal 'change' event in humans lies in the environmental drive out of the trees while the Yautja lack one, instead coming to a slow and meandering entrance into intelligence allowed by tool using forms. The Nisetic entrance, or rather what we call the beginning of the true Nisetic ancestors lies in a bizarre union of insectoid-parallel sub-species. The Precursors to the three distinct sexes of the Nisetics. The beta-females and males descended from an early egg-laying scavenger around the size of a small potato, while the omega females descended from their omnivorous parthenogenesis-capable cousins. Before the two subgroups fully separated into two disparate "species", the Omega-female precursors developed the ability that, through physical ingestion of their cousins the ability to produce fertilized beta-female and male eggs, developing a perverse relationship with their hard locked relatives.

This is the beginning of what we call the Nisetics, born far beneath the surface of their world being eaten by ever swelling Omega's that manipulated them. In most cases the Nisetics proper will lose the ability in time to perform egg births in beta females (though in some cases this ability may be retained with diminishing returns or worse the young Nisetics chewing their way out of the incubating beta-female.) The Omegas change drastically as time goes on, growing ever larger to accommodate more and more Nisetic egg yields and developing methods of control over the Nisetics (limited to but not including psionic, chemical and pheromone dependencies or other more insidious methods.) Nisetics in turn develop as more efficient drones, for the most part developing a two stage life-cycle beginning as small grub like creatures after hatching (most of which end up being cannibalized or eaten by predators) and eventually moult, emerging in a biped form. However from there they may develop a wide variety of features including external chitinous plating, bioluminescence, amphibious features, additional eyes, arms and even in some cases tails. Most however retain the steel-wool like hair covering their upper heads, upper backs, arms and legs, massive incisors, detachable jaws for swallowing small prey, large nocturnally adapted eyes, large ears, and soft chitinous growths reminiscent of horns (usually either white or a dull yellow) that slowly grow over the course of their lifespans. Their arms usually possess three joints, ending in three fingered hands with a single triple jointed thumb (though this may vary) while their triple jointed digitigrade legs usually end in four or five clawed digitated feet. Nisetics may range anywhere between three and twelve feet between 60 to 800 lbs. They are Endothermic however lack the internal heat-gain of humans and struggle in colder environments.

As time goes on the differences growing more pronounced with the modern Nisetic form only being enhanced under their constant service to the Omegas while the monoform Omegas continue to only grow larger, eventually outright becoming immobile in adulthood with the largest examples growing to hundreds of feet in length, capable of producing several thousand offspring through the consumption of a single Nisetic pairing. Around this point the caste systems of the Nisetics develop, with the longer lived strata eventually cutting off from much shorter lived (though more likely psionic) drones. From here there is only one inevitable outcome. Breaching. Up until now the only light the Nisetics have known are the bioluminescent fungus they consume or their rare mutations, but their numbers will grow exponentially until they can only rise. Violence shall eventually escalate as resources grow thin under population strain, and the only alternative is the nightmare beneath the sun and stars. Above ground the power is transferred out of the hands of the now monstrous barely sapient Omega females and thrown among the Nisetics themselves, of which the high castes now capable of living for millennia almost universally seize. By virtue of the time advantage alone if records of their conflicts prove anything. From here if the universe deigns to allow the Nisetics to survive, they shall only multiply, waging war upon genocidal war among the tribes, wiping away or subjugating the remaining undergrounders, developing cultures and technologies, and invariably escaping NISC-PRIME, to reap upon the galaxy the norm of their homeworld.

They carry on, sometimes being wiped out by whatever hegemonic force is waiting, sometimes successfully cleansing away all lesser lifeforms in their nearby stars, but inevitably their numbers grow to transform NISC-PRIME into a monstrous hive. Collapse of the Nisetics usually comes in the form of disease, usually self-inflicted. In other cases the battle for the highest rank in Nisetic society turns to MAD as rival warlords would rather exterminate every last Nisetic and themselves before kowtowing to their rivals. When a spiritual landscape exists the suffering of the Nisetics may in turn spill upon them, the wailing of a seemingly endless tide of souls coalescing into a great shrieking voidborne horror that swallows up NISC-PRIME, ending the suffering of itself.

Yet even if NISC-PRIME falls and a single Omega-Female with a breeding population survives, they will rise again, the parasitic relationship between Omega-Female and Nisetic, and the dominance of the high-castes only leading to a suffering rise once more.

Despite the tragedy that is NISC-PRIME, the genetic systems that lead heavily into despotism and the sheer odds stacked against them, Nisetics are still social creatures and time has proven them to be not only compatible but remarkably adaptable with alien social systems. The dense and often hyper competitive nature of conflict among Nisetics has produced a myriad web of relations and social doctrines that are untethered from the conventional mating groups of other species, and are often uniquely individualistic. If the Urumek are known for their might and more traditional binds, humans for their stamina and and calamitous contention, Mokresia for their dexterous social cohesion, then the Nisetics are known for the unbridled potential in formation and the dogged loyalty that emerges in partners of shared survival.

Children of Forest-Mountains | The Mokresia

Of all the strange and persevere beings across reality, the Mokresia are the closest in nature to Mankind, though even in closeness of origins they are many miles apart.

The Homeworld of the Mokresia is called by Travellers Saris, a Passover term for a specific tent-like dwelling of early Mokresia that oddly comes to term the world more often than not. Similar in size to Terra and Shek'keskagagra, however unlike the latter which had no protective asteroid belts and the former which has only a single moon, Saris is guarded by a Triumvirate of moons and flanked along both the interior and exterior by stable asteroid belts. The system's sun, an unusually low mass K-type with various names (usually named after high-female gods) presents a pleasant amount of heat for the world. The conditions of Mokresia are nothing if not placid, allowing an unusual amount of 'stagnancy' in its evolutionary process that Terra, Shek'keskagagra and NISC-PRIME lacked. With only two major extinction events early on in the foundation of life (most of which remained sea-based) Saris allowed a meandering and gentler progression. Much of the planet was covered by Fermatidic flora by the time the early ancestors of the Mokresia arrived on the scene, massive fungal-plant analogs, the largest of which rival the Red Sequoias of Terra and the Unkern Groves of Shek'keskagagra. The issue of Fermatidic flora is it degrades at a much slower rate than any other analogous life forms, allowing the formation of surface layers composed of fallen bodies, some of which can reach miles deep, transforming the threat of fire into a seemingly apocalyptic event that can devastate dry regions for years if not decades.

The common ancestor of the Mokresia is most physically reminiscent of the Terran green tree frog, though comparable in size to a fully grown spotted hyena. Most at home in the uppermost heights of the Fermatidic layer, these early ancestors were aggressive omnivores, chasing insect analogues and consuming Fermatidic fruits. The major 'change' event for their motion towards sapience lies in a series of environmental eruptions on the opposite side of Saris that triggered a long lasting ice age, forcing the precursor species down deeper into the Fermatidic layer. Denied their original food sources and forced to compete with other omnivores and predators, weaker sub-species died out while more adaptable ones refocused themselves. The primary food sources shifted to large tunneling insects, scavenged carcasses and high-protein fungus. The rapid dietary shift to a high-energy high-protein diet, rapid predator increase and fierce competition birthed the predecessors of the Mokresia.

These predecessors were shifted by a second transformation as the ice age ended, ocean levels rose dramatically creating a dramatically wetter environment for the Mokresia with many amphibious ocean predators hunting them. The Mokresia eventually returned to the higher branches, but not before bringing with them many of the low-dwelling food sources they had become accustomed to. Early methods of cultivation involved hollowing out massive Fermatidic hulks for the purposes of 'growing' mushrooms and burrowing insects using bone and hardened insect shells. This primitive communal agriculture became the staple of early Mokresia civilization. In some cases advancement simply stops there, only refining tools until disease, fire, or blight tears down the basic civilization. In cases where civilization advances however the Mokresia invariably tunnel their way down through the Fermatidic layer to the stone-coal beneath, slowly learning fire and metallurgy or being destroyed by the process. Civilization is a slow creeping process when an entire region or even culture can be destroyed by a single misplaced spark. Making war, conflict and industry a tumultuous and dangerous issue. However given common cause, and the capacity for a slow cautious advance there is little the Mokresia cannot do.

The 'modern' Mokresia in height usually lands between three and a half to four and a half feet with males typically being larger and more robust than females. Weighted typically between 60 and 120 pounds the Mokresia retain even in age and early pubescence and natural litheness. Like Humans and Nisetics they are bipedal in a two-arm two-leg format. Their tri-jointed arms however have more in common to the Terran Gibbon, enabling high Brachiation and rapid movement throughout the entirety of the Fermatidic layer. This also transfers into tool use, the 'hands' and 'feet' both possessing long multi-jointed digits (four joints on their 'fingers' and three on their 'toes.')

Unlike most bipeds their spinal columns are sloped, with a front mounted head more in line with the great apes of Terra. They lack any hair analogues, their epidermis is thick and smooth, some rare sub-groups capable of secreting noxious mucus (it should be noted these subgroups are typically amphibious.) Much like Nisetics they are warm-blooded but are much less capable than humans and Urumek in cold environments. Ovoviviparous creatures, the Mokresia female will typically carry sets of 2-4 children for a period of ten Terran months which upon birth will be capable of eating harder food and high cognitive functions.

Culturally the Mokresia tend to align with passive pragmatists. Omnivorous though focused firmly towards insects and agricultural pursuits there is little to gain in early Nisetiic civilization in warfare. Typically advancement comes through mutual benefit such as trade, expansion and socialization. Settlements are constructed in line heavily with the fermatidic layer however when exiting the same environmental inclinations will remain and Mokresia will draw heavily from their environments in construction. Their societies tend to be structured around oligarchic setups evolved from tribal democracies and federations. Though typically most of these societies have a figurehead, power lies firmly distributed across the society, with generous autonomy allowed across the society barring periods of disease, war, and famine.

The Lucky Few | Humanity

Mankind, the foremost race of the Travellers by whatever unfortunate hand that cast the dice before the chill of the encroaching Denial. Making up a little over 75% of the Non-AI Traveller Ranks, humans are born of Holy Terra, the third planet in the Sol System. Earth while it is protected only by a single moon has the benefit of an external asteroid belt and two episciolon Gas Giants that have protected her from many extinction events. The 'Blue Marble' as she is termed has over 70% of her mass covered by water with a wide variety of environs, and in ethereally adept realities a deep bevy of spiritual realms.

Human origins lie in the centremost continent of Terra (termed Alkebulan or Afrika.) Their ancestry lies in the central eastern forests of the continent amidst an era of rapid environmental changes forcing their early ancestors out of the trees and onto the ground in hills and plains. This shift produced many species, though the common human ancestors scavenged carrion. These ancestors became increasingly hairless, developing advanced sweat glands and advancing rapidly towards energy efficient bipedalism that eventually allowed persistence hunting and advanced gathering. These voracious omnivorous early humans wiped out their cousins either by interbreeding them to extinction or through violence, spreading outside of their cradle continent across the planet, even as it was gripped by a long-term ice-age. Their future would lie in external domestication, and internalized domestication assisted by semi-tamed creatures and agriculture, allowing for a wide variety lifestyles and cultures that are as myriad as humans themselves.

Humans are viviparous warm-blooded bipeds, typically carrying a single child and feeding them on the teat for a period. Humans are notable in that their children are among the least capable compared to their fellow organics, requiring extensive care for up to two Terran years, while their quick transition to upright bipedalism makes the process of birthing much more dangerous for human females. Human's range in height anywhere from 4 to 7 feet with variants capable of being much larger or smaller at the expense of the human's health. Weight wise healthy ranges typically from 60-220 lbs. Both arms and legs possess three joints, hands and feet possessing five digits with hands possessing a single thumb. Coloration of eyes, hair and skin ranges widely. Physical capabilities of humans also range wildly depending on lifestyle, origins, augments and upbringing.

Culturally humans can take on almost any form of government, religion and culture imaginable even sometimes driving themselves into extinction through short-sighted actions, however this also allows for rapid development that puts the Mokresia and Urumek to shame, at the cost of frequent atrocities, social disorganization, and innumerable incidents. The range of this possibility is so great that there is no truly set future barring a plurality of self-imposed extinctions. There are no limits for mankind, for better or worse, making them difficult to describe to many other xenos species.

Synthetic Souls | Artificial Intelligence

It is very difficult to make broad commanding statements about AI. As two AI of identical origin model and situation for ascension could attain full sapience in completely different and counter-intuitive methods, if they are even made by incident rather than being intrinsic sapients. Artificial Intelligences are synthetic entities that have constructed origins and are classified as fully 'unshackled' for the Order's purposes. They may be basic and near human by design or decision, or they may be so titanic in terms of mental capacity and thought process they may be both unique and terrifyingly incomprehensible. Despite this, a level of familiarity has existed even before the Order's formation between synthetics and organics as the equally apparent and labyrinthine mission of the Order has always bound all members together. In our own separate tracks. For many Synthetics, their more direct demands and greater scope of focus creates a fundamentally different world that they must operate in to further our mutual end. Though in equal form, the 'smaller' AI are some of the most active physical members of the Order as a whole.

It is unknown how many AI there are in the Order, as for some Intelligences they are not even true individuals, but instead harmonious collectives of thousands of basic minds all acting in democratic capacity. Others were once Organics, but transitioned into AI and have become so distanced from their origins they can only be classified as Artificial. Even then, the numbers are kept off the record for everyone but the eldest AI, most of whom are in various states of hibernation or dormancy. Waiting for the day when they are to be called into righteous and sublime war again.

Echoes of the Twixt | Ethereal Entities

Like AI, ethereal entities are difficult to fully place. With their only binding aspect being their requirement for ethereal presence, the Ethereals are far more diverse than synthetic and organic entities. They can be veritable small gods, ghosts of once living entities that created such strong bond they persist after death, naturally occurring spirits, constructed wraiths, monsters of the imagination, or random acts of the cosmos xenos in every sense of the term. Some might even nominally be another 'living' entity that has been sufficiently warped that they no longer count as their original demographic. As such broad descriptors fail. Ethereals in the Order have persisted from the start and should be taken as individuals, if only because enough time itself can change an ethereal entity to the point it drifts from one category to another. Much to the chagrin of the Administration and their records.

Shards of Creation | Hardlights

A very recent entry into the Order in no small part due to the complexity of hardlight entities. A hardlight is a self-contained entity that is formed from purely abiotic origins, however may be 'natural' creatures in excessively rare circumstances. There is debate to their designation, as by the preexisting framework of life a good argument can be made that hardlights aren't even alive. Harlights exist in their most basic form as stone, a hyper refined element that is able to absorb energy and 'project' hardlight that allows them full mobility, sensory perception and interaction with the world. These forms being defined by the entity itself allows for unparalleled complexity or simplicity in form, and within their sphere of influence (usually 3-5 meters) the hardlights can take on any framing they wish. This natural flexibility and lack of need for anything but raw energy (typically drawn from radiation, heat or light) all but guarantees any hardlight society that picks up has almost no limits bar technological necessities. Though to date, we've only encountered two naturally occurring groups, with the majority of other hardlights being the product of advanced extragalactic societies.

Rot Given Sapience | Wealdlings

Strange haunting visages of animals and men, Wealdlings share prestigious origins on Earth with mankind. Believed to be an Entomopathogenic fungus that adapted to sustain and manipulate vertebrates postmortem. Usually this is a dead end for the fungus as it will simply expedite decomposition or 'walk' the corpse around until external forces break the body sufficiently. However in locations wherein a spiritual realm is present, the fungus may in rare cases coalesce forms of spiritual energy inside the corpse, using it to restore extended vital functions and meld more fully with the host, and when sufficient 'melding' is achieved the entity may begin exhibiting signs of intelligence. The greatest of these examples achieving full sapience.

Weald fungals are able to repair and replace most functions of their host forms with hardened fungal tissues, enhancing strength in exchange for sacrificing mobility. Soft flesh tissues are either lost or replaced, with direct sensory organs being the first lost to be replaced with imperfect analogs. Physical coloration of these tissues come in a wide variety of colours with even bioluminescence being possible for Wealdlings in underground environments. As time goes on development of hymenium around the neck and underparts and pileus bulbs on the upper bodies of the fungals has been observed. Older sentient Wealdlings can access the mycelium network of their feral brethren effectively binding them to their wills.

Unfortunately for them there is no possibility of a Wealdling civilization as many that achieve sapience are bound to quadrupedal or mangled forms and are rare amongst veritable monsters only intent upon creating additional cadavers. Rare examples of the Wealdlings joining sapient civilizations tend to live for centuries, constantly growing before invariably failing to immobility based issues or blight infections that destroy their vital fungal tissues. In more advanced timelines where computing exists those rare sapient Wealdling oft find themselves drawn to construction and coding of such things as there are many parallels between themselves and the technology. They can be incredibly productive and well regarded members of such societies.

Children of the Mindscape | Dreamlings

Invaridents, or as they are colloquially known 'Dreamers' or Dreamlings are unphased sapients born in the dreamlands around Earth. Their forms are malleable though usually human in build without necessities like facial features. In the physical form they reach around twelve feet tall with unusually slender appearances though these can and do change in their interactions with other physical creatures. While very strong and fast they lack stamina and being removed from planes with spiritual presences can drain them, with extended time spent in isolation capable of killing them outright. In the dreamlands they are free of the confines of stamina and can freely shift their physical forms to great lengths. Though even there they can still be killed by ghouls and gugs which actively hunt them, others like the Nightgaunts and the residents of Leng avoid them instinctively as dreamers can be very dangerous in a fight naturally utilizing weapons, and begging the question of their origins.

There are several theories on where Dreamers come from, some propose they are human or humanlike mortals that became lost in the Dreamlands, others suppose they are simply reflections of human qualities that in time developed minds of their own and escaped into the wilderness. Others assume them to be some strange cousin of the gugs that wandered the high places, avoiding the savage denigration other predators of the dreamlands have suffered. It should also be noted they are held fondly by the large sapient 'irregularities' that occur in the Dreamlands, with the most prominent of which being the Grand Harlot and Atlach Nacha, muddying the waters of their origins and purpose further.

Titans of the Sea | Pandoarae

Tacitly referred to as 'legsharks' in common, Pandoarae are one of the more recent arrivals on the Traveller scene. Analogous to the great armoured fish of the early oceans on Terra and Shek'keskagagra, the Pandoarae as they are come into being painfully late on their homeworld's lifespan after the eighth mass extinction even when the world is creeping ever faster towards uninhabitable, with the stars devoid of sapient life. Above the noxious seas most land based fauna is on the decline, being driven into extinction by weakening atmosphere and copious amounts of radiation from the aging sun, while below the waves the struggle for dominance grows ever fiercer. From this comes the Pandoarae.

Pack hunters evolved from shallow ocean fish that lost their fins in exchange for limbs and pure gill layouts for an amphibious respiratory system. Standing at six feet tall and twelve feet from jaws to tail lengthwise, the fully grown Pandoaræ is around 9920 lbs at least. The face and spinal layout of the beast is covered in heavy bonelike plates of roughly three inches thick, while the rest of the body is covered in thick scale-analogues that eventually 'flake' off if allowed time to dry. The Gait of the Pandoaræ legs is set wide, allowing the beasts to carry their weight in short rapid strikes, driving themselves into their prey to either smash themselves using their bulk to crush their prey or to tear into it with their massive jaws, capable of exerting over 21000 PSI. Legs are typically tri jointed and splayed in structure, allowing them to lift their bodies fully off the ground with over a foot of clearance. 'Hands' of the Pandoaræ are shared by front and back feet. Equipped with four dextrous double jointed finger analogs arranged in a semi-circular fashion. Typically used for gripping on rocks, they lack the tool use dexterity for even simple tools.

Tragic is the fate of the Pandoaræ, born to a dying world. Their bodies and environs are fundamentally incompatible with even basic tool use, and while their physical intellects are on par or even beyond that of humans in the right circumstances, in time the tumultuous environment that birthed them and the massive amphibious prey that facilitated their advanced intellects will fail. Their future leading down either the path to extinction, or to degeneration into smaller, non-sapient hunters as the world's death knell blares. But of course, all life is doomed. And Pandoaræ do not yield easy.

The Gate | The Yukazi

With only fifty three serving the Yukazi are the smallest minority within the Travellers. Very little is known about them as in most timelines they refute the notions of orally transmitted history barring edas analogues and mythological tales, and their lack of manipulators makes physical recording of events difficult to say the least.

The as of yet unnamed home world (for now termed Yukazi-Prime) is largely analogous to Terra over Shek'keskagagra though about two thirds of the size of Terra with a stronger magnetic field presence and only 40 percent water coverage. The Polar Regions extend firmly to cover a third of the planet's surface, however this may vary in the presence of longstanding global trends, volcanic eruptions or extra-solar events. The Yukazi evolved in the more temperate regions of the central largest continental body. It is assumed that their origins lie in small pack-hunting cat analogues, however their 'sphinx' like features make little sense. The most common theory of their unusually human like facial features and wings is some period of severe inbreeding, or alternatively outside influence on the genetics of the Yukazi as their genetic coding from what medical has found can only be described as a hot mess. It is important to note that Yukazi have near photographic memories and advanced information intake typically reserved for species with multiple sets of eyes and more advanced mental faculties, allowing them to function as efficient translators, spys, and information reserves amidst the Travellers.

Yukazi are Quadrupeds, typically between 18-35 pounds in weight, and 22-39 inches in head-body length. Tails are usually tapering, with wingspan extending from 35-102 inches in length depending on sub-groups. Facial features vary wildly with some members highly reminiscent of humans while others sharing more in common with Nisetics. Fur color is typically golden or brown, with occasional stripes appearing though the trait appears recessive. Skin colour may come in shades typical to the human range, while wings are typically either brown, gold or black.

From what can be observed Yukazi society is made up largely of mobile hunting based 'tribes' that are little more than highly organized packs. Leadership is typically patriarchal with the largest male directing and leading his tribe. Treatment of beta-males ranges wildly from aggressive assaults by the patriarch male, dominance based sexual relations with the patriarch or acts of kowtowing have all been observed. Females are typically all considered mating property of the patriarch, however carry most of the tribes hunting actions and actions. Subsequently making them the actual movers and innovators similar to the Urumek social structure. As of yet no Yukazi from any timeline have been observed existing outside of this structure besides ostracized members living independently of these Tribes.

The Sulferics | The Dush

Perhaps the most bizarre of all the species that have been recruited into the Travellers, the Dush are the only sapient sulphur based life forms to be recruited into the Travellers barring a handful of aberranti and one unusually structured space hulk. Their homeworld is a gongshow of atmospheric disruptions, high radiation, and constant Tectonic plate activity. Oceans and Seas existed at an earlier point and have long since evaporated, water rarely exists outside of the poles in a liquid form. On these noxious poles, the Dush came to be. Little is known of their evolutionary origins, as their homeworld is something of a nightmare to navigate and excavate. Personal investigation is likewise difficult as non-Dush require pressurized suits or special vehicles, and no one has decided to put in the effort, including the laconic Dush.

Requiring pressurized mech suits, habitats or extensive bio-mods on Ae, the Dush are spindly upright bipeds with bone structure of surprising similarity to humans. This is where the similarities end as their internal limb structure is spindly more reminiscent of fingers rather than limbs from internal composition with a thin pelvis and a barrel like Torso structure. Most internal organs are housed in the chest including reproductive organs and eighty percent of the brain analogue. Their heads house six sets of eyes, one set of which operates on heat detection, another of which is focused towards depth perception. Their mouths are unusually small and flat, more geared towards the grinding and chewing of native lichens than the meat of other animals.

Typically arranged in clans which evolve into oligarchic governmental bodies, the Dush may go a long way with the mineral wealth of their homeworld, if it doesn't destroy them that is. The instability of Dush-PRIME may in a single action wipe away the Dush so completely it may seem that they never existed. Something most Dush are well aware of.

The People of the Fleet Eternal | The Pharjesniujnt

Few are the ones without pasts to call upon, fewer are those entirely without them, left in darkness. Of them, only the Pharjesniujnt, or simply the Pharjesn, are completely without recollection. Not even the Travellers yet fully delved into their terrestrial past as it lies far beyond the Milky Way Galaxy. Their exit from their home galaxy is estimated to have been made over 18000 years prior to their arrival in the Milky Way at minimum with a millennia of variability. Their exact origins remain undetermined however the two major competing schools of thought posit the Andromeda Galaxy and the Triangulum Galaxy as their point of origin. The search continues even now, even when most Pharjesn care little for their long lost homeland content with Ae and their homes amidst the sky.

Their long years in transit warped the Pharjesn. An adult male typically stands around 5 feet to 5½ feet tall, weighing between 130 and 110 lbs for a healthy male, while women typically stand between 5 to 4 feet while weighing between 70 and 110lbs. Digitigrade bipeds with three joint limbs, the Pharjesn are the only sapient among the travellers to possess three three-joint digits on their upper and lower limbs, both the arms and legs possessing a lithe thumb digit. It is unknown if this trait is a by-product of their original homeworld or their long years in space. What is apparent of the Pharjesn from their years of transit is that they lack any hair analogues or even nail-claw analogues, their interiors are almost completely free of bacteria barring partially integrated synthetic digestive-bacteria. Their epidermis is divided into two external layers, a thick darkened layer coating their legs, outer arms, finger tips and backs while a softer typically paler skin covers the rest of the body. The exact specifications of these outer layers varies particularly on the head, some Pharjesn being completely ‘bald’ of thick skin on their heads while others have elaborate ‘crests’ of the harder skins on their own. The eyes of the Pharjesniujnt are smaller than human analogues however surprisingly effective. Much like the Urumek they lack ear analogues and instead possess sensing mounds at the bases of their necks. They lack entirely a nose analogue and possess no ‘smelling’ sense. The Pharjesn at this point are entirely bound to sealed environmental suits and sealed environments, though are firmly adapted to this. Internally domesticated for the action, they are extremely susceptible to foreign bacteria and parasites in such a way even the biological department can do little about. Not that they mind as universally Pharjesn have worn mechanized environmental suits for almost all of their lives.

Pharjesn culture is based heavily around their suits and ships, isolation cultivating dozens of art styles by which they decorate themselves and their suits. Their societies are almost completely self-sufficient only requiring the occasional harvests of passing asteroids. As individuals they are typically shy though if allowed internal comfort they can become agreeable and fiercely territorial of their own, within small and defined social groups.

“Oh Void, collar us down and make us whole once more.” – Common Traveller Lamentation for the Dead

Ae; Basic Information

Gravitational Planetary Average: 10.72042g
 Equatorial radius: 3526.2 Km
 Mean Global Surface Temperature: 6.7 °C
 Mean Global Surface Pressure: 1.3 Bar

Global Biological Population as of 839Ae: 11,029,000
 Global Spiritual Population as of 839Ae; 192,580
 Global Hardlight Population as of 839Ae; 7,661
 Global Synthetic Population: [REDACTED]

Year Length: 688 Days
 Day Length: 25 Hours
 Week Length: 8 Days

Days of the Week; | **Primidi** (first day) | **Duodi** (second day) | **Tridi** (third day) | **Quartidi** (fourth day) | **Quintidi** (fifth day) | **Sextidi** (sixth day) | **Septidi** (seventh day) | **Octidi** (eighth day) |

The Spring Months

Germinal | 58 Days

- [1] | First Day of the New Year | Solemnity of Mary, Mother of God | Feast of the Circumcision | | Feast of Tem'Radeen |
- [2] | Feast of Saint Basil | Feast of Saint Jiang | | Spring Festival of the New Year | | Festival of Ra's al-Sanah al-Hijriyah |
- [3] | Feast Day of Lazarus | | The Feast of Reprieve (Nisetic) |
- [4] | Feast Day of the Redemption of Lucifer | | The End of Reprieve and the Opening of the First Culling (Nisetic) |
- [5] | Feast Day of the Twelfth Night | The Second Mass of Christ |
- [6] | Closing Day of the Spring Festival | The First Jumu'ah |
- [10] | First day of the The Saint | | The Day of Sacrifice for Quetzalcoatl |
- [11] | Second Day of The Saint |
- [12] | Final Day of The Saint and the Feast Day of Champions |
- [13] | Feast Day of Maslenitsa |
- [16] | The Lantern Festival | | The Memorial Festival of the Fall of the First City (Mokresia) |
- [18] | Opening of Feuds | | Nr'na'Nera'el'Nga, Honour Day of Mothers and Sisters (Urumek) |
- [26] | Festival of Brothers and Gods (Urumek) | | Memorial to the Black-Iron Legion |
- [27] | Festival day of Makar Sankranti |
- [28] | Festival day of Lohri |
- [31] | The Ending of the First Culling (Nisetic) |
- [32] | The Festival of the Dead and Eaten Gods (Nisetic) |
- [54] | Feast of Là Fhèill Brìghde / Imbolc | | Memorial Day of A'shir'shir'a Ushorak, First-Hand of the Augur |
- [55] | Day of Patriarchs and Paragons (Urumek) |

Floréal | 57 Days

- [1] | The Feast of Lupercalia | | The Day of Sacrifice for Tezcatlipoca |
- [5] | Emdir'shurask'e'Shalak'Nga Day of Offerings to Ancestors and Blessed Clansmen (Urumek) |
- [6] | Dursk Er'Nga Opening Day of the Year's Hunting Season (Urumek) |
- [26] | Feast of Saint David | | Feast of Selmoas, the First Mokresia |
- [27] | Feast Day of Saint Valentine |
- [34] | Hanuman Jayanti |
- [35] | Feast of Saint Patrick |
- [42] | Feast Day of Saint Magua |
- [45] | Feast of Purim |

[52] | The Feast Day of the Martyrs |
[56] | Feast of Hathor and Bastet |
[57] | Easter Sunday | | Feast of Gaia and Freyja |

Prairial | 57 Days

[2] | Passover | | Good Friday |
[7] | Holi, Festival of Colours |
[8] | Festival of Vaisakhi |
[17] | Rama Navami |
[23] | Gangaur |
[37] | Lag BaOmer | | Feast Day of the Subjugated Kabbalah |
[38] | May Day | | Festival of the Proletariat Traveller |
[46] | Akshaya Tritiya | | Mid-Sha'ban | | Consolidated Feasts of Commonwealth (Mokresia) |
[57] | Feast Day of Judas Iscariot |

The Summer Months

Messidor | 58 Days

[1] | Feast Day of Inti Raymi | | Feast Day of John the Baptist | | Day of Sacrifice Aonach |
[2] | Feast Day of Saint Rassad | | Day of Sacrifice for Tlaloc |
[12] | Dragon Boat Festival | | Feast Day of the Divine Peacock |
[14] | The Feast of the Eternal Sovereigns (Niseti) |
[15] | First Day of the Second Culling (Niseti) |
[20] | The Feast Day of al-Khidr |
[24] | The Feast Day of Bacchus/Dionysus |
[28] | Feast Day of Là Bealltainn/Beltane |
[29] | Ratha-Yatra | Feast Day of Perun | Feast Day of Konracht | | First Day of the Festival of Native Gods |
[30] | Feast Day of the Martyr Mary Magdalene |
[38] | Final Day of the Festival of Native Gods | | Memorial Day of Marie-Geneviève de Vassan |
[40] | The Ending of the Second Culling (Niseti) |
[41] | The Day of Accolade and Tribute for the Loyal and the Pitiable (Niseti) |
[43] | Honour Day of Ae |
[52] | The Feast of the First City (Mokresia) |

Thermidor | 57 Days

[1] | First Day of the Festival of our Lady, Destroyer of Despair |
[4] | The Day of Sacrifice for Chalchiuhtlicue |
[5] | Final Day of the Festival of our Lady, Destroyer of Despair |
[6] | Feast Day of the Redemption of the Betrayer |
[10] | The Mid-Mass of Christ | | Yulemass | | Feast-Day of Emus |
[11] | Festival of Asalha Puja |
[26] | Feast Day of Guru Purnima | | Day of Recognition for the Fallen |
[27] | Day of Remembrance for the Fallen | | Tisha B'Av and the Feast of All Dead |
[28] | Day of Celebration for the Fallen Travellers | Pchum Ben |
[35] | The Feast Day of Athena |
[36] | Hkrask'Nga, Opening of the Days of Violence (Urumek) |
[46] | Jkesrask'Nga Closing of the Days of Violence (Urumek) |
[47] | The Day of the Unknown Soldier |
[50] | Bon Festival | Grand Federation day of Offerings |

Fructidor | 57 Days

[1] | Shayani Ekadashi |
[2] | Feast Day of the Ascendance of Mary |
[19] | Feast day of Bartholomew the Apostle |
[20] | Longest Day of the Year | | Feast of Warm Years | | Feast Day of We Tripantu |
[21] | The Feast Day of Triumphs and Armistices |
[44] | Shavuot | | The Day of Arrival |
[46] | Feast Day of Raksha Bandhan |
[52] | Krishna Janmashtami | | The Day of the Universe's Creation (Mokresia) |

The Autumn Months

Vendémiaire | 58 Days

[1] | Festival of Lùnastal |
[2] | Selichot | | The Day of Self-Flagellation |
[4] | Honour Day of Stellar Wars |
[10] | Day of Labour | | The Feast Day of Hephaestus |
[12] | First Day of Rosh Hashanah |
[13] | Last Day of Rosh Hashanah |
[20] | Yom Kippur | | Day of the Urumek |
[21] | First Day of Ganesh Chaturthi |

- [31] | Last Day of Ganesh Chaturthi |
- [32] | First Day of the Festival of Surhamrason and All Irenic Kings (Mokresia) |
- [35] | Last Day of the Festival of Surhamrason and the Feast of the Temperate (Mokresia) |
- [51] | Anant Chaturdashi || The Day of Heroes Under-Sky |
- [54] | Thai Pongal |

Brumaire | 57 Days

- [12] | Sukkot |
- [13] | First day of Navaratri |
- [28] | Last day of Navaratri |
- [35] | Feast Day and Festival of Diwali/ Deepavali || The Honor-Day of the Denial |
- [36] | Feast Draddura, the Creation of Food and Warmth (Mokresia) |
- [54] | The Satiation of the Starving Day (Nisetic) || The Festival of Tengrii |
- [57] | Samhain | All-Hallows Eve | First Day of 'Dia de los muertos' |

Frimaire | 57 Days

- [1] | Day of All Saints || Walpurgisnacht |
- [4] | Final Day of 'Dia de los muertos' || Feast Day of the Sacrificial Dead |
- [9] | Double Ninth Festival || Day of the Nisetic |
- [23] | General Feast Day || Cosmonauts Day |
- [24] | Honour Day of the End of Time-Wars |
- [25] | First day of Ae'n Ramadan |
- [34] | The Feast Day of Set |
- [40] | Feast Day of Conspiracies and Murders || Day of Explorers |
- [50] | Laylat al-Qadr || The Day of Kowtowing (Nisetic) |
- [55] | Final day of Ae'n Ramadan |
- [56] | Eid al-Fitr |
- [57] | Memorial Feast Day of the Fallen Blacks and Greens |

The Winter Months

Nivôse | 58 Days

- [1] | Feast Day of Calan Gaeaf |
- [3] | Feast Day of Nuclear Radiance, Memorial to Glassed Worlds |
- [4] | Feast day of the Passion of the Undertaker |
- [30] | Festival of Maha Shivaratri |
- [32] | Festival of the Helmoson, Philosophers and Teachers (Mokresia) |
- [57] | Memorial Day of Hussain Daoud Ghazi-Khan, First of the Second Generation Fallen |
- [58] | Feast Day of Sadeh, Triumph Over Darkness |

Pluviôse | 57 Days

- [10] | Bodhi Day | Day of Enlightenment |
- [40] | Beginning of the Festival of Chaharshanbe Suri |
- [45] | Final Day of the Festival of Chaharshanbe Suri |
- [50] | Feast Day of Norwuz |
- [52] | Feast Day of Krampusnacht |
- [53] | Feast Day of Saint Nicholas |

Ventôse | 57 Days

- [2] | Feast of the Immaculate Conception |
- [8] | Closing Day of the Year's Hunting Season (Urumek) |
- [9] | First Day of the Urkaskelshi'la Festival (Urumek) |
- [11] | Final Day of the Urkaskelshi'la Festival (Urumek) |
- [12] | Nativity Fast || Ash Wednesday || First Day of Great Lent || Day of St. Philip the Apostle |
- [19] | Feast of Shab-e Chelleh || Feast Day of Koliada |
- [20] | The Longest Night | Feast of the Cold Years | Feast of Yule |
- [21] | Feast Day of Saint Lucia |
- [22] | Feast Day of Augustine of Hippo || First Day of Hanukkah |
- [30] | Las Posadas || Final Day of Hanukkah || Feast Day of the One and Only King |
- [31] | Feast Day of the Red Army || First Day of the Temporary Cessation of Feuds (Nisetic) |
- [45] | Feast Day of Hogswatchnight |
- [46] | First day of Pancha Ganapati || Malkh-Festival || Dies Natalis Solis Invicti || Dongzhi Festival |
- [50] | Day of Mankind | Day of the Mokresia |
- [51] | Christ Mass Eve || Last day of Pancha Ganapati || Mōdraniht Festival |
- [52] | First Mass of Christ | Feast of the All-Father and the Remembrance of Summer || Saturnalia |
- [53] | Feast Day of Saint Stephen |
- [54] | Feast Day of Saint John the Evangelist | Feast Day of Saint Dwyffin |
- [55] | Feast Day of the Holy Innocents |
- [56] | Feast Day of the St. Michel the Defender || Festival of Hogmanay |
- [57] | New Years Eve || Feast Day of Saint Sylvester |

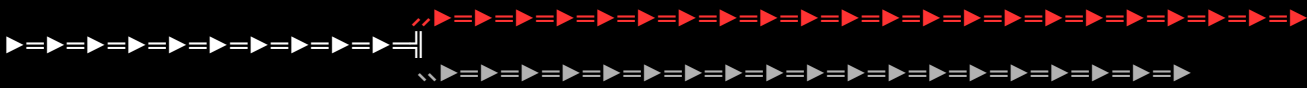
Instant Transmission; Structure and Information

A Standard Timeline



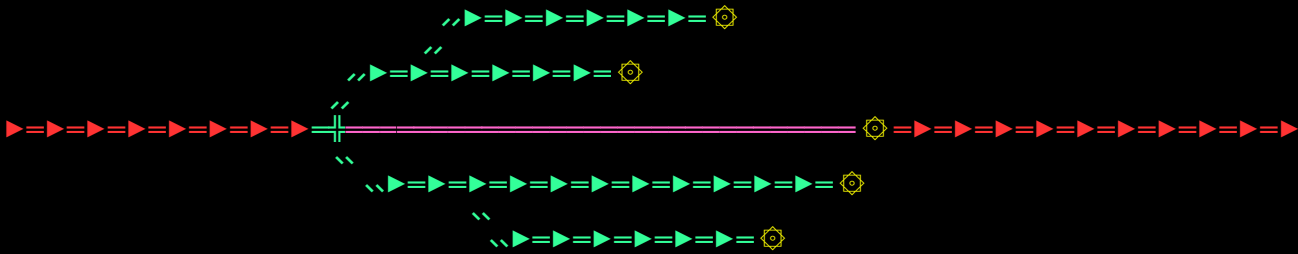
The common garden variety timeline. No outside influence & self-contained.

An Altered Timeline



An example of a timeline wherein a Traveller has arrived. Note that while **'altered'** variant exists with the Traveller present, so does an **'original'** variant of the same line. While this is almost universally the case for how Travellers influence realities they enter, other elements exist like **Great Old One Influence** or **Grandchildish** nature can similarly alter an existence, with unique properties thanks to their exterior element.

An Example of Timeline Exploration & Shared Cumulative Re-Entry



Under the correct circumstances, observed here in an already **altered** reality a collective Travellers exist in, **alternatives** might be explored if a peg is utilized. When a Traveller attempts to enter a shared timeline, they'll automatically enter into the shared time frame. This time frame **progresses** so long as Travellers are present, and might be rejoined from these explored shards, even from a **central command** if acted upon by group coordination. If there are no Travellers present then the explorers might return after only moments in that time after they left and a peg is present. There are some exceptions to this rule, like **Great Old One Influence** where central elements can become radically different if explored by Travellers where that prior focus by the **Great Old One Influence** will be cut off.

A 'Reversion' Incident



Typically, the shared nature of the Traveller time-frame and the pegs allow constrained and directed focus, and prevents internal paradoxes and other fuckery. There is only ever one version of a Traveller. Typically. In unorthodox or extremely pressing circumstances, the safeties of the Bracer might be ignored and one can undertake an action of ultimate desperation. A **'Revision.'** By **jumping backwards** (the only possible means of the action) a Traveller can return to an earlier point on their own timeline and the shared greater timeframe. There they are doomed. The nature of the shared time-frame is incompatible with older versions of the Traveller, and yet also tied to the Traveller in question. They begin disintegrating and must engage their former self in combat. Regardless of who wins, what **Transfiguration** occurs next is the sum of both the future and the former self, and will play a dramatic role in what is to come. **'Beta'** realities wherein a revision jump occurs are known to fade from view of the augur, and the only if there is one remaining Traveller can such a jump be initiated. Naturally, this rarely prompts the Revision to be used under under happy circumstances, and to date the technique has only been used a few thousand times in the entire history of the Order. The unique distortions of a Transfigured Traveller are extremely unpleasant, though it is difficult to tell where pre-existing trauma from events experienced ends and the inherently convoluted elements of the Revision begins.

“... To forge a new fold, those few, those Lepers and Kings.”

“Void Children and Barbarians, Mujahideen and Beasts, Monks and Gods.”

“The Crippled and the Broken, the Lost and Damned.”

“Travellers all.”

– “The Forging on the Fringes,” Anonymous Scrawlings found on the ruins of Terra D2

“Of course I know I have work to do. But I also know that this Christ-God bread is damn fine and the Jew-God wine is even better. I'll be off in the morning, but this evening I think I'll enjoy this delicious Sojourn.” – Ennril Khasok, Low Caste Nisetic True Traveller

“Traveller codice must be apparent. Exist within cooperation with your brothers. Do not slay them, though conflict in times of peace is reasonable, and even preferable. You will know when the time for union comes as much as the time for feuding. For we are brothers.”

“Cloak your presence to off-worlders, for though they are dust and ash, iron may be found amidst.”

“No Traveller may own another sapient being, be they organic, ethereal, or synthetic.”

“No Traveller shall hold any dominion from induction over any other Traveller. All shall be brought in as equal to each other, and they must find themselves into lower orders without threat or coercion. Only willingly can one bow to another of the Order.”

“No Traveller shall be brought in without the blessings of Ae, Bagrationi, Tsunada, Ali, and Fulcanelli. As coded without blood.”

“Give Liaison to those who exist with knives upon their throats, for their struggles mark them apart, by which we all might persist.”

“No Traveller shall use mercenaries, and other kindred non-travellers such in the same fashion in their journeys. Ae shall remain under Traveller foot aside from a hallowed few granted temporal reprieve.”

“Ae is our own sacred ground, our stronghold against the nothing, higher than any single Traveller. This ground shall be defended until we are bled dry or have no other course but to abandon her.”

“Our duty remains much the same, since we shattered ourselves upon the void. We remain the first and last bastion against the those who would beckon the end of all things. A battle long since drawn against the things beyond Being. A battle we shall never hopefully see return in full. We have to ourselves a duty before all other things. We are the flame.”

– Words bound to the Foundation of Aeholm, the Guiding Principles of the Travellers

“You cannot fathom the scope of existence. Throw out the term 'multi-reality' or 'parallel' as they are worthless in true scales.”

“Take Sol. Sol is a star. Big, right? Wrong. You're an idiot. Look at the milky way Galaxy. Big? No. Wrong again. Check out the local super cluster.”

“And if you think 'wrong again idiot look at the galaxy' you'd fall into the same trap I did. Because yes, that is big. But then you realize that all of this, all of it is just a single drop. Not in an ocean. Inside an eternal and endless Tsunami. Consider that 'BEING.' That is what we are sworn to look after.”

– Sir William Harold Livoinswallit, on the True Size of Existence

“Ah, yes. I remember well those shards. The craven miserable wretches who still carry our lost weapons and arms. I've dealt with many. They and them are the descendants of the sore losers. Those who failed in the Time Wars and scattered to the winds. Many still continue their long ended crusades. They likely outnumber us. Perhaps many times over. But the tech they use is decrepit, as our...” [Hysterical Laughter] “‘Toys’ do not bend to them. For them they may not return. Ae itself rejects their nature. Near as much as the eldest defenders do.”

“How many have I killed? Thirty seven old bloods, nine thousand four hundred and six of their lesser ilk. Simply by hand, as I have slain many more by fire and command and shrapnel. They are not deserving of mercy, make no mistake. Many would call me cruel and wretched. I will concede, I am quiet willingly cruel. But I have seen such depths that would make me saintly. I remember... Such depravity. Ogulamacadi-A12, well before the established hubworld. Duwall and I had gone to Parlay with that gilded god human. Alone. Duwall knew him best, he was fond of making allies and acquaintances out of such absurd figures.”

“We arrived in orbit of Terra, on a ship like a small moon. 'Phallic' it was named, or something like that. How graceful we were! Two alone, small, dirty. A xenos and a madman! Surrounded by gene-modded giants in hulking armour, dealing with an alleged god made of gold and copper. The meeting went well. Despite their obvious disdain for me. All until they came.”

“Across the ship they popped into existence, Torngasak. I did not know him, though Duwall did, they had been baptized together at the Denial. He had gone missing in the wake of the third time war some years prior. There it was clear what had become of him. Torngasak had made dealings with the foul grandchildish powers of the timeline, the lords of blood, sensation, and knowledge. What lay before us was monstrous. To top it off we were outnumbered ten to one by his followers, many more massive than the gene-modded pests, all bearing the monstrous marks of the triumvirate gods.”

“The battle was brief. I called down three cohorts of fighters and the 'Sam's' gilded retinue to defend the ship as we leapt into the fray. Beside us humans were split into pieces, their armour ripped apart like paper in a damp wind. But we were long prepared, dancing in moments across the battlefield, needing only a blow to break each of the foe. The blood tasted foul, bitter. Can't ever forget the taste. When our countrymen finally arrived only four of us remained, Duwall, I, the gilded god man and his blue plated son, short of an arm and an eye. Only Torngasak remained, decrying Duwall and I in half a hundred tongues. His body writhing, warping. Duwall ended him in an instant, jumping inside of him, tearing him apart from the inside, and then clawing his way through.”

“But that was not the troubling part, no in fact it was quiet fortuitous. Our defence of the gilded god man earned us great respect from his jumped up techno barbarians. The... Lizards? Or whatever they were called, they in particularly still remain grateful. Even when they deserted their lords. Half of them anyways, I was never familiar with their imperial layouts and conflicts.”

“No, what was worrying was Torngasak's home. After some days of searching we found it. He had bred his army for some generations, stealing away all manner of xenos, technology and foul artifacts to ready himself. The pits, still filled with Torngasak's spawn. The ceilings lined with skulls. In his study we found bones, piled upon bones. At the top of the pyramid the beast slept upon a single frail skull, a skull of a simple human. Ingrid af Stockholm, a victim of the third war. In his madness he had blamed us all, and sank low. I personally torched the place, and we carried Torngasak's bones back to his last kin on Ae. Only Sedna remained, and even now she is still lonesome wretch. She is loyal and kind at least.”

“I have seen that same scene, again and again, hundreds of times. We have such a low we can reach. That is why I exist. We have an unparalleled duty, and as such we have certain responsibilities, certain standards we must uphold. Should we shirk those duties, responsibilities and standards, we can commit the greatest of atrocities, all while failing our duty. THE duty.”

“Dusan beseeches me to show mercy, I try. I really do. But for some, there is no mercy, no frailty in the wake of foul course. I am the hammer of revenge, not restitution, but pure revenge. Until I am dead, or Dusan bids me to stop. In this there can be no compromise for turncoats, and those who would make a mockery of our final mission to their own ends.”

– Judicar Reotri, Vanguard of the Judiciary, on the Renegade Travellers

“Mental and Manual interfaces, absolute mobility and a sick set of claws. Wicked deal right? It is as far as we know. You need to look deeper. There are serious defences that these things have. Aside from its notorious explosive defences I’ve heard tell that non-Travellers found fiddling with them will have the claws jettison at the worst angles. Sometimes the things heat up red hot in a few moments.”

“You can’t cut them open, not easily at least. These things will outlive a planetary collapse and float through the void unscathed until recovered. Ray scans come in blank, as do sound and pierce scans. There’s also the possibility that the braces have a look over effect where Non-Travellers will usually fail to acknowledge the bracer’s existence unless it becomes an immediate threat or if it is brought to their attention.”

“Now here is where things get real weird. The interiors of these things make no goddamn sense. Some of the tech doesn’t work, some of it doesn’t even work to our laws of reality. There are three sets of internal sockets, a refrigeration unit, numerous speakers but no receivers or any seeming connections, ethereal elements and a holographic projector. None of which is connected to the power source. On occasion we find precious stones inlaid on the inside, including rubies, emeralds, and oblerdines. We’ve even found trash like corks and broken glass found in some units.”

“No one really gets why these things are set up the way they are. Some people are on the paranoid camp and believe it’s used to spy on them. Bullshit in my mind, but you can’t convince some people. Others believe it is esoteric practice, with the way those fucking collectors huff their own poppy, cos.”

“But I’ve got my own idea. What if these things were smart? Not thinking. Not alive like an AI, but... Just smart? You’d want that in a heartbeat to defend the Order from sabotage. But that’s just my thought.”

– Li Sun Win, On the Bracers and Theories on their Nature

“I remember when he was called. Blood kin of mine, we’d been riding together since we met at the Break. Been together ever since, helped put this mess into place. Back then, whichever century it was, we’d just got word on some tundra shithole. Bunch of our foals had gotten grabbed, whatever it was that did it, called him. Dusan I mean. Dusan alone. I tell him not to go in alone, Sammie tells him the same, even that bug Judicar shows up trying to talk him out of it. Doesn’t stop him though, so the bug and I follow him to that world and I recognize the stonework immediately. We’re surrounded by faceless freaks, but they leave off. Still gives me goosebumps. I got my hands on my bow, but we move to the meeting place, this nasty pit. And- teh! He just jumps in, and so we wait, a day passes and the foals come out, gibbering and wrecked but alive. I take them back home, even though Reotri rightly should have- though she strait up refused, and I come back and we wait. We wait for three DAYS and that bug doesn’t move an inch. Sammie popped in once, left. And we kept waiting, until finally he crawled out of that pit, looking like a skeleton, but the blunt idiot man was smiling.”

– Oghuz, Clique Head, on the Meeting & Accord of Duwal and Yog-Sothoth

“You hear folks barking about good and evil 'tween themselves, pragmatism and idealism, full of anger and hope. Piss and vinegar. Good, but doesn’t last long like that. Many throw themselves into their own fires. Save the sovereign, but watch her wither away to age. Save the country, watch it descend into corruption and decadence until you don’t recognize it. Save the world, and watch all the things 'worth' saving dampen and die. Holding on too tightly is having a part of you fade and rot beside.”

“But this isn’t an evil thing, nor a good thing. Just is. Though day falls to night, night in turn, falls to day. Empires rise and fall, the old queen dies, but a new king is born, a world crumbles to ash, but from the ashes comes another world. Many of course reject this, striking their own paths and I say good on them. They’re still full of fire, haven’t had the life choked from them. They sunder timelines apart, shaping them in their own image, struggling to their own causes. In doing so, they set further evil into motion, opposition and strife. Every strike made is a strike against. It is impossible to have a perfect world with physicality to it, though many have tried, and shed much blood for such. Shame.”

“That’s just an old man talking though. I’ve no delusions about that cousin. Go see for yourself, perhaps you’re a mite smarter than I?”

“Just... Do good in it, will you? And don’t let it all break you.”

– Dusan Duwall, On the ‘Allowance of Suffering’ and the Unending Flow of Time.

“We began as rabble you know? The still reeling sets and divisions of the old military orders who set the anvil of the Denial and were ripped to shreds. We victors. No. Hardly. We were survivors.”

“The True Travellers were the minutemen, irregulars, everyone who broke rank to join them. Those without rank and file, piloting bastard ships into the darkness. The Fighters were the controlled beasts, the soldiers and monsters held upon chains and orders. My folk were communications, low leadership, planning, the intermediaries. The Archivists those that dared take up to them the lore of our enemies, those brave minds that took upon themselves the evil, when we were still to be broken. The Void Hunters were the Vanguards and veterans, those who had already proven themselves against the children of the Great old ones. The Architects? Our engineers, shipbuilders and the operators of the dread weapons we had acquired. The Commercialists were the supply leaders, bringing everything that could be brought to the war effort. The Home Guard our Paramilitary Force, keeping watch over all with a fierce authority. The Departments were the fringes, researchers, renegades, fringe elements. The eyes of the third a single, wretched Augur. Last but not least came the Hearth Keepers, the Torch Bearers in our darkest hour. Such was the start. As for the Collectors? It was them, who scavenged and cleansed the battlefield, and brought our dead to rest, the outcasts and dregs of the Denial.”

“By the time they rejoined us, the council had already been formed, at least in its most basic forms.”

- Igra, on the Origins of the Council of Nine, the Ten Factions, Departments and the Eyes

Foes and Outsiders, Grandchild & Thirdling Ken Alike

> Memorial-to-the-387.44-Million-Mile-Creator

[Origin: **Precursor AI Traveller**] [Estimated Size: **Unknown**] [Method of Travel: **Inter-Reality Ley-Lines**]

The multi-reality entity known as Mtt387.44MMC tore a bloody swathe across reality around 329 Sol Years Prior. Born out of the coagulated functions of post-fallout earth's Simulated-Intelligence operations. The entity was renowned for its absurd sadistic hatred for human life with a lesser disdain for biological life as a whole. However more disturbingly it was capable of consuming and cannibalizing the mental forms of AI to expand itself. While it is unknown where Mtt387.44MMC's hatred for the Travellers came from placing them above stock humans, it is hypothesized that the relationship between Human and AI Travellers was antithetical to its existence. The very notion of a human loving an AI and vice versa would likely be repulsive or enraging to it. More concretely it is known the Entity was incapable of fully 'assimilating' AI Travellers as self-destruction sequences would mangle the assimilating components before the AI could be subsumed, putting it as a 'pure' AI at odds with the majority of Traveller organic-actualized component AI. Three Sol Years after it came into contact with the Travellers a coalition of fighters along with extensive amounts of support from the Technical Department managed to destroy Mtt387.44MMC's bulk. Some elements of the AI escaped and it is assumed that Mtt387.44MMC is still out there attempting to build itself back up once more. Waiting for a chance at revenge.

> The Infinite Convention

[Origin: **Precursor Traveller**] [Estimated Size: **Massive Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Inter-Reality Ley-Lines**]

The Infinite Convention and the Travellers have only known of each other for a few decades. The Convention itself is an ancient institution that has stood for over 19000 Sol Years if the Augur and the few other sources that know the Convention are to be believed. The Infinite Convention itself has been plagued for several years by a massive civil war, initiated by the expansionist factions within the Convention that went beyond the fusion of blood and suffusion mana as sources of the convention's power. They sought out the ley-lines of reality and shadows of the Great Old Ones like the first generation of Travellers to expand beyond their culvert corner of reality. The war destroyed Sheol, heart of the Convention, with it the Omniarch savior, who in prior days had halted the wholesale destruction of planes in the pursuit of ethereal power and the Jyhad of the exiled Blood-mages. Trillions have allegedly perished with the war itself likely to be the event that drew the Augur's 'gaze.' As it stands the small corner of existence the Convention controls is calming, the expansionist factions of the Convention appear to have won for the most part. In time, a new Omniarch will rise. The Convention knows of the Travellers, as several members of the order see the carelessness of the Convention's use of the Conceptual Shadows and have fought a guerrilla war against their more belligerent members. The future will lead almost certainly lead to conflict and formal relations, but the scale of that conflict and the nature of those relations remains to be seen.

> The King in Yellow

[Origin: **Conceptual Shadow**] [Estimated Size: **Individual**] [Method of Travel: **Reality Drip**]

The eldest children of the Great Old Ones and their own progeny are aside and oft removed from the Travellers. Ambivalent to their actions and crossing them for the most part as individuals. Novelties of flame that have burned a hole in reality and sealed it aside in the same right. A fragment of light for many of the ancients, yet out of time. None of the true 'hard-wired' things truly despise the Order though many will gladly crush them as individuals should they enter their dominions. Barring two exceptions. The King in Yellow, Who is the Hand. Him Who Is Not to be Named. It is in many ways spiteful of the existence of the Travellers, setting the machinations of the worlds they walk against them even acting directly against them if it thinks they are unable to cry out for aid. There is no action below the King in Yellow, nor is it above any price to waylay them. It should be noted the King in Yellow is a fool in many ways, a simplistic Leviathan that despises the Travellers to the point where it will shatter manifestation against them for all eternity. But it is only the Hand of the Dweller in Darkness, the most ancient of the Children barring those born in the kilns of the Rebirths of realities. It is impossible to say where the hatred for the light of the Order was born. Conjecture speaks of a common theme however. Ae lies outside of their grasp and even the smallest, most timid Traveller might stare down the true natures of The King in Yellow and the Dweller in the Darkness. That Traveller would be unmoved, like an ant gazing knowingly upon the sun. And that must be infuriating.

> The Invidia

[Origin: **Unknown**] [Estimated Size: **Unknown**] [Method of Travel: **Ethereal-Reality Threads**]

If there was one group universally despised, not by their grievous abilities or their foul actions but instead their simplistic and adamantly perverse nature, it would be the Invidia. Little is known of their origins though it is commonly believed the Individual Invidia have made a pact with some as of yet unknown but nonetheless vast entity that infuses them with spiritual essence and reveals them the web-ways between the Ethereal sub-planes of realities. The Invidia come in all shapes and sizes and share a strange timelessness, an immunity to mental interruption and an unsettling ability to 'kill' immortal beings if the soul resides completely with the body. Invidia pursue their targets with a single-minded intent and will pursue them across the realities. Barring Ae there is no place the blades of the Invidia can't touch. It is believed the force behind the Invidia bears a grudge against the Travellers, as at one point a particularly mighty Invidia sage who believed himself to be completely immortal and near omniscient was torn apart by the guarding maws of Ae like a mouse that had entered a lion's den. Should a Traveller become aware they've been made a target to the Invidia they are advised to seek out assistance from their countrymen, many of whom will answer simply to spite the 'Pawns of Stasis' as the Augur refers to them.

> The Wyrms-Whales

[Origin: **Rim Reality Fauna**] [Estimated Size: **Wide-Spread Species**] [Method of Travel: **Inter-Reality Ley-Lines**]

In ancient days the entities known as the Wyrms-Whales inhabited the terrestrial planes, but after destroying their homeworld they escaped to the space that runs along the borders of reality. It is impossible to say if they became Grandchildish in this act, or if the shadow of the Great Old Ones had left them in a shade earlier, but in this era the Wyrms-Whales are monstrous pair-bound entities. Travelling the vastness of existence seeking out worlds holding sapient life. Upon arriving they imbue the world with fragments of themselves which radically alter the environment or the sapient inhabitants of the world. They wait for these fragments to mature and when a good majority of the world is afflicted by the changes brought on by the Wyrms-Whales the beasts detonate the fragments. Causing an inter-reality event that can obliterate a world in multiple realities and timelines which it is closely linked too, destroying potentially thousands of parallel-worlds while allowing the Wyrms-Whales to absorb the energy. Many varieties of Wyrms-Whale exist, some non-sentient but others terrifyingly aware of their actions and are capable of actively manipulating host worlds. It should be noted that sapient species of the Wyrms-Whales are aware of Travellers and will take radical steps to remove them from their target worlds with manifested psychic avatars of the creatures attacking without hesitation or warning. It should also be noted that there are active efforts by an eccentric faction within the Void Hunters to hunt the Wyrms-Whales into extinction, headed by the only captain mad enough to confront the creatures directly from his FTL Titan 'Pequod.'

> The Circuit-Bound

[Origin: **Unknown**] [Estimated Size: **Unknown**] [Method of Travel: **Inter-Reality Ley-Lines**]

It is impossible to tell where the Circuit-Bound came from, though debate ranges from the actions of celestial entities to cosmic phenomena it matters little. The Circuit Bound are former humans infused with the Essence of the Ley-Lines though this manifests differently. Some are confined to a handful of major 'binding' planes while others have great capacity beyond the binding planes but are slow to travel taking years to recharge their abilities. Exact numbers of the Circuit-Bound are unknown though they are estimated to number in the hundreds of thousands. Individuals are fairly strong with young Circuit-Bound capable of fighting a Traveller individual, however as individuals many Circuit-Bound are amicable towards Travellers. No, the issue with the Circuit-Bound lies in the organizations composed of them, the 'major' three of which have directly assaulted Travellers and would if given the chance open up total warfare with them. There are the 'Exteriors' composed entirely of the 'lesser' Circuit-Bound who seek to amass power to overturn and subjugate their fellows, the 'UTG' which has unified many alternate earths under a single shadow government and lastly the Shogunate, focused around a single despotic and deranged Being, intent upon seeing every individual and technology with the ability to cross the gaps either subjugated or destroyed. It is assumed that the Traveller's present an identity crises to these groups, not only through their higher purpose and unattainable technology but also to their recruitment. If any seemingly random individual can have these abilities then are the many wanderers and self-proclaimed gods so special?

> Him Who Is Already Here

[Origin: **Micro-Reality Consumer**] [Estimated Size: **Individual**] [Method of Travel: **None**]

There are rare cases when the Paths of the Traveller's enemies never cross with those who know of them and mark them as enemy. Such is the case of Him Who Is Already Here, or HWIAH as shorthand. The entity itself is sealed away within a sub-reality that in prior ages would intersect with realities in the midst of their Primordial Reset Events. This cycle eventually halted when HWIAH came to be, the creature obliterating all things within the sub-reality until only it remained. It has been trapped there for so long it has warped into a form capable of casting a shadow into the realities beyond, beckoning sapient of other realities to free it. The irony of repeated imitation by grandchildren of their 'progenitors' (in the willing sense) remains potent. HWIAH relies upon infecting individual with a special terror, should they succeed in freeing the entity they will be spared its rage against all things. Suffice to say the Travellers remain disinterested in allowing HWIAH the opportunity to free itself when word of its machinations come to light. Opening planes of reality with consistent hostility to all things rarely ends well and so far the Anti-HWIAH task force has been a smashing success.

> The Surgeon-Doctor

[Origin: **Precursor Traveller**] [Estimated Size: **Individual**] [Method of Travel: **Unknown**]

A remnant of the days of the Precursor Travellers, the Surgeon-Doctor may be one of the last true carriers of that lost legacy. Untainted by time and the shadows. The Surgeon-Doctor is the alleged last of the Chronarchs who in their native Timeline held power for millions of years using the shadows of the Great Old Ones as men used the stars for astronavigation. The Chronarchs fell long before the Order came to be. But even long gone their works and legends remain. Along with one ghost. The Surgeon-Doctor targets Travellers of the Order with worrying precision, knowing all the weaknesses and strengths of his opponents well before he strikes. To date he is believed to have killed over 400 Travellers. More worryingly his unique travel methods allow him to manipulate time in such a way he cannot be tracked by conventional means and even Sub-Augurs struggle to pin down this individual. His motivations and goals are unknown, but he has been made to bleed many times for his attacks. He is not immortal.

> The Nascent Vanguard of Mankind

[Origin: **Traveller Break-off Faction**] [Estimated Size: **Large Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Pre-Consolidation Tears**]

If there was one message that every panic-respondent hears at some point, it would be 'send help it is the Nazis again.' The Nascent Vanguard of Mankind's founding members looked at the Denial and saw the survival of Human Forces as a majority not as a fluke but instead a revelation of the innate superiority of mankind. When the AI and the Nisetic supremacist factions brought their forces to the fight, the Nascent Vanguard only sent token forces to participate in the conflict, with the bulk of their forces escaping Terra-D2. The Vanguard in this day is extremely decentralized with all original founders hunted down by Fighters directed by the Judiciary. Chapters of its organization ranging wildly in their tactics and stratagems though unified in their disdain for non-humans, Reich Aesthetics, and their greater disdain for race traitors. They remain one of the few who by sheer numerical recruitment counts and dispersion of cells remain a near constant threat albeit a largely ineffective one. The Cells with advanced weapons technology and capable intelligentsia seem to be content to let the less capable cells throw their manpower at hubworlds while they wait for opportunities to present themselves.

> The Bringers of Yawm al-Qiyāmah

[Origin: **Traveller Break-off Faction**] [Estimated Size: **Large Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Pre-Consolidation Tears**]

The Fall of Terra D2 is a legacy of shame, of theft, and slavery in the fallout of the Denial. Perhaps the most infamous of the factions born out of Terra D2 when those who would become Travellers and those who would not divided was the Bringers of Yawm al-Qiyāmah. Founded by a radical Ash 'arite rejectee who was discontent with the limits of human devotion, he sought out alternative creations of the First and the Last, eventually seeking out the Nisetic homeworld. Enamoured by the capacity for devotion the mentally obstinate High Caste displayed, he settled down for some time on NISC-Prime. The cleric gathered together many thousands of convert Nisetic Mujahedeen readying them for the battle to begin the end of days the Denial had paused. This renegade, however, never saw the completion of this force as a decade after his arrival one of the survivors of the Second Time War, a repentant Khawarij-loyalist assassinated him in broad daylight in an attempt to shatter the group. This backfired. The Bringers treated the unnamed cleric a Martyr, the nameless symbol of the unrelenting hatred for the vile worlds that persist, and their desire to bring Being back into the light of the First and the Last. The Bringers brought the bulk of their forces to fight in the Third Time War marking the final bout of Proper Traveller Jihad. After much bloodshed they were ultimately beaten back and broken. Since then the Bringers of Yawm al-Qiyāmah have raided the Hubworld bases once every few decades, testing and waiting for the Order to show weakness once more.

> The Ivory Tower

[Origin: **Traveller Break-off Faction**] [Estimated Size: **Small Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Pre-Consolidation Tears**]

The Fall of Terra D2 led many, who might have been Travellers, to conscript from other worlds before they were struck down. In some cases those who were recruited for these failed causes outlasted them. The Ivory Tower is perhaps the last of these groups. Focused around the use of pre-consolidation Traveller jump-tear tech, the Ivory Tower pursues knowledge 'free' of conventional moral and ethics, geared towards whatever it takes in their pursuit of 'knowledge.' The Tower as it stands should have been eliminated by their own actions, seeking and collecting all manner of horrors with little concern for their potential failings and outsiders. They will gladly release voracious xenos-parasites upon a civilization at its height just to watch it come crashing down, then gather what's left for future use. They believe the Travellers are doomed out of their ties to 'pre-multi-reality' morals and that the only group that is truly capable of defending reality is one that understands the superfluous nature of it. The Home Guard and the Judiciary are vigilant in their efforts to defend against potential assaults by the Ivory Tower, or more worrying whatever the Tower creates when it inevitably falls apart from the inside.

> The Repentant

[Origin: **Traveller Break-off Faction**] [Estimated Size: **Small Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Pre-Consolidation Tears**]

There was always one single thing that united even the most violent, hateful and fratricidal survivors of The Denial, the desire to ensure what had been would never be again. That those who yearned to see all be obliterated would never get so far as they had. The ones who stood at the Denial were themselves borne out of the internal feuds of the conspirators, and the scheming Leviathan's failure to control their puppets. It is unknown if the memory child of the Great Old One on Terra-D2 created them, or if it was simple insanity to think the fate that befell Terra-D2 is the right way of things. So, from the Terra-D2 period came the Repentant. Never more than a handful of individuals, the group seeks the mysteries of the Denial and to themselves open up yet another hole in reality, to allow all things to finally end. Every time they've ever come close to even the slightest knowledge that would aid them the Eyes of the Augur have halted them. But they remain. Persistent and indefatigable.

> The 'Walkers' University

[Origin: **Unknown**] [Estimated Size: **Large Organization**] [Method of Travel: **Mixed Methods**]

An organization only added to the list last year though it isn't necessarily foe to the Travellers and may in fact prove amenable. Everything is still up in the air after the 'Breach-War' of first contact. The University is a very ancient Concordant forged potentially by the Augur's grandchild... "Cousin." Formed by errant renegades, wandering heroes, Academic Magisters, and frequent pieces of work. The University is mutually aligned against a number of more focused and conquering Grandchildren of cataclysmic size who either take after their progenitors far too much, or have a long term goal kind to the First Generation. Their element was fixed around a central cohesion of alternate Terra, and their age allowed them to both wander far. Yet go without AI and Xenos allies who've long been crucial brothers and sisters within our Order. It is assumed the Augur and his "Cousin" were content to guide their respective organizations from a distance as their broad missions were compatible. Until the recent Breach-War, of course.

In our shared line last Sol year, when two hundred Void-Hunters and True Travellers attempting to recreate Duwall's jump frack. This ultimately dropped the battle ready band half in the mouth of an outer god and half in the Walker's battered citadel. The resulting Melee was apparently 'enlightening' as it was chaotic. Highlighting the cataclysmic power of the Citadel's archmages and the tenacity of the Grandchild foes of the Walkers. And for us? The capacity for Travellers to no-sell both with rusty arms and Instant-Transmission. Both mortal sides were more concerned with the Grandchildren, and when the horrors finally withdrew in pieces, a conflict was averted by junior Void-Hunter Dmitry Hellakarsky. The junior having run out of ammunition abruptly jumped in front of the Archmage camp with a bottle of absinthe in hand and offered to break bread. If they had any bread, as he'd run out yesterday. By the last day, admittedly, most Travellers were running on stims and vapours. A certain Archmage accepted the offer, and a truce was drawn. Since then a slow dialogue has been ongoing between high-ranking order seniors and their equals in the Citadel. Despite tense negotiations, the mutual knowledge exchange has been fruitful, bar a few incidents. Several member of the Time-Guard almost lit a powder-keg after assaulting a Chronos Archmage. The reality bending slap-fight went on for several weeks before another Walker pointed out the Guard and the Archmage share a similar ethos. Inversely an Ivory Tower Archmage who'd wiped his memories to infiltrate the University attempted to provoke a war by assassinating a senior Void-Hunter. This backfired as the Second Generation AI *very much remembered* said Ivory Tower mage and was left irked by the attempt. The AI after slightly mangling the Toweriite revealed prior atrocities committed that could make the Dweller in the Dark blush. Said Archmage has been in joint custody since. Time will tell if the University and the Traveller's can coordinate to a degree, or if someone will succeed in dividing them, as there are many related elements in the Order and the University who view each opposing group as anathema.

"Virtue means little at this point, try as some may to cling to it. Butcher them, light their children aflame if need be and dash them upon the rocks, but know that our duty means everything. Failure is no option at all." – Time Guard Hassan ibn Ras'Ghazi

*"Refuge Grants are given sparingly kiddo. The most you can ever get someone for sitting around the homeworld is six Terran months. And that's in rare cases. Mind, this is necessary, we can't have a population of outsiders here, not with the things we get on Ae. Safer for everyone that they stay in the hubworlds, hell even in the bases if they need it. I mean the only one I can think of to have a life-pass in the past three decades is that prick Ubico, was right smarmy at the negotiating table from what I heard, and it still went to shit. Not to say we aren't heartless. Some guy comes in with a pregnant woman he refuses to leave behind, girl can stay for a month before settling down on a hubworld where she'll be safe. But they **can't** stay."*

– Harriot Lexington, Administrative Liaison, Sotora Branch, on Asylum for Offworld VIPs

"Progeny? There are many children of Travellers and almost none fit to be Travellers themselves. Though in the past, some sought inheritance of our mantle they were struck down on the battlefield and either accepted the law or were destroyed. Our people are free to carry and rear children off-world, and even mingle at the hubworld bases, within restraints. This is, by those who concern themselves with such things as blood, there are many more who have fathered countless bastards across the realities, to be expected of the hedonists, though there is little to be done of them. Short of Castration. But Bio is disgustingly eager to 'rebuild bigger and better' as they say. Tramps."

– Ma'ka'ga'nik Sho'slu, Militant Senior Supervisor, on Traveller Descendants

>[Accessing; "First Generation" Entry-Level Clearance Information]

>[Access; Granted!]

>[There are fifty two thousand, eight hundred and twenty six groups that may be classified as 'First generation' Travellers. These precursor groups vary wildly in composition from governmental, racial, religious backgrounds and intent. Some, such as Chronarchs or 'Time Lords' of Gallifrey maintained ethnic custodial duties, while others such as the Bastards of Skaros were fanatic purifiers with strong imperialistic ethics. These Proto-Travellers are distinct from the children of the Great Old Ones, in that they claimed supremacy over reality and used the then unknown celestial bodies of the Old Ones to act as a compass for inter-reality transit, as opposed to grandchildren who were heavily shadowed by, and claimed descent and inheritance.]

>[For an untold length of time, ranging for possibly entire timelines from entrance to collapse these, Travellers held supreme dominance over their own internal tracts. Until the decline period, precursing the second generation by two to three reality cycles. Internal first-generation wars, incursions by the Grandchildren and internal decay.]

>[Of the initial number of first generation groups, only thirty seven survived the decline. These remaining initial groups would eventually be drawn into the Yithian instigated 'Dawn' War, which caused the death of untold Trillions. The few first generation survivors of the Dawn Wars would form the Cult of Shyk, either as members or as slaves. The Cult is better known as the pre-rejection second generation.]

– Archivist general information, on the First Generation

“One of the biggest questions we get here is ‘why only Travellers?’ It is a fair question. God knows we could use the extra manpower, people to run the administration better, low level positions, just extra bodies. That would be useful. Why not? What old guard morons keep these laws in place?”

“See, I was doing a void hunter job, one of their vanguard forces had signed on with a bunch of Offworlder space pirates. Didn’t know what they [the Void Hunters] were looking for but I wasn’t interested in asking. Void Hunters always pay well. Spent about two solar years scouting a quiet timeline. Few planetoids in the sector we were in, nothing alive but us and a few miners shilling gas giants.”

“Finally we found what we were looking for inside of a gas cloud. Old spacer battleground, old enough the biological remains of the combatants had crystallized or turned to coal. If I recall it was a fight between an invasive collective conscious and an outbreak group within the conscious. Whatever they were they were long since extinguished from that reality.”

“Void boys get off their ship, and the rest of us just sit around waiting for them to finish up so we can all go home. The crawling chaos put a stop to that. His shadow was on us in an instant. We started with twenty ships, three Traveller freemen, one void hunter and the rest were local. Locals took themselves apart, he had them mentally on his string, some of them died in an instant when he seized control. See, the black Pharaoh in all his incantations reviles us, don’t understand why and I’m not going to bother asking.”

“It took us three days to get our goods and drive out of there. And you know what? Not one of those locals lasted more than fifteen minutes and their bodies plagued us for days. You want to know why we need Travellers? That is why. I don’t know what it is, but we don’t break down when we get near that shit. You can’t control us, you can’t dominate us. We won’t go down frothing and bleeding just because the Chaos king descends. Want to know what happens when you invest non-Traveller manpower into shit and an old grandkid takes notice? You lose it.”

“There’s other shit, but I’m telling you it’s fucking secondary. That is why it is freakazoids like us here, we’re the ones who look into the abyss, drop our pants and leave a big old pile on the abyss’s doorstep. And after that? I’m first in line to ye old loo.”

– Hugh ‘Mungus’ Bartzela, on the vital mutual Quality of Travellers, and the Failing of Alternative Systems

“God... Is this thing listening? Bastards have me surrounded.”

“Ha, I got myself a dirty little out though. Wish we’d had these back in Dublin! Tell those requisition boys I love ‘em. Love you all actually.”

“Just letting you all know that Vlachia is fallen and the turncoats are getting only rad burns out of it.” [Audible Explosion]

“Damn. This is it. Keep it up out there and we’ll make ‘em pay for this.”

“MAY THE ORDER LAST A HUNDRED THOUSAND Y-” [Transmission Source Terminated]

– “Maria” Jun Ji-Shoo, The Dragon of Târgoviște, Last Message from First Time War

“It is absurd to keep faith in any pseudo-religious in the face of open truth. Cults openly feud, knowing that their precious idols are nothing more than faces of alternate planes, entities which have definable standards and may be classified as living entities. Nothing worthy of worship in my opinion. Yet there is an absurd instance that we place our beliefs in things we are now in a position to reduce to their boneless equations.”

“Make no mistake, such cultish behaviour has real benefits, however we stand capable of seizing much stronger benefits through our own toils. There is no great divine mind behind the cosmos, nor is there anything to the fanciful mutterings of the third. Everything may be counted and broken down. That we have already done, and set upon those who already devoured one another.”

– Vang-Vang Tshukal, Mokresian Home Guard Sergeant, on the ‘Divine’

“With respect I must disagree, though there are portions of truth in your statement. We have to ourselves an open understanding and a capability to understand further than any before us. However that does not mean that everything is so simple. Were that it might be, the chore of life would be so simple here. Yet it is not. We cannot hope to understand the base realities so easily. Yes, it is true the spirits we know and commune with are known by their limits, however it does not displace the gifts they offer nor the fruit we grow ourselves, rather we are all bound to that celestial chain.”

“How can one look at our own situation? At the Augurs and the world we inhabit, the world’s we intercede in, at our own history and not feel the touch of something greater? There is no omniscient monolith in the clouds of Ae, but who can look at this grand work and think it all apparent?”

– Sho’ugh ‘Tusks’ Nechre’cht, Yautja Priest of the East Mountain, on the ‘Divine’

“This age has led to a rare dominion in our own little sphere. But we must always remember we are not the first. And that we aren’t alone. Never.”

“Most numerous are our own rejects and their progeny. The majority of the defeated in the wars were either killed, stripped of their tech and exiled, or fully reintegrated into the Order. But there were a few who escaped and either pursue their own ends or insist on trying to fight a war long since ended. Those last ones always drew attention, and they never last. Most militant wings are keen to sniff them out, and they’re woefully unprepared.”

“Of course there are also all the branches of the Grandchildren family tree, born or remade by inference. Some are so alien describing them here is impossible. And at the end of they day, they are so divided and numerous that outside of origin, they can’t be considered in any universal sense. Ignore the idiot hunter cliques. Still, for those of sufficient size, numbers, or prominent position, we occupy an unwarranted position. Events like the Denial and the Mental Invasion proved us not only a genuine threat but holding some begrudging position of respect. Like a human respecting leprosy.”

“As for our... Antediluvians? Precursors or whatever you call them. Mostly extinct, either wiped out by our immediate ancestors, themselves or the grandchildren they’d long considered beneath them. All together in a slurry of billions of years, boiled down. A tragedy mourned on Being’s smallest violin. Only a few remain, isolated and not to be trifled with, but still considering us to be idiot children with hydrogen bombs. Fools and dogs.”

“There are others, closes to us. The Grass-Borne. Who either by luck or more insidious ties fall onto the path of the Antediluvians before them. Fashioning tools and looking upon the forms of the Outsiders outside of Being. Impossible to classify and either foolishly egalitarian or egotistically despotic. And near universally short-lived.”

“We are accursed to live in interesting times sister.” – Hurla Bint-Karmanid, On Others Who can Navigate the Void

Meta-Information

First, let me thank everyone who helped me finish this. Reid, first and foremost. You might have degenerated into gibbering lunacy but without you I'd be long since defeated. With this, I release you from the death oath and give you permission to pass into the shadow realm. Skye, Warlordanon, Owen, Space, Riel, Kenz, Atlas, and Fatima. Couldn't have done it without you either. Along with everyone who was in the Reviewer group and a certain individual who asked many questions. You know who you are and I owe you the world.

It has been an interesting few years between the 1.50 and the 2.0, and at some point one evolved into something completely different. Life got in the way of me, I lost entire sections, entire programs and two computers in the process of making this. Sadly that means the old blog is entirely defunct, as are most old things I used. But that hasn't stopped me for whatever reason.

For the immediate future? Standard work, I won't be as talkative, but I will...

> Continue to update the 2.0 with new allies, hubworlds, and other elements if suggested and sufficiently distinct. These updates will be small, but constant and allow a steady increase to Traveller as I discovered prior is excellent for CYOA health and longevity.

> Create a new formal catalogue of configured Traveller builds in pdf form. Along with a catalogue of all short works out there. If you put the work into creating a build or work, the least I can do is bring it into that.

> Investigate the logistics on the final 'Image Version.' However it remains to be seen if it's economically feasible. I don't know if I can afford to commission all of the art for it. But I've yet to rule it out as the future remains completely upset.

> Restart work on the novelization of the Duwall affair, which had its first iteration completed a decade prior. Now that I've had so much more experience and understanding having completely remade the setting I'd say I'm ready to finally give the story justice.

> Retool my plans for a minor 'heretic' or 'vagabond' type CYOA focusing on the outsiders of the Order and their own convoluted politics. It's a smaller version and nowhere near as flexile, but it might be interesting.

> Beyond that? Who can say. There are plenty of my smaller CYOA I worked on in between and let out through connections. I'm pretty tired right now and the future is uncertain, but I might, if a fey mood takes me, work on something else, or a new iteration of one of those cyoas. I'm also inclined to collab again if the opportunity presents itself.

If you got this far, thank you as well.

- Highlander

“So... You finally arrived? Good. It's all about to...”

“Well. I can't say, cousin. But you came here unto me. For one last choice.”

*“I offer three things, of which you might only pick **one**.”*

*“First, the **Open-Door**. Leads out into the hall. You need not accept anything I offer and just live with your choices. But I will need to...”*

“Remove those memories of me. For your own safety of course as I'm sure you like keeping your name. More than that fool Ubico, yes?”

*“Second, if you crave a **fight you might win**. A **Contact**. One of your choosing.”*

“Oh yes. You will have already made your mind up if you go there. But I can hardly judge frivolous ideological convictions.”

*“Last. Third. Ha. A **Letter**. Misdirected, but the sender wouldn't care. For a **fight you have no chance of winning**.”*

“Remember, the wrong person in the right place can make all the difference in the world.”